

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.
VOL. XXV

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.
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THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

He who forgives ends the quarrel.
All is not matrimony that glitters.
Ignorance is the mother of all evils.
It takes two to make a happy marriage.
The dawn does not come twice to wake a man.
A gilded bit does not make the horse better.
God's messengers speed unseen on their way.
Truth never harmed anything yet but pretense.

Every wife is the architect of her own husband.

We never live; we are always in expectation of living.

Not to aid one in distress is to kill him in your heart.

An honest husband is the noblest work of the Creator.

He who is never guilty of folly is not so wise as he imagines.

From the moment the heart is touched it cannot dry up.

He is the happiest who makes the greatest number happy.

Idleness is the rust that attaches to the most brilliant metals.

Woman is an idol that man worships until he throws it down.

For one virtue that makes us walk, how many vices make us run?

Diversity of opinion proves that things are what we think of them.

A fool always finds someone more foolish than he to admire him.

We salute more willingly an acquaintance in a carriage than a friend on foot.

When we say there is nothing new under the sun we do not count forgotten things.

There will always be something to be said of women as long as there is one on earth.

We attract people by the qualities we display; we hold them by the qualities we possess.

The world is a picnic to which everyone takes his basket to bring away whatever he can get.

We know the value of a fortune when we have gained it, and of a friend when we have lost it.

Women should be careful of their conduct, for appearances sometimes injure them as much as actual faults.

The prejudices of men emanate from the mind and may be overcome; the prejudices of women are from the heart and cannot be conquered.

A Special Christmas Gift

By Violet Black

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IT was the holiday season. If you had had no calendars or almanacs hanging up at home, you would have known it by the brilliantly gaud appearance of the shop windows as you passed by them that evening; by the throngs of happy and delighted children that stopped at each window and gazed rapturously at the wonderful display within; or, by the crowds of merry, smiling, jostling shoppers leaving the gay lighted shops and hurrying homeward with arms overflowing with bundles.

Many of the small faces pressed so eagerly against the big panes, were not exactly clean; some of the shoppers were shabbily clad, others were old and bent and shivered in the cold, frosty air; but everybody was happy, unmistakably happy.

Jenny Montgomery closed the big glass door of the large department store in which she had been a clerk for four years, carefully behind her, drew her warm fur up closely about her pretty face and joined the happy multitude without.

Every year Jenny bought Christmas gifts, partly because it was customary to do so because the ones for whom they were intended became them, but mostly because it was fun to give; but this year she felt that she wanted to give one, just one, to someone who really cared, who would love it simply because she gave it.

All the way from the store to her own little room in Mrs. Kelley's boarding-house in a quieter part of the town, she thought and thought wondering to whom she could send this particular gift. To be sure there was Fanny, her elder sister, and Tommy, that sister's only child, but every year since she could remember she had given Fanny Christmas presents, and Tommy, ungrateful little scamp that he was, broke many of his toys before the day was over. Her girl friends always went into raptures over her little gifts to them and nearly smothered her with hugs and kisses the next time they saw her, but she could not recall ever having seen many of them again. Mrs. Kelley accepted hers with tears in her eyes, called her a darling child, and then laid it tenderly away with the others never to be used and only to be looked at occasionally. Her poorer aunts and cousins out in the country returned laboriously written notes of thanks for what she sent them, but she could not feel sure that any of these did not lay them by and forget them entirely, or wear them out in less than a week. Anyhow, she knew in her heart, that not one in the list she had gone over mentally, appreciated her offerings in the way she wanted this one appreciated.

Mrs. Kelley's boarders were a jolly set of young people, mostly clerks and stenographers from the stores and offices downtown. Jenny Montgomery, a sensible and pleasant girl and one who thought life fully worth the living, was a general favorite among them and Mrs. Kelley loved her as her own daughter.

Mrs. Kelley's boarding-house was not an ordinary boarding-house. Nobody ever had the blues at mealtime at Mrs. Kelley's. How could they with Mrs. Kelley's cheerful, motherly face beaming upon them from the head of a table spread generously with tempting and wholesome food? But this evening Miss Montgomery did seem thoughtful and preoccupied, in fact, almost absent-minded. She did not take her usual part in the evenings there with them all so much, and then Miss Thompson looked at Mr. Allen and Mr. Allen shyly suggested that perhaps Miss Montgomery had fallen in love at last and preferred being in solitude to think it over. Mr. Allen seemed adapted for saying and doing ridiculous things.

At this suggestion several of the younger girls giggled and glanced meaningly at Mr. Richardson, who frowned so terribly that Miss Thompson hurriedly changed the subject to Christmas and the true Christmas spirit. If Miss Thompson had given her real version of what the true Christmas spirit was, it would have been something like this: "Give only to those whom you know will surely give in return," but Miss Thompson did not always talk as she thought

THE HOLIDAY STORY CYCLUS

which will appear exclusively in COMFORT, beginning in January and running through the entire year, is not a serial or continued story. It is a series of twelve splendid stories by Joseph F. Novak the talented short-story writer. There is an appropriate story for each month of the year. Each story is complete in itself, and the entire series will appear, one entire story each month, in the next twelve issues of COMFORT. Following are the titles of the stories comprised in the Cyclus:

ROBBERS OF THE NEW YEAR BALL, a thrilling detective story, for January;

THE BACHELOR'S VALENTINE, a fascinating love story, for February;

BEDELIA'S YOUNG ST. PATRICK, a St. Patrick's Day Romance, for March;

THE BURGLAR OF EASTERTIDE, a unique Easter Romance, for April;

AT THE CALL OF THE BUGLE, a touching war story, for May;

ORIANONA'S GRADUATION DAY, an extraordinary romance of an Indian belle and her white lover, for June;

HIS RED, WHITE AND BLUE GIRL, a 4th of July flirtation, for July;

THE SUMMER MAN AND HIS NYMPH, a Mid-Summer Night adventure, for August;

THE PICTURE IN THE WATCH CASE, a pretty harvest story, for September;

KATRINKA OF THE BOHMERWALD, weird Hallowe'en story, for October;

VAN ALVORD'S THANKSGIVING, a strong story that pulls at the heart-strings, for November;

GOOD WILL TOWARD A FELLOW MAN, a fine Christmas story, for December.

Besides the Cyclus and the two serial stories now running we shall give our readers a lot of other fine stories and instructive special articles on interesting topics, and altogether make COMFORT better the coming year than ever before.

Don't Miss January COMFORT

with the thrilling first story of the Cyclus. If the number over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes is 291, or any less number, you should renew your subscription at once. Send us 30 cents today for two-year renewal, using the coupon below and taking advantage of the old subscribers' special low renewal rate.

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December, 1912.

and being a clever talker soon had everybody interested, that is everybody but Francis Allen and Ward Richardson. The former had gone back to his store, thus disappointing poor Miss Thompson more than she would care to admit to her dearest friend; and the latter sat moodily in a corner trying to read the evening paper, but there appeared constantly between his eyes and the paper, a girl's face, a pretty face crowned with masses of brown hair. Very often lately when he had been quietly smoking in his room, a pair of brown eyes had smiled at him out of the clouds of smoke. Both the face and the eyes were wonderfully like Miss Montgomery's.

Jenny Montgomery was a very practical young person and seldom kept late hours if she had to work the next day. Ten o'clock generally found her in bed sleeping soundly but this night the mammoth clock in the big hall merrily chimed out the hour of ten and Jenny still sat by her window wide-awake. An hour before Mrs. Kelley had knocked at her door and inquired anxiously if she were ill but Jenny had assured her that she was only tired and the kind old lady had gone quietly down-stairs again and no one else had disturbed her.

A door below opened and someone stepped out on the long uncovered porch that ran along beneath Jenny's window. The girl looked out. It was Mr. Richardson and he had glanced up at her window. Ward Richardson was not handsome but his eyes were. Jenny Montgomery had felt the peculiar influence of those gray eyes more than once, although she would not own it, not even to herself. Jenny drew back from the window and was actually blushing in the darkness. The man below had not seen her but she had seen him and knew now to whom she was going to send the special Christmas present that had been perplexing her for days.

Why had she not thought of it before, for, as she explained to herself, had he not told her that his parents were dead and that he had neither brother nor sister, and had she not noticed that although, during the holiday season, the postman left innumerable packages at Mrs. Kelley's, he never left any for Mr. Richardson? Surely, now, one of her gifts would be appreciated as much as she could possibly desire it to be, if not for her sake for, of course, he must never know she sent it.

The next morning when she awoke, the same smile that had been hovering on her lips when she fell asleep, still lingered there. It had not vanished entirely when she descended to breakfast and Ward Richardson thought he had never seen her look lovelier.

Except that, when the two greeted each other at the table, the pretty pink in Miss Montgomery's smooth cheeks deepened somewhat, and that Mr. Richardson's heart beat violently for a few minutes because he had seen the slight blush, the morning passed off as all the many mornings before had.

"Today, tomorrow and then Christmas," gay little Miss Snyder called out joyously to Jenny that morning as they separated on the street

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

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W. H. GANNETT, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this seventh day of October, 1912.

(SEAL) FRANK G. FARRINGTON, Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

An Explanation

The foregoing is a copy of the sworn statement filed by me with the Postmaster General in compliance with the law passed by Congress on the 24th day of last August requiring all publishers of newspapers, magazines, and periodicals twice a year, in October and April, to file such a sworn statement with the Post-office Department and to print a copy thereof in their respective publications for the information of the public.

I believe this is a good law, although some publishers denounce it as inquisitorial and object to giving the public the information called for.

The law requires that the names and Post-office addresses of the editor, managing editor, publisher, business managers and owners be stated, and if owned by a corporation the names of the stockholders; and also the names of any persons holding a mortgage or bonds on other secured debt against the publication.

The kickers claim that the ownership, editorial, management and control of newspapers and magazines are strictly private matters in which the public have no concern and no right to pry into. This proposition is absurd and the answer to it commands itself to every unbiased mind, to wit: the newspapers and magazines, by their editorials and special articles try to exert and many of them do exert a powerful influence in leading and shaping public opinion on all the various matters and questions that concern the general welfare of the community; on nearly every great public question you will find the newspapers and magazines divided, some for and some against. Therefore, in order that these publications should carry the weight and influence that they deserve, and no more, in order that the public may not be deceived, it is right that the persons who own them should know who own them and what interests control their management and editorial policy; whether the owners, managers and editors are free and independent workers for the public good or are the representatives and allies of the trusts or other special privilege interests.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Simply Made Gifts

BY THIS time perhaps the prudent fore-handled folks have their gifts all finished and possibly neatly wrapped and tied. But I feel sure there are, at least, a few procrastinators who postpone gift-making and feel the same as the Oregon girl who recently wrote me expressed it. "No matter what resolutions I make to do differently I never seem to get into the spirit of the season until it is actually here and the crowds are all out rushing and happy and the shops inviting and gay with the Christmas things."

So for all these dear unthrifty souls who resolve but each year continue to crowd all the making and planning of gifts into the last few weeks, I am going to pass along a few more suggestions, for when one has, at least, a week's solid catch-up work one of the greatest difficulties is thinking up or finding something to make. These suggestions are of little articles which are not only sure to be acceptable, but are also inexpensive and easily made.

Bedroom Slippers

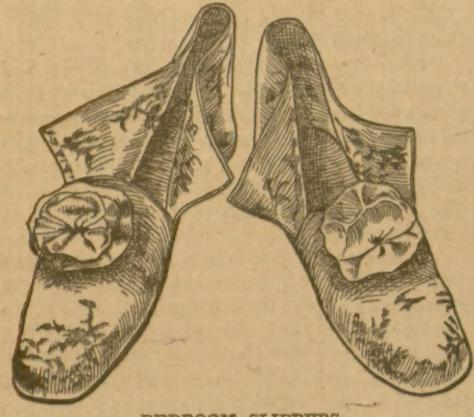
Nothing you can buy for the same amount will be more attractive and useful than a pair of bedroom slippers or mules, as they are often called. Two very pretty suggestions for making these of ribbon are here shown.

The soles may be bought with an upper surface or lining of quilted silk or lamb's wool. If the latter is used, for the first slipper it is prettier to cover this with a piece of the silk or ribbon. The toe is formed of a straight piece of silk three and one-quarter inches deep and long enough to go around the sole. A three-quarter inch hem is put in and a second row of stitching a quarter inch above the first forms a casing through which is run a piece of hat elastic. A rosette of ribbon finishes the front and a silk cord outlines the sole.

It would be hard to imagine anything of this sort daintier than the pair of slippers made of Dresden ribbon.

A yard and one quarter of five and one half inch wide ribbon will be needed for a No. 4 sole. Cut

two pieces each thirteen inches long. Hem the ends. For the fronts or vamps cut nine-inch pieces and narrow down to four and one half inches for the toe. To do this fold each piece in half from selvage to selvage. Measure in on one edge two and one fourth inches and cut diagonally from this point to the full width at the other edge. The ribbon for the toe will need to be allowed the full width, but the backs need not be more than four inches high. For strength and a neat finish at the edge where they are attached to the sole, a narrow hem may be machine-made with silk to match. Lay two small center facing plaits at the toe



BEDROOM SLIPPERS.

end of the vamp to fit the sole, lap the ends of the vamp at the selvage edge over the hemmed end of the backs for an inch or more, then overhand the uppers to the soles with button-hole twist. This should be done from the outside. Decorate the fronts with small rosettes of narrow ribbon.

Raffia Slippers

Or instead of using ribbon to make these slippers, if one can crochet, a very pretty pair can be made by crocheting the vamp of raffia in the old-fashioned way and lining and covering the sole with silk. To do this begin with a chain of 7 stitches, turn, taking up the nearest stitch only so as to form a rib, 3 s. c. in the 4th st., 3 s. t., 3 s. c., ch. 1, turn; continue thus, always increasing in the center st. until the point measures about five and one half inches in depth. Then work up to the st. in which the increase is made, turn, omit one st. Work each side off to a point in this way. Then work one row tr. c. for running in ribbon and finish with small 5 s. d. c. fan. Sew to the toe of the sole and one will have a slipper resembling Fig. 1.

Such a bit of handwork, showing that time was not too precious to use in making it and that loving thoughts were worked in with every stitch, will carry with it a feeling that is altogether lacking in the gift which is purchased complete. For after all it is not so much the gift as the thought which prompts it. An idea such as the following costs practically nothing to carry out and yet it carries more help and cheer than many a costly gift.

Fancy Hat Holders

These fascinating hat stands are as daintily attractive as they are useful and are therefore among the Christmas novelties which bid fair to be popular.

Wooden forms can be bought at any fancy-work or department store, or anyone can easily manufacture one of a broomstick and a circular wooden stand, or a small round tin or pasteboard box, weighted with sand or small shot, can be used for the base.

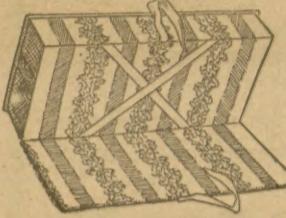
The accompanying illustration shows two styles of covering. The first, severely plain and serviceable is of flowered cretonne; this is put on smoothly after the head and base have been nicely padded with several thicknesses of sheet wadding. The second more dainty effect was obtained by using pink silk and lace ruffles. The stem was closely wound with No. 2 satin ribbon.

The covering of these frames is not a difficult matter. Begin by cutting a circular piece of material one inch larger than the dish or head of the stand, and run a drawing string in around the edge. Fit it smoothly over the top which has been previously padded and draw the string closely and fasten. Cut another circular piece and slash in one side to the center, snip in a bit all around so as to form a small opening, fit around the stem and overcast the two edges neatly together, cover the base in the same manner and the stem by winding with ribbon or a piece of the material hemmed down lengthwise.

Box for Gloves, Veils and Handkerchiefs

This handy box has several compartments, including a sewing box corner. The folding bag-like extra fastened to the top is most convenient for gloves, veils or handkerchiefs, and the false bottom crossed with ribbons for cuffs and collars.

A strong ordinary pasteboard box will answer



BOX FOR GLOVES, VEILS AND HANDKERCHIEFS. FIG. 2.

for the foundation, with the partition and extra bottom of pasteboard added; cretonne or a pretty wall paper either are suitable coverings.

All-round House Cap

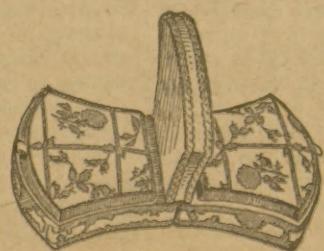
A friend who is dainty and fastidious in her tastes, or a young bride, will be just the person for one of these charming little caps, which add to one's attractiveness and are most useful to slip on in the morning if one has not completed their toilette. Use a half yard circle of wash net, hem and add an inch-wide lace, then leaving a two-inch frill in the front and three-inch in the back, run a tuck to hold a narrow hat elastic. Trim with rosettes of satin ribbon on either side of the front and a ruche of tiny loops between.

BEDROOM OR ALL-ROUND HOUSE CAP.



Basket-shaped Box

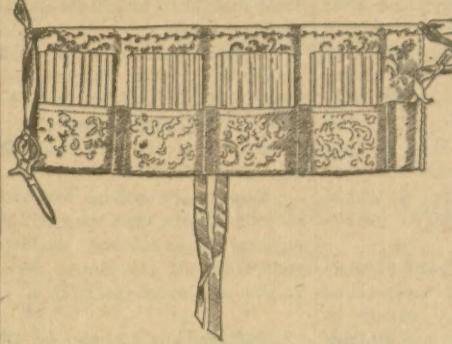
This fancy shaped little box is somewhat more difficult to make than that illustrated in Fig. 2. Use lightweight cardboard to form it, as this can be sewed quite easily; then strengthen by gluing over the entire outside a covering of cambric or anything of similar weight. Cover with pretty small figured goods and bind with narrow gilt guimpe, ribbon or upholsterer's braid. For hinging the two boxes to the center handle, use strips of court plaster as some thing strong will be needed. This box when open is a graceful basket-like shape as shown by the illustrations.



BASKET-SHAPED BOX.

For Lingerie Ribbon

Another of the simplest gifts and one of the easiest to make is this holder. Only one width of ribbon, one half yard long, will be needed. Turn up about one third of the width and catch at interval of three or four inches, with fagoting to form pockets, while the hem at either end can be finished in the same way. From stiff white cardboard cut pieces to fit the pockets and wind each with different colors or white ribbons and slip into place.



LINGERIE RIBBON-CASE.

For completeness, add a tiny pair of scissors to one end and to the other a couple of bone ribbon runners, for which a narrow pocket can be allowed.

Folded this is a little silken book about the size of a card case, tied with a ribbon which is attached to the back.

As plenty of wash ribbon for lingerie is a necessity nowadays, holders of various sorts are sure to be appreciated. Another case which is unusually attractive and keeps the ribbon safe from exposure to light and dust can be made of half a yard of five-inch ribbon; finish the ends with a tiny hem and gather each selvage up and sew to a brass ring which has previously been crocheted over with silk. Suspend this ball-like case by a loop of narrow ribbon sewed to one of the rings. Inside the case slip a ball of wash ribbon with the end free to be drawn as needed through the lower ring. This can be always kept in sight by tying the bodkin to it.

For another, two spheres of cardboard a little larger than the circumference of a bolt of ribbon are covered on either side with some pretty goods of any sort, the edges overhanded together. Two or more bolts of ribbon of different colors or the one color best liked by the recipient, are placed between the covered spheres, a ribbon is brought up through holes made in the center and tied, holding all firmly together, a needle inserted and the gift is finished.

Helpful Suggestions

Inexpensive gifts are often the ones that give the most pleasure. One person I know of could not spend more than a quarter apiece and yet



she devotes such novel practical things each to the foundation, with the partition and extra bottom of pasteboard added; cretonne or a pretty wall paper either are suitable coverings.

Polishing Cloth

was ever-ready for polishing silver. It was made of two foot square pieces of flannel. Each was pinked out around the edge and then they were given a coating of good silver polish, placed coated sides together and stitched, and to one corner a loop added for hanging up. Silver washed in hot water and then rubbed up with such a cloth can be polished very quickly.

Another gift was a set of fine plate doilies or rather mats to place between plates and prevent nicks and scratches. These were made of sheet wadding cut in circles just a trifle smaller than the plates. Each was buttonholed with colored zephyr.

For the New Baby

If any of your friends have been blessed by the arrival of a new baby, don't fail to remember it. A warm little pair of carriage bootees can be made of eiderdown and trimmed with satin ribbon. These can be cut by folding a



seven-inch square of the flannel together cornerwise. The bias fold being for the front; straight up from the bottom to the bias fold measure an inch and a quarter, this is the toe; from here curve down, cut across the bottom, rounding up to form the heel. Cut straight across the top where it will measure three inches; from this point in the front cut on a curve, and then round out for the toe. This may seem large, but when seamed up it will be about right. The turn-over around the

top is a straight piece edged with ruffled ribbon; add ribbons to tie at the top and below a small rosette bow.

Suede Leather Bag

The woman who has to be economical with her time as well as money and yet who prefers things which are a little different, cannot do better than to invest in one of the leather skins which are now used for so many pretty and useful articles and come in almost every color. To make a hand bag which is a little dressy and

can be used on occasions when perhaps the ordinary leather bag would not be just appropriate, take two pieces of leather lavender golden brown or any desired color. One should measure four and one half by five inches for the back of the bag, the other four and one half by eight and one half for the front. Inch-wide strips must be planned for the strings. The bottom of the front is slashed eighteen times for the fringe, leaving the same size as the back. Thirty holes are punched down the sides and around the bottom of each piece and lengthwise cuts made across the tops for drawing-strings. Back and front are joined with narrow leather thongs run through a large head with each stitch on the front side. Beads are also threaded on the fringe in irregular order as shown. Leather combined with a bead on the same shade or an iridescent bead works up into a handsome bag.

From the small pieces of leather left, one can make card-cases, tiny change purses, pen-wipers, etc.

One of Mother's Treasures

The girl who paints could make no nicer gifts than the two little articles illustrated.

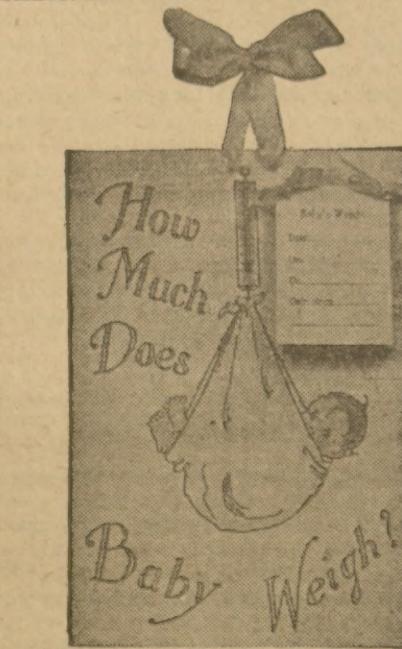
For the first cut several pieces of white water colored paper to measure three by four and one half inches. Decorate the cover with the words, "When Baby Began to Talk," drawn in India ink and then colored a delicate blue or pink. Surround with border and forget-me-nots at the corners.

On the first leaf arrange the words "Baby's First Word," and below three lines one for the word, next add the word "Date," and on line below

"Age." Next leaf, "First Question," and the lines as on first leaf. Follow with a leaf each for the "First Phrase," "First Sentence," "First Bright Saying." For "Other Early Words" allow a half dozen leaves. This is a little record which any mother will consider one of her treasures when filled out with the first lisped words of her baby.

To Record Baby's Weight

This can be easily devised. Cover a stiff piece of pasteboard, seven by five and one half inches, smoothly with linen. Decorate as shown with a bouncing baby suspended in a pink blanket from a scale.



TIPPING THE SCALES.

In the corner punch two holes and tie a little pad to keep the record of the weekly gain. Add lines and date, lbs., oz., to the first three lines "Gained since" to the fourth. Tie in a half inch ribbon for hanging and finish by pasting a piece of linen paper over the back.

To Distribute Small Gifts

A pretty idea for little gifts such as collar buttons, thimbles, cuff buttons, studs or other small articles, is to place them in empty shells, tied with ribbon, with a Christmas tag on which the person's name for whom they are intended is written.

If these are to be given at the table, scatter them in the dish with the nuts and raisins. The unexpected surprise of finding them will make lots of fun.

A Few Words by the Editor

A SLIGHT idea of what has been accomplished in fighting the hookworm will be gathered from the following extract from a recent report of the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission:

"In communities where the infection is heavy and after the dispensary has had a few days within which to demonstrate its effectiveness, the people come in throngs; they come by boat, by train, by private conveyance for twenty and thirty miles. Our records contain stories of men, women and children walking in over country roads ten and twelve miles, the more anemic at times falling by the way, to be picked up and brought in by neighbors passing with wagons. As many as 445 people have been treated at one place in one day. A friend who has just visited some of the dispensaries said to me recently: 'It looks like the days of Galilee.'

"The people begin to arrive early. I visited one dispensary at eight o'clock in the morning and found forty-three persons waiting for attention. They linger; they gather in groups around the tables of exhibits; they listen to the stories of improvement as told by those who have been treated and return to their homes to report to their neighbors what they have seen and heard. The rapidity with which this teaching by demonstration gets its hold upon the people in communities where the infection is heavy, is seen in the early records of the work in new territory. When the work opened in North Carolina in July, Dr. Covington in Halifax County treated the first week 194 people; the second week, 483; the third week, 537."

Thus it will be seen that whole communities have been practically reconstructed, given new hope, new life and ambition and started on the high road to vigorous health and efficiency. The Commission has treated and cured over one hundred and fifty thousand men, women and children of this loathsome and deadly disease, and the best of it all is that communities have been encouraged to take up the crusade against the hookworm, and instead of waiting for the helpful hand of charity to aid in curing their bodily ills, have done the work themselves, and paid for it out of their own pockets.

How necessary this work has been may be gathered

from the fact that investigations showed that in some Southern schools as many as ninety per cent. of both teachers and pupils were infected. It not only prevailed amongst the poor, but it attacked the colleges. Thirty to fifty-eight per cent. of the State militia in one State were found to be infected with the hookworm.

It has been the utter lack of proper sanitary measures for the disposal of body waste that has been at the root of this whole trouble, and has caused the spread of this disease not only in the South but also in India, China, Africa, South America and other lands in that section of the globe extending from latitude 36° N. to 30° S.

There are other hookworms that are preying on the national vitals, that we shall attack and rout as vigorously and successfully as science has attacked and triumphed over the hookworm of the South, when we get more civilized, more human and more Christlike.

Lieutenant Becker of the New York City police, who has been under arrest since last July on charge of having instigated a gang of professional assassins to murder Herman Rosenthal last July to prevent him from appearing as a witness against Becker and others of the police force alleged to have been receiving large sums of money for the protection of criminals, has been tried and found guilty by the jury which returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. He has been sentenced to the electric chair and will pay the forfeit of his life unless the Court of Appeals grants him a new trial for which he has appealed.

This verdict, rendered fearlessly and honestly despite threats and attempted intimidation of court officers and witnesses, is a great triumph for law, justice and good government.

In it there is hope of reform of conditions of government which are worse than anarchy; a hope that the government of our large cities may be delivered from the power of organized professional criminals, and that our state and federal governments may be purged in a large measure of the graft that is scandalizing America among the nations of the world.

I call attention to this trial and verdict against Police Lieutenant Becker as a sequel to COMFORT'S October editorial in which the astounding disclosures of vice, crime and alleged official corruption brought to light by the investigations of the Rosenthal murder were discussed at length, and I would advise everybody who has not read our October editorial to hunt it up and read it now.

We have tried in 1912 to give you a better magazine than we have ever given you in any previous year, and in the New Year we shall try to make COMFORT even more attractive, instructive and inspiring than it has been in the past.

We thank you for the tens of thousands of letters of loving appreciation which you have written us during the year. You know what we are trying to do for human uplift and human betterment. You know what efforts we are putting forth to alleviate suffering and illumine with hope the dark places of the earth. You appreciate the fact that COMFORT is a force for righteousness, that it stands for the truth and the right, and its mission is one of love and service and to do all the good it can wherever it can. There are millions of homes, however, that know nothing of the good work COMFORT is doing and there is no more helpful act that you can do for friend or neighbor or any living soul than to induce them to enroll themselves in the COMFORT family and become subscribers and readers of this magazine, for humanity needs and is hungry for just the literary fare we are trying to supply through the medium of our columns. Death removes many loyal and true friends from our ranks yearly. Will you not bring new recruits into our ranks to replace those we have lost?

On behalf of our publisher and staff, dear friends, the writer wishes you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May joy, peace and plenty reign in every home, and may that heavenly message Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men—and not only to men but to women and children—strengthen your hope and faith in things Divine, bring balm to every heart and make this the happiest Christmas you have ever known.

Comfort's Editor.

The New Parcel Post Will Begin Business with the New Year

WE HAVE WON the first battle for the Parcel Post and it is a decisive victory.

COMFORT has always advocated this measure and since I issued my call in our last January number for six million volunteers to fight for this cause our readers very generally have taken an active part in the contest by circulating the petitions which I furnished in blank.

Again I thank you for your general and hearty response to my call, and I congratulate you on the victory to the achievement of which your efforts contributed in no small degree.

It was the people's fight. It is the people's victory.

The Parcel Post system authorized by act of Congress August 24, 1912, goes into operation on the first day of the new year.

This marks an epoch in the progress of our country, for imperfect as the system which has been adopted is it is an initial step and a long one in the right direction.

It will be of immense benefit to the entire people, even in its present shape, by cheapening transportation of small packages, bringing consumer and producer into direct trade relations in many lines of business, and cutting out to a considerable extent the burdensome profits exacted by superfluous middlemen.

It will afford some relief from the oppressive extortions of the railroad and express combine under which the industrial, commercial and agricultural interests have long been staggering.

To illustrate my statement that many manufacturers are preparing to enter the mail-order field and establish a direct factory-to-consumer trade by Parcel Post I will mention the following instances.

A large confectionery manufacturer has begun to advertise the sale of his products by mail-order to be shipped direct from the factory to the consumer in any part of the United States by Parcel Post. I quote the following from his advertisement:

"The new Parcel Post Bill passed by Congress makes it possible for you to get for the first time, absolutely the finest fresh chocolates delivered at your door in any state in the U. S."

The head of a large shoe factory told me that his house was preparing to enter the mail-order field and advertise and sell their shoes direct to the consumer. The new Parcel Post, he said, provided the transportation facilities which made this method of marketing his product possible. He said that many manufacturers in various lines of industry would do likewise, and he predicted that the new method of marketing factory products would inure to the benefit of both the producer and consumer.

The old postage rate on merchandise is one cent an ounce, 16 cents a pound, for any distance in the United States, and the weight of the package is limited to four pounds. This rate will die with the present year, when it will be superseded by

COMFORT readers are especially interested in this institution, because being for the most part farmers so situated as of necessity to be large mail-order buyers, they are in the class most benefited by the lower rates and improved transportation facilities of the Parcel Post.

The Parcel Post will give a tremendous boost to the mail-order business.

Not only will it enable you to deal more largely and profitably with the present mail-order houses, but it will bring many new lines of goods within your reach by mail-order and Parcel Post delivery,—even to the most remote dwellers on the R. F. D. routes.

Large manufacturers, appreciating the advantages of this new and cheaper facility for distribution, are preparing to enter the mail-order field and establish a direct factory-to-consumer trade by Parcel Post.

Many farmers will work up a profitable mail-order trade, shipping the lighter farm products such as eggs, butter, dressed poultry and fresh vegetables by Parcel Post to their city customers.

The farmers receive only about half the price that city folks have to pay for farm produce.

The farmers have to pay at the stores from 25 to 100 per cent. more than manufacturer's prices for many kinds of goods.

These additional prices go to pay middlemen's profits and excessive transportation rates.

The Parcel Post, in such lines of goods as it enables producer and consumer to deal directly, will lower the price to the consumer while increasing the legitimate profit of the producer, and thus help to reduce the present high cost of living, stimulate trade, encourage production and promote national prosperity that will spread itself over all the people.

mail matter and not of a character perishable within a period reasonably required for transportation and delivery."

For packages weighing not more than four ounces the rate will be one cent an ounce anywhere in the United States regardless of distance. The pound rates hereinafter stated will apply to all packages that weigh more than four ounces.

LOCAL AND RURAL DELIVERY RATES

"On all matter mailed at the post-office from which a rural route starts, for delivery on such route, or mailed at any point on such route for delivery at any other point thereon, or at the office from which the route starts, or on any rural route starting therefrom, and on all matter mailed at a city carrier office, or at any point within its delivery limits, for delivery by carriers from that office, or at any office for local delivery, five cents for the first pound or fraction of a pound and one cent for each additional pound or fraction of a pound."

This means that if you mail a package weighing more than four ounces on your rural delivery route for delivery at any point on the same route or on any other rural route which starts from the same post-office, the rate will be five cents for the first pound, and above that one cent a pound up to eleven pounds, the weight limit; making 15 cents for an eleven pound package.

These rates are simple and easy enough to understand, although I believe they ought to be lower and that the weight limit in the local and rural delivery service should be 25 instead of 11 pounds.

One of the chief objects of this local rural service is to enable the farmers to sell their lighter and more valuable products by mail-order and deliver direct to the consumer in the neighbor-

boring large towns and small cities at a transportation cost that will not eat up all the profit. Another purpose is to enable the local merchants in these towns and cities to sell by mail-order to the farmers in the adjacent rural territory.

It seems to me that for the attainment of these important objects the package should not be limited in weight to eleven pounds nor in size to two cubic feet. The weight limit should not be less than 25 pounds and the size limit not less than a barrel or an egg case.

LONG DISTANCE RATES

The long distance rates are complicated and difficult to apply. They vary according to the distance that the package is to be transported.

These distance rates for transportation and delivery beyond the local rural service will be:

DISTANCES.	RATES.
1st lb.	Each additional lb. 11
50 miles,	.05 .03 .35
150 "	.06 .04 .46
300 "	.07 .05 .57
600 "	.08 .06 .68
1000 "	.09 .07 .79
1400 "	.10 .09 \$1.00
1800 "	.11 .10 1.11
More than 1800 miles, 12	.12 1.32

These rates seem simple enough as you read them in the above table, but just think what it means for the post-office clerk or country postmaster to apply them when you present a package to be mailed to some place the distance to which he does not know, and you ask him the rate of postage. He has to do a whole lot of hunting to find out.

To enable the postmaster to figure out the distance rates the government will furnish each a large map of the United States ruled off into sections, also a book containing the names and locations of all the thousands of post-offices. Somehow between the book and the map the expected to find out the distance and tell you the exact rate of postage required.

The printing and distribution of this rate-finding equipment will cost a very large sum, and I believe with many others that it would pay quite as well for the government to give us a flat rate of one cent for two ounces, 8 cents a pound, throughout the United States regardless of distance.

The handling of the mail at the starting point and at the office of delivery constitutes a large part of the expense, and after a piece of mail matter is in the bag, on board the train and once started on its journey, it does not make much difference how far it travels so far as expense is concerned.

As I have said, the new Parcel Post as we shall have it beginning with the new year, will be a great benefit to the country, but it might and should be immensely improved; and it will be in the near future if the good people will continue to fight for it as they have in the past.

The weight limit of the package should be increased and the postage rates should be reduced and made uniform throughout the country regardless of distance, except that a special low rate and larger weight limit should be established for local business on the rural routes.

The act also provides for limited insurance of articles lost or destroyed in the mails, and for a C. O. D. service.

I shall talk to you again on this subject of such vital importance to your interests, and tell you how you can best make your influence felt in favor of improving our Parcel Post, for I shall never be satisfied until we have as good service and as low rates as other governments give their people.

W. H. GANNETT.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenirs postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WHEN the December COMFORT reaches you, Christmas preparations will have begun, bringing with them hearty anticipations of great joyousness, and in order that we may begin aright and enjoy the true fullness of this day, let us ever keep in mind and teach our children that it is the nativity of our Lord, or the Birthday of Christ, commonly called Christmas day; for with the thought it is His birthday we are about to celebrate, we shall be kinder toward one another and in exemplification of Christ cause good will to be manifest so far as lies in our power.

Nothing touches our lives more deeply than the love we bear for another, and this is why few there are so low in spirit who cannot be reached with Christmas cheer and gladdened by the secret hope that someone will remember them.

Before Christmas day is too near at hand, make well-laid plans for remembering the suffering and destitute, not giving it all to those who already have enough. It takes so little to please; a well-selected book, a shaded lamp, a long-needed pair of bed slippers inexpensively made of eiderdown cloth, a shawl made of the same material and bound, a comfortable bedroom cap, a few sewing or embroidery supplies, a warm throw for added warmth across the foot of bed, or a long stick with hook in end which will open or close a window or move chair or table nearer bed, are gifts such as not only give great pleasure to the invalid, but materially add to their personal comfort, for 'tis a sad fact that a long illness usually necessitates curtailment of expenses, and the sufferer must do without the small comforts.

Try and give to some struggling mother a useful garment or a box of cooked food, and cannot you draw from your well-stocked closet of jellies and canned fruits, and from your cellar a basket of vegetables for the poor about you? Really so many of you won't miss it and to the value of the gift may seem tenfold.

A Merry Christmas I wish you all dear sisters, and may the spirit of the day find full sway in your hearts.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
As I have just finished reading the Sisters' Corner I thought I would write a letter to the dear sisters.

I take three or four magazines but if I have my choice I take COMFORT every time.

We, I will have to describe myself so the sisters may know what I look like. I am fourteen years old, have hazel eyes, medium complexion and black hair. Am five feet three and one half inches tall, weigh eighty-nine pounds.

I live on the farm and certainly do enjoy farm life. I love flowers. Mamma and I have quite a few this year but we expect to have many more next year as we are having our lawn replanted. I am an only child so you see mamma and I have all the work to do indoors and help papa in the field beside. But we have lots of pleasure just the same, as papa and mamma always say "all work and no play never goes."

Are any of the sisters thinking of Christmas yet? I think I will start making Christmas gifts in October. Mamma is very handy in sewing and doing fancy work and has taught me many things, so we make nearly all our Christmas gifts by hand. I also know how to cook and just love it. Last year mamma was troubled with headaches and I had to be "cook and bottle washer." But now she is better and we do our work together. I really don't think there is a happier family than we are when all are well.

Dear sisters, if any of you haven't a stamping outfit I advise you to get one, for I have one and think it can't be beat.

Would like to hear from sisters of about my own age.

By, by, sisters, and may God bless you all, also Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Wilkinson and the poor shut-ins. Miss IDA L. CLARK, New Brunswick, N. J.

Miss Clark. Your good letter leads me to believe you would be interested in the doings of "The Campfire Girls," an organization recently formed by a local branch of the Y. M. C. A. These girls are trained in domestic as well as outdoor activities, and you will note the requirements for membership are along the same lines I have been talking to our younger COMFORT sisters about, viz.; that the girls of today are expected to fill a larger field than did those of one or more generations ago, and that you must improve every opportunity for acquiring knowledge.

One of the requisites for becoming a Campfire girl is to know how "to help prepare and serve at least two meals for meetings" of the Campfire, which includes the purchase of material and the building of fires. This organization maintains that it is just as necessary for girls to know the art of cooking over an open fire out of doors as it is for boys. They must also understand how to mend garments such as would be worn in this mode of living. She must also keep for one month at least all record of money received and disbursed, and at the close of such service render a proper account. She must take care of her health, and is not allowed sweets and sodas between meals. She can tell you the causes of infant mortality and of its remedy.

Ability and attainments are recognized and two hundred honors are awarded accordingly. These are divided into seven elective groups; health, home, craft, nature love, camp craft, hand craft, business and patriotism, which gives

you an idea of what men believe a girl has the capacity for. She will receive an honor for good health on the principle that it is within her power not to fall a victim to colds and other physical upsets resulting from carelessness. Services rendered in her own home are awarded; cooking, sewing, entertaining, or other accomplishment.

Character building receives the greatest attention, and when certain requirements are fulfilled a girl may become an assistant to the guardian of the fire. Symbolic of membership is the standing pine, meaning strength and simplicity. A girl is given a silver ring on which are seven faggots, signifying the law she decides to follow.

"Be strong as the faggots are sturdy;
Be pure in your deepest desire;
And true to the truth that is in you,
And—follow the law of the fire."

Before a girl can be a firemaker she must have expressed her understanding of the joy of service extended to the community, and when she has proven that she can lead others aright, she may become a torch-bearer.

I have been deeply impressed by the doings of this organization and would that it might spread all over the union. We need torch-bearers.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if there is room for one from the Golden West. I will not describe myself as I do not want to make the other sisters feel badly. However, I will try to describe a few of the things that seemed different and some queer to me after having lived in the more central states of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas where I was born and reared (in Atchison), and later in Colorado, where the price of land went as high as four thousand dollars for one lone acre of improved land. We also spent a year in Reno, Nev., but we were glad to leave this place with its well-deserved reputation.

This city of twenty-five thousand has the reputation of being very hot. It did get up to one hundred and nine degrees, but we never would have known it if the papers hadn't told us, as a delightful breeze blows all the time and we slept under covers every night. This is a great raisin district and I have enjoyed several trips out in the country to see the big bunches of grapes laid out to dry on trays.

There are no bushes, pecks, etc., here; everything is sold by the pound or box which makes it hard for Easterners to buy until they are used to the amount it takes to make a pound. Quarters are two bits and fifty cents are four bits. Fig trees bear three crops a season. The third crop is on our few trees and is very light, though the second crop was quite heavy. Walnuts here have a shell like the Kansas hickory nut and the meat is not quite as rich as the Kansas walnut. Gooseberries grow up in the mountains and are covered with "little stickers" so they can only be used for jelly.

We have been surprised at the scarcity of flies. We have had so few all summer. There are no chiggers here and we have had no ants of any kind in the house. I was told that California was overrun with fleas. We have been here since January and I have never seen a flea.

The oil region is not far from us. No coal is used in the railroad engines on the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe roads that run through here. It is all oil. A big tank holds the oil where the coal is usually kept. The streets are nearly all oiled. It requires from eleven to fifty-five barrels to each block, according to soil, length or block and whether it has been oiled previously or not.

Women make big wages during a part of the year packing dried fruit. A girl friend averages four dollars a day packing stem raisins. She is an experienced hand. Another sixteen-year-old girl gets seventeen and one half cents an hour sorting dried fruit. There seems to be plenty of work for those who want it.

The only drawback we see to this glorious country is the price of fuel. Coal is fifteen dollars a ton, hard wood is nine dollars for a fourteen-inch cord which I understand is really a trifle over one quarter real cord. Pine blocks are three dollars for a dozen gunny sacks full. These are prices quoted recently and differ some at the different places but are about the average.

MRS. WALTER C. FINLEY, 940 Callish St., Fresno, Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please may I have a peep in your cozy corner? I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for some time and think it is a grand paper.

I am twenty-four years old and have been married one and one half years and have one dimpled darling girl of thirteen months. So many of the sisters say they have one of the dearest "Johns," and I want to say I have one of the dearest Jims on earth, or at least I think so. Sometimes I think I am too selfish, for I am never really happy unless he is with me. Would that every wife could think she had the best husband. I believe that a true and loving husband is God's greatest blessing to woman, but a bad one satan's greatest curse. What can be expected of children who know no peace or hear kind words between father and mother. Young girls do take your mother's advice, although it may seem unjust at the time, for i owe my happiness to the advice of my mother, and feel doubly rewarded for following it.

We live on a farm with my husband's grandmother and two uncles. Grandma is one hundred and four years old and reads and sews without glasses.

I canned two hundred and ten quarts of "goodies" this fall besides pickling a barrel of beans. I also salted five gallons of corn and my good Jim made a barrel of kraut, so I guess we won't go hungry this winter.

Do the sisters who have little "tots" who invariably keep their hands and feet from under the covers, make their gowns with a draw-string in the bottom, and make the sleeves long enough to draw up over the hands instead of putting a cuff on them? I think a good way to teach children to be more self-reliant and courageous is when they get little bumps while playing. Instead of slapping the chair, or whatever caused the mishap, show them where they knocked the varnish off the chair, and in a short time you will find instead of crying for half an hour, they will be showing you the poor chair they hurt. I think most we mothers "love not wisely but too well," and for this reason we fail to see or correct some of the faults our children may have. I hope you will not think me cruel when I say I don't believe in telling children there is a Santa Claus. I think a child will love its parents better if they know it is their own dear mamma and papa who gets their toys for them, besides some day they will find out the truth and then they will wonder why mamma and papa told them there was a Santa Claus. But above all, parents should not make promises to their children unless they are quite sure they can fulfill them, for they will soon pay no attention to what they are told.

MRS. JAMES M. CROWE, Lucasville, R. R. 1, Ohio.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and have enjoyed the sisters' letters and always appreciated the many helpful ideas printed from time to time.

I especially enjoy the talks on the training of children and would like to say a few words about manners. I think that is something every parent should see to. I have often thought if manners cost a lot of money every parent would buy all they could for their children. I know it takes patience and thoughtfulness on the part of mothers especially, but there is nothing that will benefit their children more in years to come than good manners. The time to teach good manners is all the way between one year and ten. Little things impressed on their minds during that time will cling to them through life, for during that period their lives are made up of small things, and as they grow older they take less notice of the little things, and their minds begin to take a broader view of things, and impressions are not so lasting. Every one loves a well-mannered child. I was visiting in a home once where the dear old mother had taught her six year-old daughter to never interrupt a conversation. Now the little girl wanted to tell me something very much, but she kept waiting during a long conversation, when finally she said her chance and said: "Excuse me please, but mamma gave me a new dresser, all very nice to put my things in," and then she hushed during my stay. She would always wait for her chance to speak and her manners were just as perfect in other things. A well-mannered child will be so when grown to man and womanhood and it will lead them over many rough places through life.

MRS. DELLA RIDER, Avery, R. R. 1, Box 51, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will some of the sisters please step aside and make room for a girl from dear old Illinois? COMFORT has been a welcome visitor to our home for over a year, and we could not do without it. Now I am going to tell you all about myself and dear little home.

Am twenty years old, five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-two pounds, have dark hair and blue eyes. I have always had to work out

Soda crackers are extremely sensitive to moisture.

Before the advent of Uneeda Biscuit the only persons who ever tasted fresh, crisp soda crackers were the people in the bakeries.

Now that we have Uneeda Biscuit— we have perfectly baked soda crackers— perfectly kept.

No moisture can reach them— no contaminating influences can affect their flavor— their goodness is imprisoned only to be liberated by you for you when you open the package. Five cents.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

and make my own living ever since I was old enough as things were not always pleasant at home.

It has been a little over three years now since

more girls about my own age, who like myself wanted a cozy little home which we could call our very own. We all went in together and rented a little house in town, furnished it as well as we could until we were able to do better. Then we went to St. Louis, where in a Children's Home we found the sweetest little boy two years old and brought him home to keep. We named him Allen, and now he is a little over five and is just as dear to us as if he were our very own little brother. He does love to help.

We lived in town for about one year, took in fifteen washings a week and some of us went out and worked by the day, and took in all the plain sewing we could do, and sometimes we would earn as high as over twenty dollars a week. Some of the sisters no doubt will say, "my goodness, I wouldn't think they would enjoy their home, having to work that hard." But we did just the same, for remember there is "No place like home." Well as I was going to say, we lived in town for about one year when we took a notion we could do better out in the country. We found us a suitable little place at last, and moved and today I know we must be the happiest family on earth. We have been living here now for over two years in a good little house with six nice rooms, and we have it all furnished good, now and on, now cozy and home-like it is. We raise lots of poultry, consisting of chickens, turkeys and ducks and are having just sandy duck. We also have one good milk cow which we bought last spring, and we are going to buy a horse and buggy soon so we will have a rig of our own when we want to go. We have just bought us an organ, second-hand to be sure, but almost as good as new. We also have a phonograph, so listen you see we have lots of music. We have the house almost full of flowers; all kinds of house plants. Some are in bloom now and they are just lovely. We also have lots of nice fruit here; have our cellar almost full of canned fruit, and potatoes and apples enough to live on this winter.

I know some girls do not think of making a home for themselves as we have done; they would rather get married, but not that for us. Of course I know we have to work awfully hard, but we don't mind that; it is a pleasure to us. Just think, no matter how tired you would be, the coming home to a nice little cozy nest like ours would soon make you forget all about it. And we all have such good times together. We never get lonesome, and dear little Allen, he is the star of our home.

We hope some day to own a little poultry farm of our own. We also have some money deposited in the bank for a rainy day.

I have a girl friend about twenty-one who has to work out and is without a good home, and she is wanting to make a home as we have done, but has yet failed to find her home.

Would love to hear from some of the sisters. May God bless Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie and all the poor shut-ins. It is the wish of your friend,

MISS MAE FORD, Winchester, R. R. 2, Ill.

MISS FORD. Instead of "three," I will say six cheers for your plucky household. The old adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction" certainly applies to you six girls, for I consider your accomplishment very unusual and greatly to your credit.

I know of three nurses who took a bright little Italian lad of three years to live with them with the hope that they might be able to make it a permanent arrangement, but they found the undertaking too great.

I think your master stroke was in going into the country where fresh air and sunshine are free, and away from the hardships of city life that so drains on the health and strength.

Now as you all become older you will dislike more and more going out to work, so before this time arrives, I hope you will be established in your poultry business, or some similar enterprise, so extensively that the income of your labors at home will be sufficient for your maintenance. I believe the advice of the experienced is to start on a small scale.

For the home you girls are giving little Allen I cannot say enough in your praise. Perhaps your daily success and happiness is your reward.

With all good wishes from your admiring Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

In your October issue of COMFORT you asked if we would say something about our New York subway.

We travel twenty miles a day in the subway; that is, ten miles going to business in the morning and ten miles going home in the evening. Being that we live so far away from the business section and so near to the end of the road, we are able to get a seat going down in the morning, but at night when we go home we board the train at one of the busiest stations of the road, and the way the people are pushed in the train is worse than the way sardines are packed in a box. We hardly have room to expand our lungs and take a good deep breath.

A good part of the way we are under ground and when we get to about five stations from our homes the subway becomes elevated, and by that time we are able to find a seat after standing up for almost an hour. During part of our ride the train is under the Harlem river. This river connects the Borough of Manhattan with the Borough of Bronx. The trains that go to the Bronx (that is where we live) run every three minutes. Each train has ten cars and each car seats about fifty people. However in the rush hours, that is when the people go back and forth to business, about one hundred and fifty people get into each car, and you can just about imagine the congestion.

As we stated before we only travel through ten miles of the subway while the subway really is twenty miles long. The subway is only a tube and in all these twenty miles there are very few openings for the air to become purified, and consequently it is stifling and very unhealthy, and for that reason the company have installed four electric fans in each car, and although these fans do not help to purify the air they keep it in motion. There are, however, hundreds and hundreds of people like ourselves who are compelled to travel by subway and must put up with these inconveniences. You can therefore see how we must enjoy all our COMFORT Sisters who have the beautiful country and fresh air.

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FAITHFUL SHIRLEY By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hamilton Vining, a wealthy New Yorker, threatens to stop his son Clifton's allowance unless he cuts the acquaintance of a fast set and gives up his club. Angry words follow, and Clifton leaves home with ten dollars—a loan from his sister Annie. Walking aimlessly near the East river, he rescues Shirley Livingstone, a refined, educated young girl from drowning and takes her to the home of Abby Knapp, his childhood nurse, to whom Shirley confides the story of her life. Left an orphan, John Hubbard, a cousin by adoption, assumed control of her money, and promises to befriend her. He loses her money and his family make her life unbearable. Clifton goes to Mr. Norwood, an old friend of his father, tells his troubles and asks for work. Desiring to marry his daughter to Clifton Vining, Mr. Norwood takes him into his office where he does good work. Clifton visits his old nurse and the more he sees Shirley the less satisfied is he with his life. Through his influence Shirley recovers her clothing and five hundred dollars from John Hubbard. Clifton invites his old nurse and Shirley for a sail. Returning home the steamer takes fire. Shirley displays heroism in saving Abby Knapp and six children from drowning.

CHAPTER VII.

CLIFTON'S CONFESSION OF LOVE.

AS Shirley swung off from the deck she was burned in several places by the cruel flames, while her skirts were almost blazing.

Clifton immediately dropped his coat to her, and several hands were instantly outstretched to help her extinguish the fire.

A moment later Clifton himself was beside her; then, the sailor and one of the strange gentlemen each taking an oar, they were soon out of all danger from the burning vessel, and fast approaching the shore.

It took some time to extinguish the fire that was creeping so hungrily through Shirley's clothing; but Clifton labored most faithfully, while she assisted him, trying to preserve the same calmness she had manifested throughout the whole of that dreadful experience.

But it was evident that her strength was almost spent, while, besides the burn on her ankle, she had also sustained one on the palm and fingers of her left hand, which was very painful.

But, in spite of her sufferings, those two words "my darling" were continually ringing in her ears, and thrilling her heart with a strange new happiness.

She was thoroughly exhausted with pain and weariness when at last they reached the landing, where carriages were secured and the unfortunate excursionists went their several ways to their homes.

It was rather a forlorn drive back to Abby Knapp's humble dwelling, although that estimable woman several times quaintly asserted, with an amusing positiveness that you'd never catch her on any kind of water craft again so long as she lived.

"Just you let me feel the solid earth under my feet, and I can manage to take care of myself," she remarked, with a deep breath of thankfulness that at last she was upon a firm foundation.

Shirley smiled faintly at her observations, but she was too far spent to respond to them, and she was too thankful when she at last found herself snugly tucked in bed, while Abby, bustled about to minister to her comfort.

Clifton returned to his boarding-place in a far more thoughtful mood than was habitual to him.

The day had been one of revelation to him, from beginning to end—revelation of the unusual beauty of Shirley's character, and of his increasing love for her.

His intercourse with her had set him to meditating upon questions which had never given him the slightest concern heretofore, and he was thus undergoing a sifting process which was liable to do him a great deal of good.

How unselfish she was! What a strength of character, what heroism she had shown while they were on that burning steamer! What a great, generous, loving heart she must possess! How tenderly she had cared for those little children, who had been left so helpless!

Then how calmly and intelligently she had assisted in transferring them to the boat, resolutely refusing to think of herself until they were all safe. How collected she was upon learning that her clothing was on fire; how patient and uncomplaining when the cruel flames were scorching her tender flesh!

The young man was ready to fall down and do reverence to her while her heart yearned mightily to win the love of such a noble woman.

"She is the grandest girl I ever knew," he mused. "I love her with my whole soul, and if she can learn to love me in return, I will ask her to be my wife, when I have won a position worthy to offer her."

He called the next afternoon, after his duties were over, to inquire regarding Shirley's condition.

He found her sitting up and looking very sweet and lovely, in a pretty blue wrapper, although she was quite pale, for her burns were still very painful.

She flushed rosily, however, when Abby announced Clifton, for she could not forget his impassioned words of the previous evening.

"I cannot rise," she smilingly said, as she held out her well hand to him. "But I know you will excuse me under the circumstances."

"I am sure you do not need to make any excuses," he returned, with a tender glance, that brought a deeper color to her cheeks. "And," he added, "I cannot forgive myself for not insisting upon your leaving the steamer long before you did."

"I could not have gone a moment earlier," Shirley replied, "for if I had, and anything had happened to one of those dear children, I should never have forgiven myself. These slight burns," glancing at her helpless hand, "do not signify, now that all are safe."

"They signify to me, my darling," the young man cried, with uncontrollable emotion. Then, as he saw the bright scarlet again sweep over her face, he continued, earnestly: "Forgive me, Miss Shirley, and doubtless you regard me as very presuming; but since I betrayed so much yesterday, I cannot rest until I have told you more. I love you with all my heart, and now I am yearning for the same assurance from you, and your promise to be my wife, when I shall have proved worthy of you."

"Worthy!" Shirley repeated to herself, with a swift glance of surprise into his earnest face.

To her he seemed the very embodiment of all that was manly and noble.

Did she not owe him her life, and whatever of happiness the future might hold for her?

How kind and gentle he had been to her, even when he was exerting all his strength to force her back from the death which she had rashly courted! How persistently he had worked, only last night, to save her and others from a frightful doom! She would love and reverence him as long as she lived, and here he was counting himself unworthy of her!

"You do not answer me, Shirley," he said, striving to retain his self-control in view of her silence. "I beg that you will not keep me in

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suspense; tell me that you love me. My darling, my darling," he concluded, passionately.

Shirley was one who could not trifl with anyone.

She lifted her eyes and looked him gravely in the face, although her color came and went with the rapid pulsation of her heart.

"You are asking me a hard question," she began tremulously.

"A hard question?" he repeated, with paling lips.

"Yes; I—I am afraid I have no right to answer it."

"No right to answer it! What can you mean?" Clifton questioned in surprise.

"Your position is far above mine, socially," Shirley returned in a low tone and with downcast eyes. "Your parents are wealthy, and, if I can judge from Mrs. Knapp's description of them, exceedingly aristocratic. Would they approve of—of what you have just been saying to me?"

A glad, almost exultant, light leaped into the young lover's eyes at these words. She could not say that she did not love him—she was only conscientiously considering whether she would marry his prospects by confessing it.

"Shirley," he said eagerly, "let me make a confession to you, love, instead. My father and I are at variance—I have been wild—an idle spendthrift, to speak truthfully. He has refused to continue my allowance, and commanded me to take care of myself, henceforth. So you perceive that, I too, am poor, and have my own way to make in the world. I have obtained a situation with a friend of our family, and am determined to show my father that I am capable of rising in the world by my own efforts. I am of age, and I claim that I have a right to choose for myself in all matters that concern my future happiness; and, my darling, though I know that I am far from being worthy of your dear hand, I love you, I love you, and I will work faithfully to win a position that shall not be beneath your acceptance."

"Please, please do not deprecate yourself; so," Shirley murmured with trembling lips.

"I shall not feel that I am doing right unless I lay my heart bare before you," Clifton gravely responded. "I regret my past more than I can express—you have taught me to regret it. I can look back and realize how culpable I have been to

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"Well?" said Clifton, smiling slightly, as she paused a moment.

"I know that the wealthy and aristocratic Mr. Hamilton Vining and his family occupy a high position in New York circles; you are the only son of the house, and the heir prospective to a large fortune; while I am only an ordinary girl, with nothing save her true, loving heart and a good education to recommend her to anyone. The world will not approve our union; your family may scorn me; and thus, if I should consent to become your wife, I may bring trouble and unhappiness upon you. I would suffer any hardship rather than do that," she concluded earnestly.

"Are you sure that you mean just what you say, my darling?" Clifton gravely inquired.

"Quite sure."

"You would renounce me and all your prospects of future happiness, or any other good thing, rather than bring trouble and sorrow upon me?" the young man questioned.

"Indeed I would," was the hearty response.

"Then, love, I shall never give you up," Clifton returned with quiet decision. "And let me assure you that if you should refuse to become my wife, you would bring upon me a sorrow that would blight my whole life. Wealth and position are very well, but I care nothing for them in comparison with your love. I want you, Shirley Livingstone, and no other; I could marry no other woman after having known and loved you. I shall claim you and the world may say what it chooses—I shall not care. I have reached man's estate, and am capable of judging for myself what will contribute most to my happiness. Shirley, my darling, you surely will not spoil both our lives," he pleaded in conclusion.

The fair girl remained in deep thought for a few moments.

"No, I will not," she said, at last, with quiet resolution. "If you do not care for the opinions of the world, why need I? I know that you love me, and out of the abounding affection of my own heart I believe I can make you happy; while I shall endeavor to show your friends, if they honor me so far as to notice me at all, that I am lacking in wealth and social prestige, I can at least keep pace with the foremost in point of culture. You shall never be ashamed of your wife, Clifton," she concluded with a bright smile.



waste my time and energies in a reckless round of pleasure and dissipation. I will henceforth be a man—I will try to live for nobler aims and purposes; while, Shirley, if you will bless me with the rich gift of your love, I shall have courage to achieve great results. Tell me that you will be my wife," he pleaded. "If you have learned to regard me with anything of affection during our short acquaintance I beg that you will not conceal the fact from me from any mistaken ideas regarding so-called social prestige.

He folded her to him in a passionate embrace. "My darling," he said, in a fond tone, "this hour has crowned my life with the richest blessing I have ever had or ever hope to have."

CHAPTER VIII.

SHIRLEY HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. NORWOOD'S DAUGHTER.

When Clifton Vining left the house of his old nurse, that memorable Sunday afternoon, he believed himself to be the happiest man in New York City in having won Shirley Livingstone for his promised wife.

"She is a gem fit for the rarest setting," he murmured fondly. "I am ashamed of my wasted life, and I will do my utmost in the future to retrieve the mistakes of my past. I wonder," he resumed, after a few moments of grave reflection, "what my father would say to my good resolutions—that they are all talk, probably; but he could have no idea of the revolution that has been going on within me during the last few weeks, since I have been under the influence of that dear girl. I suppose I must tell him of our engagement, in order to have everything square and above board."

But it was evident that the contemplated revelation was not an agreeable thought, judging from the troubled expression of the young man's face.

"I wish," he continued, "I could arrange to have someone introduce Shirley to my father before I tell him of my engagement. I am sure he could not fail to be prepossessed in her favor, if he should see her before he had a chance to conceive a prejudice against her on account of my regard for her."

Chance brought about a meeting between the elder Mr. Vining and Shirley in a far better way than Clifton could possibly have arranged.

Shirley improved rapidly, for her burns were not deep, and so healed very readily, and thus she was able to resume her work in a few days.

She had been doing some sewing for Mrs. Norwood, it having been obtained for her through the recommendation of Abby, who did the "starched things" for the family every week.

One bright morning she started out to take home some garments which she had completed for Mrs. Norwood.

The family were a few miles out in the country, and Shirley was very glad of the little ride out of the city, for the weather had been very warm during the last few days, and she longed for a breath of fresh air as well as for the sight of the green grass and foliage.

She reached the Grand Central Depot just in season to catch her train, and found only one vacant seat in the car she entered.

This happened to be beside a fine-looking

middle-aged man, who was reading the morning paper by the open window.

"May I sit here, please?" Shirley inquired, in a low, ladylike tone.

The man merely glanced up at her over the rim of his gold-bowed eyeglasses, nodded assent, and then resumed his reading.

The train started, and Shirley would have been glad to have had her companion put down the window, for the dust and cinders were very disagreeable to her.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and then the fair girl was suddenly startled by an angry exclamation from her companion.

"Thunder!" he cried; then down came the window with a bang, while the man beside her whipped out his handkerchief and began to rub his right eye and blow his nose most vigorously.

"I expected it," thought Shirley, directing a shy glance at her neighbor. "People always pay for such imprudence."

The man appeared to be in great distress and tears rolled profusely over his ruddy cheeks.

In vain he blew and blinked, pulling the lid down and trying to wipe the offending particle away.

It would not come, and the more he worked over it the more inflamed the mucous membrane became.

Shirley ventured to lift a sympathizing look to him.

He caught it, and grimly remarked:

"Served me right, I suppose, for leaving the window open. But," he added, as another copious shower of tears rained down his face, "I can't stand this long—it is absolute torture."

Shirley glanced again into the haughty face, flushed, hesitated; then, her sympathies getting the better of her timidity, she inquired in a gentle tone:

"Have you a pencil, sir? I might perhaps move the intruder for you, if you will trust me to try."

The man covered the suffering member with his handkerchief, while he took a good look out of his other eye at his companion, and was surprised to find how exceedingly pretty, ladylike, and self-possessed she was.

"Did you ever do such a thing?" he inquired, somewhat doubtfully.

"Oh, yes, sir—a number of times," said Shirley, smiling. "I just roll the lid back over a pencil, then with a soft handkerchief, wipe off the speck—for it is but a speck, although it causes such torture. Will you allow me to try?" she concluded, as he made a wry face and began to rub his eyes afresh.

"Yes, yes; I'll do anything to be relieved from this agony," he returned in desperation.

Shirley removed her gloves and shook out her spotless handkerchief, which, by the way, her companion noticed was of the finest texture and delicately scented with heliotrope.

Then, taking the pencil he handed to her, she arose, laid it lightly on the lid, and with her cool, soft fingers, gently rolled it back, when she saw, imbedded in the tender membrane, the tiny black atom that was causing all the mischief.

"I will have it in just an instant," she said encouragingly, and firmly holding the lid in place with the fingers of her left hand, she took her handkerchief with her right and carefully wiped the offending particle away.

"There, now I am sure you will soon be relieved," she smilingly remarked, as she showed him the mite that had caused him such discomfort.

"Ah! that is more comfortable," the gentleman replied, with a long-drawn breath of relief, "and I thank you very much, young lady, for your kindness," he concluded heartily.

"You are entirely welcome, sir, and I am very glad that the operation was such a simple one, for I have reached my destination. I should have been sorry to leave you suffering," Shirley answered, as the train began to slacken its speed.

"You will, at least, tell me to whom I am indebted," her companion pleaded, while he regarded her with an admiring glance, for she looked very pretty with her flushed cheeks and earnest eyes.

"My name is Shirley Livingstone," she simply responded.

"Thank you, Miss Livingstone," the gentleman courteously replied; "and mine is Hamilton Vining. If I can ever be of any service to you, I pray you will command me," and he handed her his card as he concluded.

Shirley bowed, but flushed to her temples as he uttered his name.

She bade him a quiet good morning as the train stopped, and left him, wondering what he would have said if he had known what relations she sustained toward his only son.

"He seems like a gentleman," she murmured, as she alighted from the car, "and his manner to me was very courteous, his smile very pleasant."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

do, everybody knows something, so make use of your knowledge. That is what God gave it to you for. Can you sew, crochet or knit? Cook? Embroider? Speak two languages? Read music? Play music by ear? Can you board children? Are you a laundress? Can you clean carpets?

Sewers, have cards printed and let them read like this: "Ladies, learn to be your own dressmaker from paper patterns. Plain sewing and dressmaking done at lowest prices. Pupils taught 10 cents a lesson. Smith School etc." Go around and drop these cards in strange letter-boxes in different neighborhoods, then are the best. Send cards out by mail, getting the names from the social or marriage license column. Brides are good customers and need all they can get. Paste your card on a plain postcard or in an envelope; unsealed, a penny stamp will take it. Also advertise in the paper the words on your card. Let the first lesson be a shirt-waist. You cut out one half and the pupil the other. Second lesson put waist together and third finish. So on with other garments.

Crocheters and knitters, deliver your cards and advertise also. Make a cloth book of bright colors the size of one another and stitch down center; fold over to form book. Sew your lace patterns on the pages. Show this to customers and pupils. Have pupils make books also.

Quilt makers, deliver your cards, which must read, "Maker of fancy quilts, call and see designs. I will call on request. Also lessons given." Have samples of designs to show people.

Cooks, not experts, deliver your cards and advertise. Your cards must read, "Cooking lessons given — cents a lesson." Smith's School etc. Your add can read, "Ladies wanted, learn how to cook. Private lessons given — cents a lesson." Cut out all the recipes you find in *COMFORT* and place them in a blank book. These recipes are tried by the sisters and are not extravagant like some of the expensive cook books. Also write out some of your own recipes. Have one part of the book for meat, vegetables, desserts, etc., also have another book for "Household hints." These you will also find in *COMFORT*. With every lesson give one of these "hints" as side issue, ask your pupils what they wish to learn first in cooking and notify them to furnish the articles or ingredients to be cooked. When the lesson is finished, the pupils take home the dishes and let their family taste them, which can be eaten at the classroom. Pupils must copy recipes from your books and write "household hints" also. Once a month give a social and let pupils bring a friend. After the lesson, let the pupils serve what they have cooked. This means advertising for your school.

Embroider, deliver your cards and advertise. Have samples of your work to show pupils and customers. Have sociables to make the lessons attractive and let pupils bring friends. Pupils furnish all material.

Painters and designers get your cards out and advertise in the "help wanted" column. Have socials to let pupils exhibit their work to friends who may become interested.

Musicians, get cards out as I have advised; give half hour lessons to begin with for three months; charge twenty-five cents for one half hour. Have musicals once a month and let friends come with pupils. This will advertise for you. Let those who can sing or dance take part also.

"Ear players," also can have a school, plenty of people would like to learn to play musical instruments, but can't afford the expense of books and teachers; others are too old to bother taking up notes. Still they have a musical ear. So, you "Ear players," send out your cards and advertise. Here is how one party's ad reads: "Pupils wanted; music lessons given without scales or instruction books. Ear playing a specialty." Teach popular pieces, for after pupils learn these they pick up the classics themselves. Give musicals also. This is fine for advertising.

If you care to board children you will get plenty to do. Your cards and ads should read: "Children taken to board." Country people can get good business. Send your cards to midwives and nurses, also to Maternity hospitals. These people all come in contact with many children who have to board.

A laundress should circulate cards and advertise. Hand laundry is in demand by fussy people and even others. I know a lady who got more work than she could attend to by leaving her cards in mail boxes and sending them through the mail without advertising in papers. Also who do housecleaning by the day should deliver your cards. Why not? Isn't housecleaning a profession? I have often found house-cleaner's cards in my mail box.

If you speak more than one language, send to any big stationery store in your town for the easy method language book. Ask for whatever language you want, and open a school. This is a simple and easy way to teach another language. If you can write it, all the better. Your cards must read: "Learn to speak German in a short time, — a lesson." Have sociables once a week and see that the conversation is carried on in the language you are teaching. Advertise also.

Can you clean carpets? After cleaning the carpet, look over the faded parts. Mix dyes the colors wanted and apply to faded parts with small paint-brush or tooth-brush. There are people making a profession of renewing colors in carpets. Do not be afraid to do it as it is not hard; the idea is to get the right colors. I have had this done and I know that it is satisfactory. Where the pattern is worn off the color can be applied also.

All I say in conclusion is, no matter what you can do, send your cards around. Someone is sure to answer. Someone needs you. If you are in the Beauty Culture Business get all the recipes from *COMFORT*'s Pretty Girls' column as they are perfect. I have used them and I know. Hoping I will help someone by this letter, I remain your *COMFORT* sister,

Mrs. MENDEL, 434A Lexington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

For a long, long time I have been standing just outside listening to the pleasant chat within, and as it seems so cozy within surely I may have a little corner if I promise not to stay too long.

I am very much interested in each and every household subject, particularly the building of homes. Home ought to be the sweetest place on earth to us all, at least I find it so. It should be a haven of rest, where strife and contention should never be allowed to enter within its sacred walls. Where mother's love reigns and where father hastens after his day of toil to enjoy a peaceful rest among the dear ones. It is to be deplored that so many fathers these days look on home as a place to eat a hasty meal, and snatch a few hours of sleep, perhaps, in the "wee-sma" hours, and would consider it time lost to stay off a day and get acquainted with his family. The future of that family of little ones is to be deplored and pitied, and if they ever attain to anything high and noble, all honor to the mother on whose shoulders has rested all the responsibility of rearing them. We see these conditions exist here and there all through our walks in life, and my heart always goes out in sympathy to that mother.

I am an old subscriber to *COMFORT* and always enjoy reading the letters from the sisters so much. I have made some dear "pen friends" through our correspondence. The letters from the shut-ins, appeal to me most of all. Naturally so, because I am the mother of a shut-in. While my heart goes out to the shut-ins, it also goes out to the mothers of the shut-ins, for what is sorrow for the afflicted, is also sorrow for that mother. I have a dear son who is away two hundred miles from me, who has been a hopeless victim of that dread disease consumption for five years, and most of that time his death has been expected most any time he is almost living miracle. Sisters, I have learned in that time a bitter lesson as well as many a good one. In having this burden to bear, at first I felt as if I had been unjustly dealt with to think that I should have this affliction to bear, in my family, to think that one of mine should have to suffer so—then I concluded there were about as many afflicted ones in our land today as there were strong ones, and if it failed to my lot to have one of these afflicted ones I am no better than anyone else, and I try to meet it with a brave heart (and *COMFORT* has done much to bring about this feeling) and I try to sow seeds of strength and courage that will return to me peace of heart and trust in God. I have had a sad and bitter experience through life, and as stand on the verge of three score and look back over my pathway, if I could be permitted to remedy some of the blind mistakes I've made all through ignorance of the ways of the world—but though the best of intentions—but like many others a victim of adverse circumstances, and whose life has been like a corncock on the ocean. I have lived to see my children scattered to the four corners of the earth, some to sleep in unknown graves, in foreign and uncivilized countries, have seen six sons go out into the wide, wide world to battle for the bread of life, and, oh, just ask me if it is not a trying time to mother when it comes the time to see the trunks carried out the front door, and leave that awful vacancy behind that seems too sacred to be filled by anything else.

My dear boys if you only knew or could realize what true mother's love is. I know sometimes you

think mother is unnecessarily anxious about you and about your comfort, and you feel inclined to say something rude in return, and you catch yourself thinking of the time when you can get away from home and take care of yourself without having mother fussing after you. Now my dear boys, let me tell you right here, the time may come to some of you when home will be exchanged for the big, wide world, where you will find yourself a very insignificant atom, instead of a boy of importance. Then you can go without your overcoat on any cold days, or leave your umbrella and rubbers at home when a storm threatens, and nobody will utter one word of uneasiness, and when you take cold and cough at night, nobody will come into your room and tuck the comforts more closely around your shoulders. Nobody will nurse you and pity and pet you as if you were not to blame for this state of affairs, and there will be nobody to mind if you stay away from church on Sunday; nobody to sit waiting for you if you come home late at night. It is easy to get out of the way of love and care and sympathy, and if I mention things fresh and chafe you, consider yourself by thinking you will not have to endure them long—but how many, many a lonely, forlorn boy away from home would give all the pleasures of his new found independence for just five minutes of that tender, anxious motherly "fussing" against which he rebelled before he had grown as wise as he is now.

Now dear sisters, these columns have given me much pleasure and many helpful suggestions, and cheery thoughts.

How many of you do fancy work? I am what you would call a semi-shut-in, and do love fancy work of all kinds and am somewhat of a jack leg at drawing and embroidery, and do lots of it. Would like to exchange ideas with some who know so much more than I among the needle workers. I also make paper flowers and flatter myself that I can come very near imitating nature if my eyes are old and dim.

With many good wishes for our Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Wilkinson,

Mrs. FANNIE P. MOORE, 1614 Buchanan St., Lynchburg, Va.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to *COMFORT* for over five years and nothing pleases me more than to have husband say: "Here's your *COMFORT*!"

I am thirty-two years old, have brown hair and eyes. I won't tell my weight for you will all feel sorry for me, but I am well and strong, and hardly know what sickness is. Am the mother of four children: Angie, Johnnie, Katie and Thaddaeus, aged nine to fourteen months. I am proud of my flock. I get very impatient sometimes but try not to say anything that will cause the children to lose confidence in me. The advice in the sisters' letters have taught me many a lesson on training children.

We moved from Nebraska to California last June, and found it quite a change. We aren't located yet, but thinking some of buying land in the Sacramento valley near this place. My husband was troubled so badly with catarrh in the middle states we thought we would try it here a while and he has felt fine so far.

Let me suggest to those adopting children, to try and get two or more at a time. You may think you can never take care of them and the first week or two maybe hard, but after that you will be so glad that you took two for reasons too numerous to mention. Try to get brothers or sisters, or brother and sister if possible.

Mother, try olive oil instead of Castor oil. I have given it a good trial and like it better.

If any of my new neighbors are *COMFORT* sisters come over and let us get better acquainted.

Now I will close with best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and *COMFORT* readers. Sincerely yours,

Mrs. MAY TAYLOR, Rio Vista, Solano Co., Cal.

Mrs. Taylor. Your desire to hold your children's confidence is grand, and will safeguard you until you have attained self-mastery. I so often repeat the following by Johnson, when inclined to be impatient, and it helps me:

"In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, might remove the causes." —Ed.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

Will you please give me a little space to answer a few of the sisters' letters which I enjoy very much?

It is Mrs. Marquis' letter in which she says "Farmers work their twelve-year-old boys harder than mules." Right here let me say a word: I am a farmer's wife, we work very hard, and I am positive no farmer works their sons more than they can help, for at this present minute my husband would gladly pay any price to get help to gather the fall crops. But men won't work on farms. They would rather live off the poor fund in winter than to work on a farm nine months out of a year and lay in supplies for the other three. You all know supplies of any kind are very high. Well 'tis the farmer that must buy feed for stock and implements to farm with, and groceries the same as other folks, and if the farmer be a young man, with only his two hands to work a farm he had better work for one dollar a day than try to farm, for help he cannot hire. And if he has a son, of course he will have him do all he can, as there is no other way, and as for giving them a horse to drive, as soon as a man lets his son go when and where he wishes, he has lost control of that boy, as the city girls think farmers keep their teams for pleasure only. Then the boy is soon married to a silly city girl who knows no more about farming than a goose does. I speak from experience and not from what I think of other people's children.

It is very hard to give advice on how to treat children, as some are more willing, and others you have to drive to do their duty. My experience, and what I hope to do is to keep them children as long as I can, as twenty-five years is plenty young for a man to marry, for when children marry too young it may not only get themselves into trouble but their parents also.

Let us hear from other sisters about helpers on the farm and what their boys do.

If your children turn out bad, 'tis you who feel to blame, and their trouble are your troubles. So we must all do what we think is best. But again I advise keep them children as long as you can.

Yours as a *COMFORT* subscriber,

Mrs. THOMAS P. HARRIS, Harmersville, N. J.

Mrs. Harris. Your good letter shows us another side to the "Boys on the Farm" question, and as I am always eager to place both sides of the question before our sisters, your letter is most acceptable.

In defense of Mrs. Marquis, let me quote from her letter. "There are some farmers that make their boys work harder than they would their mules." There is no question about the truth of this statement, for in a farming country, boys are all too frequently overworked.

No doubt both you and Mrs. Marquis refer to local conditions as you know them, and your letters are just the kind we need to promote the usefulness of our Corner.

Here in the good old state of Maine, the scarcity of farm help is seriously felt, and the reason generally given by those who have studied the situation, is, the increased number of manufacturing plants which tend to draw the young men from the farms, they in their youth and inexperienced preferring to work for wages which takes every cent to meet their living expenses, than to work on the land where they gain according to their efforts.

That sisters write about how their boys help is a good suggestion, and you have expressed a deep truth when you say "Their troubles are your troubles," for how often do we observe a mother's humility and remorse for an erring child, manifest in a face prematurely old, because she suffers when they suffer, and if children could be kept under the home influence until a degree of judgment had been attained there would be fewer of these sorrow-burdened mothers.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I want to tell you that I enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much.

I am twenty-seven years old, married at twenty to one of the best husbands in the world. We live just out of town, and my husband being a railroad man, it leaves me alone much of the time.

As we have no children have decided that there must be one for us among the many homeless ones. I want a little one under three months old and I hope this will get the attention of someone who knows of some little stray elf waiting for someone to mother it. I will send the best of wishes to all *COMFORT* readers and thanks for any information in regard to a child that is in need of a good home. I have taken care of a good many babies and so feel confident that I could care for one of my own.

We live in New York state at the present time but own a home in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. H. B. OVIATT, Ischua, P. O. Box 34, New York.

think mother is unnecessarily anxious about you and about your comfort, and you feel inclined to say something rude in return, and you catch yourself thinking of the time when you can get away from home and take care of yourself without having mother fussing after you. Now my dear boys, let me tell you right here, the time may come to some of you when home will be exchanged for the big, wide world, where you will find yourself a very insignificant atom, instead of a boy of importance. Then you can go without your overcoat on any cold days, or leave your umbrella and rubbers at home when a storm threatens, and nobody will utter one word of uneasiness, and when you take cold and cough at night, nobody will come into your room and tuck the comforts more closely around your shoulders. Nobody will nurse you and pity and pet you as if you were not to blame for this state of affairs, and there will be nobody to mind if you stay away from church on Sunday; nobody to sit waiting for you if you come home late at night. It is easy to get out of the way of love and care and sympathy, and if I mention things fresh and chafe you, consider yourself by thinking you will not have to endure them long—but how many, many a lonely, forlorn boy away from home would give all the pleasures of his new found independence for just five minutes of that tender, anxious motherly "fussing" against which he rebelled before he had grown as wise as he is now.

Now dear sisters, these columns have given me much pleasure and many helpful suggestions, and cheery thoughts.

How many of you do fancy work? I am what you would call a semi-shut-in, and do love fancy work of all kinds and am somewhat of a jack leg at drawing and embroidery, and do lots of it. Would like to exchange ideas with some who know so much more than I among the needle workers. I also make paper flowers and flatter myself that I can come very near imitating nature if my eyes are old and dim.

With many good wishes for our Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Wilkinson,

Mrs. FANNIE P. MOORE, 1614 Buchanan St., Lynchburg, Va.

Since 1861, the

chefs in this

kitchen have de-

voted their skill to

baked beans.

Many of them

have come and

gone, but each did

something to improve this dish.

From the very start, the materials

used have been the choicest and the

costliest that grow.

The Upper Grade

There are three grades of beans,

but we buy only the first grade.

Then we pick out from them just

the choicest beans.

There is tomato sauce made which

costs only one-fifth what we spend in

making ours.

But our sauce has the snap and

zest which makes this dish delightful.

And we bake it with the beans.

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

Now the National Dish

Three Sizes: 10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Creatures of Destiny; or, Where Love Leads

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Laurence Harding, a handsome fisher lad of sixteen, living in the village of Ravensford, is questioned by an old wizened man, a gypsy, as to Hayen Castle, and its owner Lady Marie Cellistine Denleigh, and the nearest road to reach it. Laurence, knowing the short cuts gains the castle terrace long before the man, who gives the name of Snapper, reaches it. In the dining-room of the castle, Mr. Wharton, the family lawyer, is closeted with Mr. Sherborne, the legal adviser of the Belmaynes and Mr. Wharton relates the romance of the two families. The late earl, Lady Marie's father, was the sweetheart of the late Marchioness of Belmayne. There is a separation and the earl marries Lady Normandyke and his first love becomes the wife of the Marquis of Belmayne and the mother of Mr. Sherborne's client, Lord Belmayne. Still loving each other they make an engagement between their children, Lady Marie, now a beautiful girl of twelve, and Lord Philip Belmayne, who suffers from a lameness scarcely perceptible. Going on the terrace Mr. Sherborne looks over the battlement and sees a young girl, her hair fastened by a diamond clasp. Leaning over the parapet she could nearly reach Laurence Harding, who lies in wait. He knows the gypsy, calling himself Snapper, is there. He detects him swoop upon something. Laurence throws himself over the wall and clasping him on the throat demands what he has stolen. There is a flash of steel and Laurence feels a sting on his arm. Throwing the man to the ground Laurence recovers the diamond clasp. He releases his hold and the Snapper disappears. Lady Marie discovers the loss of the clasp and Mr. Wharton shaking the lad demands it. Fellows, the butler, sees that Larry is cut and the knife is found. Giving the clasp to Lady Marie, Larry makes his escape and enters Belmayne Park where he meets the young marquis, Lord Belmayne. Going home he tells the story to Reuben Payne, who recalls the name, Miriam, of a young gypsy girl, who lived at one of the Hall lodges and married John Gray, a sailor. Lady Marie goes fishing with Larry. Returning to the shore they see a strange boat, two at the oars, and the third Larry recognizes as the Snapper. Turning to answer the questions of one something is thrown over his eyes, his arms pinioned and he is flung into a boat. Nine years later Lady Marie, returning from London meets Reuben Payne. Inquiring for Larry he gives the only letter ever received and she recalls her promise to marry him. Lady Merton welcomes her home and leaves it for Mr. Wharton to tell why she is glad she is heart free. For the sake of Ravensford and Belmayne Lady Marie decides to marry Philip. On this night there is a shipwreck on the coast of Vancouver and a young man with Larry's face and eyes but answering to the name of Darnley is saved with Spon, a passenger who claims a fortune awaits them on that shore.

CHAPTER X.

SPON'S RUBY MINE.

LARRY and Spon stood and stared at each other, then laughed, the laugh of men who, having faced death, and waited for him with grim despair, find that he has sheered off, and that life is still with them; not only life, but the prospect of wealth.

Spon was full of quiet enthusiasm, but Larry was still a little doubtful; he had heard of short cuts to fabulous wealth before, and they had always turned out to be the wildcat delusion of bare-brained dreamers.

"We must hustle, lad," said Spon; "this old sloop will be slipping from under us presently. One of the watertight compartments must have held out, or she would have gone before this. Let's have something to eat, first of all. I've just remembered that I'm as hungry as a cat that's been shut up in a church for a month."

There was plenty to eat, but they could not stand still while they took the food they so sorely needed.

"We'll salvage all we can," said Spon. "A raft's the thing. Where's the tools? There's plenty of material," he added, as he glanced at the debris with which the decks were still strewn.

They worked as even Larry had never worked before, and in a couple of hours they had constructed a raft, launched and made it fast to the ship, and scarcely pausing for breath, loaded it with necessities.

"You've read 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Darnley?'" he asked. "Right! And the 'Swiss Family Robinson?' The Shipwrecked Mariners' Guide they ought to be called. By Jupiter, I little thought I'd have to remember 'em for business purposes! Chuck in them hammers and axes; we shall want them. Put the cartridges in those empty tin cases; 'keep your powder dry' is always sound advice under any circumstances. There's another bag of biscuits; and the tea. Tea is one of the things which makes life go cozy. Now for togs. We'll want something warm; it's none too hot at nights in this latitude, and we may have to go still farther north—I notice you don't ask any questions about this lay of mine. Well, don't. We won't say anything about it till we get there; right plump upon—what we're going for. You cast in your lot with me, share and share alike, eh, lad, and ask no questions?"

"Yes," replied Larry, "but it seems a one-sided bargain."

Spon looked at him shrewdly. "No, it's a fair deal," he said. "You're young and strong, and it's a choice mixture of capital and labor I'm proposing. And, by Jupiter, I've froze on to you! I never had a boy, but if I had, I'd have liked him to have been of your make and style. Say no more! Just wait! Yes, we'll have the pickles. There's a world of comfort, and stimulant, in pickles, especially the hot 'uns. Many's the time they've put pluck into me when I've been down in the mouth. Now, is there anything else? Well, then, shall we cast off?"

They cast off, and worked the raft toward the shore. They had scarcely reached the smooth and shelving beach, which made a perfect landing place, when Larry uttered an exclamation.

The ill-fated ship was settling rapidly, and, as they gazed in silent awe, she sank before their eyes.

"Only just in time, lad!" said Spon solemnly. "It's a good omen—I don't mean her going down, but waiting for us to clear off. Yes, I shouldn't wonder if the luck had turned. You're a mascot, Darnley," he added, as he sprang ashore.

They unloaded the raft and made her fast, and pitched a sail for a tent under some trees that grew above the beach, and they worked with the energy, the suppressed excitement, which they had displayed on board the ship. When they had time to straighten their tents, and look around, they found themselves in a small bay or cove, from which rugged cliffs rose to a considerable height.

Myriads of birds whistled and shrieked above their heads, some coming so low that Larry involuntarily put up his hand to ward them off.

"Yes, it's 'Robinson Crusoe' to the life!" remarked Spon. "We're on a bit of the untraveled coast, lad. It's bad harborage, and no vessel could put in here, scarcely a boat, for the raft passed fairly close over the rocks."

"Yes, I noticed it; and the birds are so tame," said Larry; "but there must be a settlement or a camp near."

"Not for certain," said Spon. "There's two hundred and fifty million acres of known land, and only a few thousand are tilled; there are thousands and thousands of miles of this country, one of the richest in the world, which the foot of man has not trod. We've lighted on

By Charles Garvice

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one of the places. It's ours for the taking, I suppose. But we don't stop here. Our destination lies back and beyond, over the hills there. But it's a good place to spend a day or two in, to get the stiffness out of our limbs, and the taste of the salt water out of our mouths. Yes, we're alone. We're monarchs of all we survey, lad."

"All the same, I'll load the revolvers," remarked the practical Larry.

The sea remained calm, the moon rose on a well-nigh cloudless sky, and Larry, as he lay on his elbow, gazing out on the scene, found it difficult to realize that a few hours ago he and his strange companion had been tossing on the stormy sea and waiting for death.

Presently he fell asleep—a deep sleep, but not so deep as to be free from dreams.

He dreamed that he was lying in the boat below the castle cliff, and that Lady Marie was sitting above him, with the oars in her hand, and watching him as he had watched her sleeping in the days long, long ago.

He woke before Spon, and, lighting a fire, prepared the breakfast. He had found some eggs in the rushes above the sand, and he cooked these, which with the rashers of bacon made so savory an odor that Spon was awakened by it. He came out, stretching himself, and greeted Larry cheerfully.

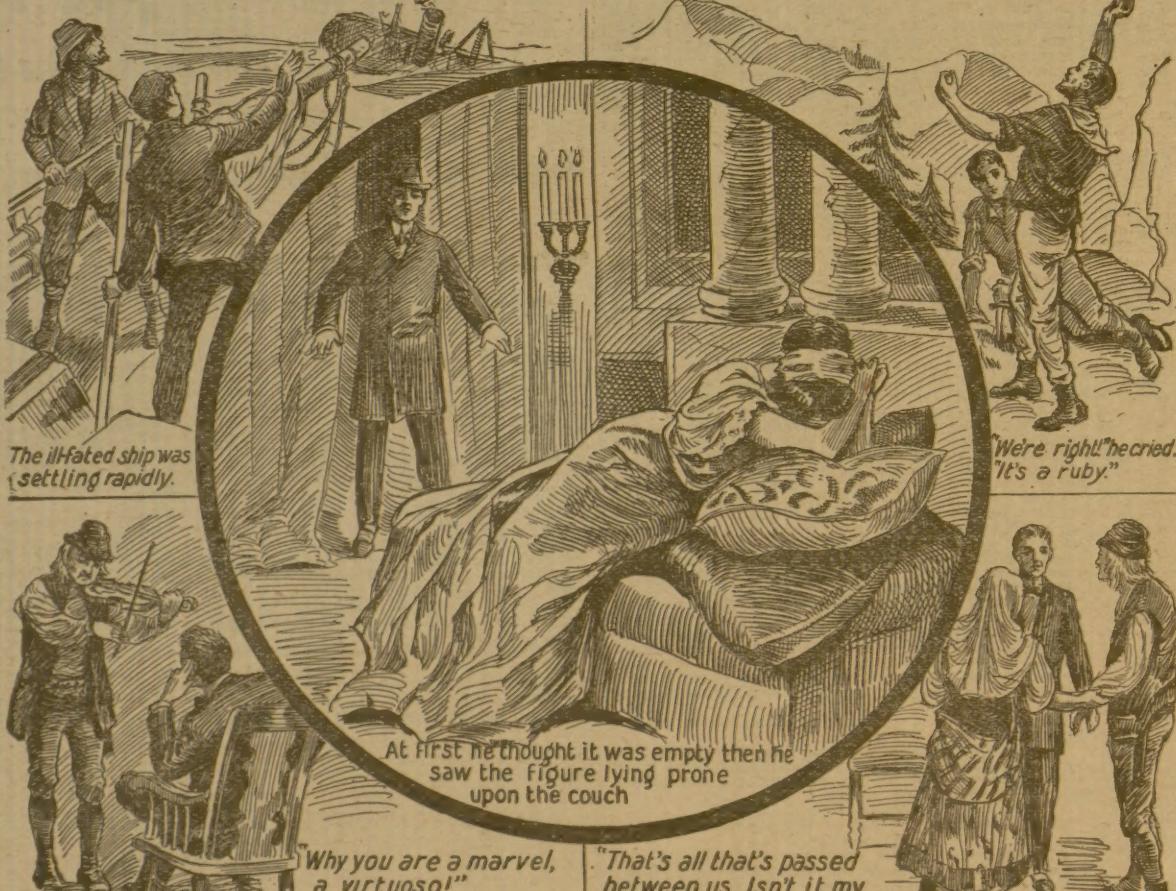
He was alert as a boy, and there was a twinkle in his eyes as he surveyed the tempting food.

"I'm thinking of where we were yesterday morning, lad," said Spon; "on the brink of a watery grave. And here we are today, basking in the sunshine in a land of plenty. Yes, the game's never quite over till the ball's stopped rolling. I see you've learned how to cook, among other things. Eggs and bacon—the Englishman's breakfast all the world over. As the Yankee said, the Englishman eats for breakfast eggs and bacon for three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, and bacon and eggs on the three hundred and sixty-fifth. And now about our plans. I've been thinking, while I've been asleep—useful trick, and saves time—and it seems to me that it wouldn't be a bad idea to make this place a kind of store camp. We can't take all our things with us; why not hide those we can't take here, so that we can come back for them if we want them?"

"I've been exploring a little," said Larry; "and there's a decent-sized cavern in one of the rocks. We could use that for a storeroom."

"Right," assented Spon. "We'll pack 'em up there after breakfast. I said we'd stay on here for a day or two; but that was last night, when I was a bit of color and tired: this morning I feel fit for anything, and want to get on the move."

He spoke with a suppressed eagerness, and



The ill-fated ship was settling rapidly.

"Why you are a marvel, a virtuoso!"

"At first he thought it was empty then he saw the figure lying prone upon the couch

"That's all that's passed between us. Isn't it my lord?"

Larry nodded a ready and willing acquiescence. "I'm ready," he said.

"That's a good lad," commented Spon approvingly. "I can see you don't quite believe in this lay of mine, but that you're willing to humor me. Well, all right. You wait!"

After breakfast and a pipe they selected the things they could carry—they were not many, as they had to go on foot—and stored the remainder in the cavern. Then, waiting until the sun had lost something of its heat, they started.

Spon had taken out his precious ollskin packet, and now consulted his map and pocket compass, and appeared to know where they were.

"Our road lies to the north," he said. "It's farther than I thought; but we'll get there, mark my word. We weren't saved from that doomed ship for nothing; besides, you're my mascot, my good luck, you know, lad; and your own, too. We're partners, share and share alike, and if that Indian hasn't put up a fraud on me—Well, we'll say no more."

They climbed the hill and tramped side by side; in silence most of the time; but now and again Spon would relate some strange experience in his quaint phraseology, and in his slow drawl.

Larry said little, and for the greater part of the time his mind was wandering back to Ravensford. The sandy cove, the white cliffs, had recalled the beach below the castle so plainly.

They traversed hills and plains—plains that some day will be tickled by the hoe of civilization and laugh into a rich harvest, but were now strange to the tread of man—and at nightfall camped under some trees. They had brought some biscuits and chocolate, and there was water galore in the mountain streams and the rivers which ran through the valleys, and Larry had shot a couple of birds that resembled snipe; so that they fared well enough.

They resumed their tramp at daybreak, and at noon came upon the first signs of fellow humanity. It was a small tribe of Indians, game-hunting.

They received the wanderers with a cold welcome; but a present of tobacco from Spon melted them. They resumed their tramp at daybreak, and at noon came upon the first signs of fellow humanity. It was a small tribe of Indians, game-hunting.

He made some cautious inquiries of one of the tribe, who spoke a mongrel English, and, when he and Larry had set out again, expressed himself satisfied.

"We're on the right road, lad," he said. "It's a three days' march, the rate we're going. Three days between us and fortune!"

As before, they climbed hills and traversed plains; and now they were quite silent and very footsore. And Larry began to grow more incredulous, though he would have died rather than have admitted it.

On the evening of the third day, as they descended to a ravine through which a stream ran bounding over rocks, Spon stopped suddenly and looked about him.

"This pears to me to be the kind of place that Indian told of," he said. "There should be a rock rising like a castle from the center of the valley."

Larry, who had been tramping along in a kind of dream, awoke at the word castle—he was thinking of the one at Ravenford—and looked about him.

"There it is," he said, pointing to a mass of rock that rose almost in the middle of the valley.

"It is so!" assented Spon. "Now, just let me look at my plan."

He sat down and brought out his sacred ollskin packet, and Larry lighted a pipe and lay down beside him with philosophic patience.

"Right we are!" Spon exclaimed presently. "It answers to the Indian's description exactly. Is it possible that I've found the one Indian that doesn't lie? What we're looking for is on that hillside there."

He pointed with a hand that, as Larry saw, shook.

"The hill on the left. There are the three trees that stand up like sentinels, eh, Darnley?—and there's the sun throwing a shadow. Oh, let's get on, Darnley, and settle the matter, for I'm in a fever heat, and shaking like a child."

His excitement was infectious, and Larry felt his blood quicken as he strode beside him.

They waded the stream, and Spon began to climb the hill, Larry close behind him. Suddenly Spon stopped, took out his plan, and consulted it.

"It's here," he said hoarsely, "that our fortune lies, if fortune there is. Ah!" he uttered an exclamation, and his tanned face grew redder.

"Look, Darnley; look here!"

Larry followed Spon's eyes and saw evident signs of spade work in the hillside.

"Someone been here before us," he said.

"The Indians! The Indians!" cried Spon. "It's no lies. Take out your knife, lad. Dig, dig!"

"No, no," breathed Larry. "Forgive. I ask your pardon, Spon."

"Say no more. That's enough," rejoined Spon. "And, after all, it was only natural and reasonable. It must have seemed to you like a fairy story. What's that you've got?" He broke off as Larry picked up a small stone.

"That's an alabandine—see, it's violet. There's the real blood ruby near at hand. If we only had a spade, some picks! Like everything that's precious, the good ones lie below, and want working for."

"The Indians have been here before us," said Larry.

"That's so," assented Spon, "but they only worked the surface. They didn't know the value of the things; and, if they had known, they wouldn't dig for 'em. There's one thing on earth your Indian doesn't like, and that's work—honest toil. That's where we have them, Darnley."

They forgot that they were tired, that their feet were sore and bleeding with a long march. They were insensible to fatigue. And no wonder; for there, beneath them, lay that for which men toil and sweat all their long lives—wealth, undivided wealth. They dug and grubbed until exhaustion put a period to their toil; then dropped down exhausted side by side, with their pockets full of the precious jewels.

Larry awoke from a fevered sleep.

He had dreamed that Lady Marie had stood before him, her white neck encircled by a glittering row of rubies that shone blood-red in the sunlight; and that he was the man who had placed the necklace there.

Spon lay beside him, sleeping with a calm, a placid smile on his wizened face; but he moved as Larry moved.

"Ah, lad!" he said, stretching himself. "Eager to be at it? But there's no hurry."

"No hurry!" echoed Larry. "But—but someone else may come; some Indian trader—"

"No Indian will come, and no trader, and if he does, we are here first, and—" he touched his revolver. "But I've been thinking while I've slept—useful knack that, lad—and I see that we shall have to have spades and picks. The real blood-red ruby lies below the surface, deeper than we can ever get with our knives. We shall have to go back to the camp."

Larry stifled a groan; but he knew that Spon was right. They went to the ruby mine—it was not far, for they had thrown themselves down to sleep near the spot where they had commenced working, and picked up some more gems.

"All pretty; all very well," said Spon; "but it's the real blood-red ruby that we want, and we'll have it! Let's start for the camp."

So they tore themselves away from the magic hill and toiled back to the camp.

No words of mine can describe the weariness of that journey, every hour and day of which took them away from their El Dorado. They reached the cave at last, and carrying a spade and pick they journeyed back.

They avoided the haunts of Indians on this their return journey, and reached the ruby ground worn and exhausted by physical effort and mental strain.

Weary as they were, they could scarcely consent to sleep or take a rest before they fell to work, and they dug with the frantic energy of men digging for their lives.

It was Larry who came upon the first real blood-red ruby.

"Is this it?" he asked, as he held out the precious stone.

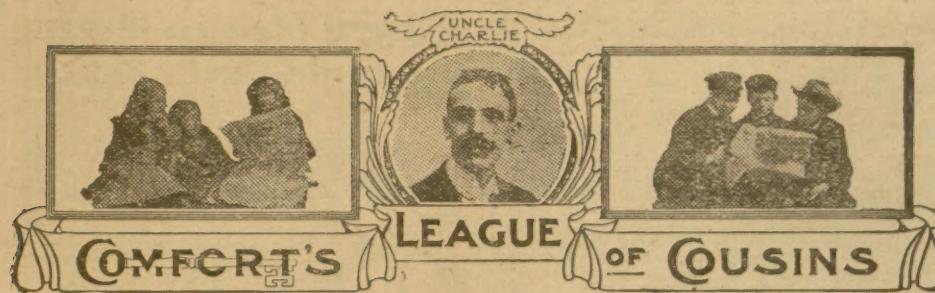
"It is!" gasped Spon. "It's the right thing. You've found it. You're the luck, my lad! Our fortune's made!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE DINNER PARTY.

The announcement of Lady Marie's engagement caused a distinct and profound sensation in society, which had interested itself in her debut to an extraordinary extent. Extraordinary not only because of her loveliness and the peculiar charm which she unconsciously exerted, but also by reason of her high birth and the foreign title which had descended to her from her mother.

It is true that she was addressed as Lady Marie; but everyone knew that she was the Countess of Normandyke in her own right, and the mistress of a vast estate in northern France, the land of poetry and romance.



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

AMERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all! What magic there is in the sound of that blessed name. Christmas means more to me than any other festival or event that we celebrate. Christmas day is of more importance than all the other days of the year put together. I was brought up to love and reverence Christmas day, and I was taught to love it and did love it, not because of present giving and feasting, for though there was plenty of feasting, apart from a few bits of candy dropped in a stocking, no presents came my way in the days of my youth.

In our home it was Christmas. Do you get that word? Christ-mas and not Santa Calusmas. The Yule-tide spirit was in the air, scattered families were reunited and happiness reigned in every home, but the one thing that made that great day memorable and joyous to us all, was the fact that we were celebrating the birth of the Christ Child. On Christmas eve in the silent watches of the still night the church choir went reverently through the deserted streets of the village singing hymns and carols that brought a thrill of emotion to all who heard the exultant strains, and as the strains of those midnight anthems wafted heavenward, one seemed to hear angel voices reechoing them through the starry depths of the skies above, and it needed but a little effort of imagination to picture the Wise Men of the East wending their way to the manger of Bethlehem, and as they knelt at the feet of the Christ Child, the whole heavens seemed to ring with the exulting song "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." Christmas to us in those days was wholly glad and glorious because we realized on that day Heaven and earth were one, and that the coming of the Christ Child signified the beginning of a new and better era for all humanity; an era of love, good fellowship and brotherhood, an era of peace and happiness for all mankind. Gradually the Christ idea which is God's idea, has been transforming men from brutes, savages and monsters into human beings. The work has been slow, and at times discouraging, but it has never ceased to go on and will never cease until the semi-civilized human animal of today, ready to murder and slay if needs be, greedy for lucre and profit, savage in his exploitation of his fellow men, indulging in a thousand forms of saturnalian revelries and debasing luxuries, dissipating wealth which he has never earned, but which has been earned for him by the underfed and underpaid workers, is superseded by the real man, the Christ-like man, fulfilling God's idea of what man is yet to be when the leaven of Bethlehem has done its ennobling work of love and made us not merely men and women but glorified beings. Thus we shall be worthy of our Creator, and the place He has ordained we shall fill, not only in this little revolving sphere of dust which is our present home, but in those greater and grander spheres beyond, where the processes of evolution will go on until we shall finally meet the King and perchance be sent as ambassadors to hymn to other worlds that dot the starry firmament, the same divine message that the angels of old hymned to us in the skies o'er Bethlehem.

Do not be discouraged if our progress onward and upward is slow. Do not heed the two-legged bats and owls who tell you that religion has drenched the world with blood, because any fool knows that. Superstition masquerading as religion, churchianity, ignorance, warring sects, and the ambitions and machinations of bigoted and worldly prelates greedy for temporal power in the days when church and state worked hand in hand for the exploitation of the people, have made the earth a shambles. Churchianity has slain millions; Christianity never yet took a single life. It is nearly two thousand years ago since that first and ever memorable Christmas. To the average person two thousand years seems a long time. We speak of the days of Christ and of Rome and the Caesars as ancient times, but as a matter of fact they were very modern times, for this old earth of ours has been in existence millions of years, and a few centuries are but as a day in the evolution of this great cosmic scheme of which we are a part. Christianity has never had a show upon this earth, and it has but little show at present, and can't have, while money is man's real god. All evolution is slow and our present so-called civilization, which is as a matter of fact nothing but veneered barbarism, is the best we are capable of. But in a hundred ways we are doing better than we did even ten years ago, and we are beginning to learn how to live, work, think and be at least semi-human. The Christ spirit is pointing the way to higher and better things for all mankind. Churchianity with its narrow sectarianism and one-day-a-week religion, its cant, hypocrisy, narrowness and bigotry, is giving way slowly but surely to genuine Christianity, the Christianity of loving service for others, a religion that combines faith with deeds, a religion that teaches us to respect the rights of all others, a religion which teaches us to seek our own salvation only as we work for the salvation of others, a religion which concerns itself with this world as much as the next, for if we cannot make good use of this world, enjoy its beauties and develop the best that is in us here, we have little right to expect a welcome in any world beyond; a religion of kindness, mercy, goodness, truth, love and brotherhood, with God's Fatherhood o'er all; a religion divinely human and humanly divine; a religion of the Golden Rule, a religion that will usher in universal peace and plenty and drive out poverty, misery and crime.

The Christmas spirit which makes all hearts thrill with joy and gladness, and which is now in evidence but one day in the year, will, in those brighter and better days to come, be in evidence the whole year round. Take heart you that are weary and oppressed, sick and heavy laden, overworked and underpaid, harassed, worried and hopeless, for every day is bringing us nearer to that bright and better time for which humanity has hungered and longed all through the ages. Be not discouraged my brother, for Christmas day is here to remind us that God has not forgotten us. Look up with eyes of faith to the Eastern skies, and if you but fill your soul with the real Christmas spirit you will hear once again the anthem that the angels sang in the skies o'er Bethlehem, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!" The Christ Child exchanged his lowly manger for a throne. We are all gods in the chrysalis, and we shall exchange the swaddling clothes and manger of our poverty, sin, crime, misery and semi-barbarism for a higher, brighter, nobler and better life right here on this earth, as soon as the Christ spirit civilizes and humanizes us.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

Mince Pie

Even if it didn't take hours of kitchenwork to make your own mince meat, there'd be the cost to consider. The mince-meat for a home-made pie costs 22 cents. A package of

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT
"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

costs only 10c. We save because we buy our supplies by the car load—the very best beef, the finest apples, the choicest of raisins and currants, the most delicious cider, and a blend of spices that no housewife can duplicate. That's why None Such Mince Meat is economical. That's why it's good, too.

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of Old Sleuth or Sherlock Holmes will know the odor of a lemon from that of a whiskey still. Possibly now that Kentucky is under prohibition rule, even the harmless lemon extract is getting soiled with alcohol. Of course the gentleman might be so peculiarly constituted that harmless lemon juice would go to his head. Some people are peculiarly sensitive. I knew a man who could not look at a picture of Milwaukee where the beer comes from without getting the worst kind of a jag, so perhaps we must not judge the gentleman too harshly. If you could send this Sabatian souse to me when he is full of extract or race track I could diagnose his case to a nicely. Billy the Goat is a boozologist and I could call him in for consultation. As I can't see the gentleman and as he seems to acquire a bun and get soiled, pickled and stewed on such a harmless concoction as lemon extract, I don't think he is a proper person to associate with. If lemons did not affect him so peculiarly, I would strongly suggest that you hand him a lemon and tell him to make tracks for the tall grass without further delay. No self-respecting young lady should entertain a boozologist, even of the lemon variety on a Sunday evening, or at any other time.

DANVILLE, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Uncle, the pets I play with most are the dish rag and broom handle. I have a cute doll grandmas gave me—her name is Hellen. I've got a pet chicken and call her Cripple. The rats caught her when she was right little and ate one foot off. She knows her name and will fly on my lap for food.

I got my League button and think it so nice. I wear it all the time and it won me lots of new subscribers to COMFORT. Uncle, I wish you would bring Billy, and come out and help me pick cherries. I would also show you the sights in Danville—the home of Uncle Joe Cannon. Danville has eighty-three saloons and forty-eight churches—but we live three miles out in the country and all we know is work.

I will close my letter with a sweet kiss for Billy and don't forget yourself. Your little niece,

FRANCES STIPP.

Frances, you should have given your street number. It is not fair to the postal authorities to make them hunt up your address. I have a letter from a shut-in from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The case is a sad one and I want to help her, and I took the trouble to write her a personal letter, but just as I feared the letter was returned to me. Cedar Rapids is a city of considerable size and the woman who needed help had only recently moved to the city. How could she expect without giving a street address that a letter would find her? No one has any earthly right to give trouble to any living soul if he or she can possibly avoid it. So the rats got your chicken did they? The rat is a nuisance and a curse, and spreads that deadliest of all diseases, the bubonic plague. If ever rats infected with bubonic plague got a footing in the miles of shanties that line the river front of New Orleans, as it is expected they will when the Panama Canal fills that port with shipping from the western coast of North and South America, where the plague has already appeared in several localities, there is liable to be trouble, terrible trouble, which may spread to all sections of the country. It is estimated that the rat costs from two to four cents a day for its support. That means in the neighborhood of ten dollars a year for every rat in the country, and as there are millions of these vermin you can get an idea of what a drain they are upon our national resources. Thank you, Frances, I don't know that I particularly want to come to Danville. There is not enough money in the United States to hire me to gaze for one second at the home of Uncle Joe Cannon. I have not forgotten the terrible years (at least they were terrible to me) when Cannon ruled the House, and Aldrich the Senate. To see the two greatest branches of our government, dominated and controlled by two men utterly indifferent to the interests of the masses of the people of this country, and to see these ninety millions of people flouted and ignored, as though they were a bunch of sheep who had no rights that anyone was bound to respect, harried my soul and tried my patience to the limit of human endurance. You say Danville has eighty-three saloons and forty-eight churches. I am not in the least surprised. Fancy having forty-eight churches in a city that is responsible for Cannonism. Those churches for all the influence they seem to have had on the people of Danville might just as well have been saloons. I would like to deliver a sermon in everyone of those churches, and I'll wager before I got through the ministers would be on the run and maybe the congregation too. I saw in the paper the other day that Uncle Joe had met, seen or written to the author of the hymn, "Beulahland" and had told that individual that his composition had done more good than all the muck rakers that had ever existed. That tickled me immensely, for what politicians of the Uncle Joe type would like you all to do would be to sing hymns with your eyes closed, and it would not matter whether it was Beulahland or Gazoondoland that you sang, as long as you left them in Washington to run the government in the interests of the powers of privilege. Standpat reactionary politicians have no use for the muck rakers. They prefer the muck, because if it is removed it uncovers such a lot of graft and rotteness and causes such an amount of national indignation that those who are responsible for the muck are scared and penitent for the time being, but as soon as the storm blows over the muck pile grows, and it would grow to such an extent that the pestilence of revolution would result were it not for the vigorous use of the rake in the hands of a few fearless men who have the courage to attack through the public prints, the political muck pile that was at its worst during the Cannon and Aldrich regime. You will remember I told you in our April issue how our Congressmen were allowed twenty cents mileage when they travel. I told you how one honest Congressman exposed the rotteness of this particular specimen of public grafting. One dear good lady who read my remarks on this matter wrote me and asked if I thought it was possible

that the President knew such robbery was going on. The dear good soul was very much worked up about it. Of course the President knows, and does not the President himself get \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses too? I saw in the paper when Uncle Joe heard there was a movement on foot to cut this grafting from twenty cents a mile down to five or ten cents, he replied: "Twenty cents it has always been, and twenty cents it will remain." Danville ought to be proud of an expression like that, in fact it ought to be so proud it should start singing Beulahland at once. They say you can tell a man by the company he keeps, and we can size up a city and community pretty well by those it sends to Congress. I wonder if the people who attend the forty-eight churches in Danville ever remember that glorious Lincoln was sent to Congress from their state and that his immortal dust now rests in the confines of their commonwealth? Think of a state once represented by Lincoln being guilty of the unpardonable crime of sending a Lorimer to the Senate. The people of Illinois who permitted that deed ought not only to sing Beulahland, but ought to bike to Beulahland or some other land in the face of such a disgrace as that. Ah, we will the people never wake up and learn? Will they never send to Congress men who will make this a happier and better land for all our people to live in. In the state of Illinois the brother of the dearest girl friend I have was murdered in cold blood by a cowardly assassin. This tragedy, which brought the gentle soul who witnessed it to the verge of death, and has forever blighted her life, took place two years ago, and the monster who did the deed has never even been brought to trial. The laws of Illinois are so rottenly lax, that this particular murderer (and I presume he is only one of many) can kill as he pleases, immediately get out on bail, strut around the scene of his crime, leer contemptuously in the faces of the relatives of his victim, and by pull and subterfuge, get his trial indefinitely postponed. That ought to be another excuse for the singing of Beulahland with brass band accompaniment. In sixteen hotels in Chicago it was found that from four to six girls employed as waitresses slept in one small room, originally designed for one bed, and in one of these rooms the only furniture except the beds, was a soap box. Overworked and underpaid, poorly housed and poorly fed, waitress and chambermaid are compelled to smile at the insults of patrons, and owing to the miserable conditions under which they are forced to live, are in desperation, driven to perdition. Now let us have a little more Beulahland, and let all the forty-eight churches in Danville rejoice, and may-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



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Faithful Shirley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

It was on her lips to say that she did not care to serve such unappreciative employers; but she controlled the impulse, and calmly answered:

"I will take more if you have it ready."

"Very well. I have some corset covers which I wish made right right away," said Miss Norwood. The haughty girl arose and touched, with an imperative hand, the electric bell near her. "Susie, bring me the roll of cloth which you will find lying on mamma's work-table," she said to the servant who answered her summons.

When the girl returned with it, Miss Norwood passed it to Shirley, remarking:

"You will find all the materials and an exact pattern to go by in this roll and I shall want the covers by next Saturday, sure, as I go away the first of the following week."

Shirley took the work, but with a mental resolve that it would be the last that she would ever do for that arrogant young lady.

"Mamma is out," Miss Norwood continued, "and it will not be convenient for me to pay you for the work you have just returned. You will not mind it, I am sure, and you can bring in a bill for the whole amount when the covers are done. Now I must go, for I have promised to join a party up the river in half an hour."

She was sweeping proudly from the room, when she suddenly paused, and, looking back over her shoulder, remarked:

"Oh! by the way, I have not thought to ask your name."

"My name is Shirley Livingstone," said the young girl, for the second time that morning.

"Hump!" ejaculated Miss Norwood, with curling lips, while she mentally added: "What a high-sounding name for a poor sewing-girl to have! and to think of a person in her position being so pretty—it is absurd! Very well, then, Shirley Livingstone," she said aloud, "mamma will settle with you for the whole amount when you come again," and with this comforting assurance the ill-bred girl coolly walked from the room without even wishing Shirley good morning.

The young seamstress, her face a scarlet flame from wounded feeling, quietly made her way from the house, without waiting to be shown out by a servant, and with the determination that she would never cross its threshold again.

"I will send this work back when it is finished—I will not subject myself to such rudeness from anyone," she said, with a resolute settling of her lips, as she wended her way back to the station.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. Vining Objects to Clifton's Betrothal

Having won Shirley's love and promise to become his wife, Clifton resolved to have an early interview with his father and acquaint him of the fact, as he desired, henceforth to be straightforward in all his dealings with him. Thus the evening after Shirley's trip to the Norwoods he started forth upon his errand.

Mr. Vining was at home, and glanced up with some surprise when his son entered the library, where he was busily engaged in writing.

"Hum!—come to eat humble pie; can't make his ends meet, and so wants to draw on the old man," was his inward comment, as he settled himself a little more stiffly in his chair, preparatory to administering a paternal lecture upon the ingratitude of children in general.

"Ahem! Well, Clifton," he began, in reply to the young man's courteous but somewhat cool "good evening sir," "you have not been very neighborly of late."

"No, sir, I have been quite busy," was the rather constrained response.

"So I hear, I am glad to know that you have come to your senses and are on the right track at last," said his father with a lofty air.

Then he inquired, with a manifestation of more interest, and a softening of his tone:

"How do you like your position, Clif?"

"Very well, sir; Mr. Norwood has been most kind and friendly."

Clifton had no thought of casting a slur at his father in saying this; he was simply thinking of Mr. Norwood's interest in him, and so expressed his appreciation of it; but Mr. Vining winced at it all the same.

"Yes, Norwood is a good friend, where he takes a liking," he admitted, flushing slightly, "and if you must work for anyone beside me, I could not wish you to be in a better place than his office. I hope he gives you a fair salary," he concluded, with a sly glance at his son's face.

He knew, of course, what he was receiving, but he wanted to sound him a little.

"He gives me the same that he paid his last clerk," Clifton briefly replied.

"Hum! that is doing pretty well for a greenhorn, I think; but I suppose you find it rather a hard pull to make both ends meet," Mr. Vining remarked, shooting a searching glance at the young man's face and wondering what made his usually high-strung son so self-contained and respectfully dignified. "I began to think," he resumed, in a lighter tone, "that it was about time for you to be coming home to dip your fingers in the old man's coffers. How much do you need, Clif? As long as you show a disposition to do the right thing, just so long you will find me ready and willing to stand by you," he concluded in a patronizing tone.

"Thank you, sir," Clifton gravely returned, "but I am doing very well. I have managed to live within my income, so far, and had no thought, when I came here tonight, of appealing to you for money."

"Whew! what does the youngster want, then?" was the elder man's inward query, while he regarded Clifton with increasing surprise.

Then he remarked, aloud, in a would-be friendly tone:

"Really, Clifton, I am both astonished and pleased by what you have told me. I am almost inclined to think that you will yet make a shrewd business man. If you do not want money, what can I do for you? Let bygones be bygones, Clif, and we will henceforth be friends."

Clifton preserved a thoughtful silence for a moment, then he remarked:

"I realize, sir, that I have not been all that you could desire, in the past, but, while I am sensible of my own shortcomings, I also feel that if you had pursued a different course with me, during my childhood and youth, we need never have become estranged. But I do not wish to cast reflections upon you; I only want you to know that I have determined to live differently in the future; that I have resolved to start as other people have started in the world, and work my way up to an honorable position among men. I shall be only too glad to be upon friendly terms with you all here at home. I came here to tell you this in a straightforward way, and also—"

"Clif!" exclaimed his father, interrupting him, a quiver of deep emotion in his tones, "you make my old heart glad by what you have told me. Of course we will be friends—I am proud of you, and we'll start on a new basis. I know I have been remiss in the past; I have been so pressed by business cares that I have not taken time to become properly acquainted with my children. However, I am only too glad to meet you now on equal ground; we will not discuss the past any more, but shake hands and bury the hatchet for all time. Of course," he said, in conclusion, "you will come to me now; I will make a place for you in the office, and do the handsome thing by you."

"You are very good, father, and no doubt are actuated by the best of intentions, in proposing that I should go on with you in business; but I could not feel that it would be using Mr. Norwood quite squarely to leave him just now, when he has taken so much pains to familiarize me with the routine duties of his office," Clifton gravely returned.

Mr. Vining frowned, but after a moment remarked:

"Well, I suppose Norwood would feel that you were using him rather shabbily, and, for the present, perhaps it will be as well for you to remain

where you are; but you'll come home to live, Clif. It is hardly respectable for my son to be staying at a third-rate boarding-house. You can't do any better than that on the salary you are getting," he remarked, with a mild look of disgust.

Clifton smiled.

"It's not quite so bad as that, father," he returned pleasantly, "and I am leading a far more praiseworthy life than I have ever done before, with my simple fare and habits; but if you desire me to come home, I shall be very glad to do so; if what I am about to tell, you meets with your approval—"

"What! more confessions, Clif?" interposed his father, jocosely. "I begin to think we are turning over a new leaf in good earnest. Well, what is it?"

"Since I left home I have met a young lady to whom I have become deeply attached," Clifton began with rising color.

Mr. Vining gave vent to a soft, prolonged whistle at this unexpected information.

"Fallen in love, eh?" he exclaimed, but chuckling inwardly as it occurred to him that Blanche Norwood might perhaps be the fair charmer, and nothing could have pleased him better than to have Clifton marry the brilliant daughter of his friend.

"Well, that is news indeed, Clif. Who is the favored lady?"

"Her name is Livingstone—Shirley Livingstone," Clifton responded.

"What?" and Mr. Vining wheeled around and squarely confronted his son, a look of blank astonishment in his face.

It was the strangest thing in the world!

Shirley Livingstone was the name of the pretty girl who had shared his seat that morning on his way out of town, and who had so skillfully relieved him of the troublesome cinder.

He had voted her a very charming little lady, but whether she was the sort of person he would be willing to receive into his family as a daughter-in-law was altogether a different question.

Clifton regarded his father in surprise, wondering what could have forced such an exclamation from him.

"Did you not understand me, father?" he inquired. "Miss Livingstone is the name of the lady to whom I have become attached."

"Hum!—have I ever met the girl?" Mr. Vining inquired, bending a searching look upon the young man, and suspicious that he knew of the morning's adventure.

"I think not, sir," Clifton innocently answered.

"Ahem! Where did you meet her? Who—what is she?" Mr. Vining demanded, and recovering himself somewhat.

"Well, there is a story to it," Clifton returned, flushing, yet determined to be entirely straightforward in the matter.

"A story, eh?"

"Yes, and I will tell you all about it," said the young man, his face lighting with a tender glow. "Miss Livingstone is a perfect little lady, as you would be obliged to admit, if you should meet her; but the circumstances of my acquaintance with her were somewhat romantic. I may say," he added, with a smile, "that you were responsible for the occurrence."

"I responsible?" repeated Mr. Vining, wonderingly. "How can that be possible?"

"It is not only possible—it is the fact," Clifton replied, and then proceeded to relate the adventure he had had in Houston Street, and how he had saved the lovely girl from a violent death.

He gave him an account of Shirley's early life, of the tender manner in which she had been reared, spoke of her many accomplishments, and dwelt enthusiastically upon the beauty of her person, as well as upon the loveliness of her character.

Mr. Vining listened to this with a face which gradually grew black with wrath.

He allowed his son to complete his story without interruption, for he meant to get to the bottom of the affair, and thus ascertain just what he had to contend with before committing himself.

Clifton made no reservation, for he wished his father to understand exactly where he stood, and finally concluded by begging him to sanction his engagement with Shirley, and allow his mother and sister to visit her.

"She has stirred all that is noblest and best in my nature," he said with deep feeling, as Mr. Vining could not at once find words to reply.

"She has made me desire to become a man, in the highest sense of the term, and, with her love to influence and spur me onward, I feel that I can attain to almost any position in life. I feel that this is the turning-point with me, father, and so I pray that you will countenance my union with Shirley."

He looked up, white and stern, into the face of his son.

"And you dare to come to me with this sickening tale! You, my son! and a Vining! Having been reared amid luxury and the most refining influences, you now have the face to confess to an infatuation for a low girl from the slums!" the man cried wrathfully, his eyes blazing with anger, his whole frame quivering with passion. "Was it not enough," he went on, with increasing anger, "that you should leave your home in the way you did, to create a scandal among our fashionable friends, without adding this fresh disgrace to other follies? Where is your self-respect? Where is your pride, that you should presume to come to me and beg me to sanction your union with such a person?"

"Shirley is not a girl from the slums," Clifton responded with outward calmness, though he was trembling with repressed excitement. "As I told you before, she has been most carefully reared and educated; indeed, in point of knowledge, of culture, and of accomplishments, she is vastly my superior. It was only the force of circumstances which took her into that low quarter of the city. She was almost driven to despair upon finding herself there, and became so desperate to escape that she nearly sacrificed her life as I have said."

"Fool! do you think, for a moment, that I would ever countenance your marriage with a girl who has such low connections, even though she were a walking encyclopedia of knowledge?" demanded Mr. Vining hoarsely.

Clifton flushed scarlet at the epithet applied to him; but he forced himself to be calm, for he was determined to win the day for Shirley, if only ten minutes, you could not fail to be charmed with her."

"I do not wish to be charmed with her—it is enough that my son has been hoodwinked by her. I have met her," thundered Mr. Vining.

"You have met Shirley! When—where?" demanded Clifton, greatly surprised.

"This very day. The girl happened to come into a car I had taken and occupied a seat beside me," said his father. "She has a pretty face, I admit. Her manners are well enough, too, while she showed considerable nerve in getting a beastly cinder out of my eye. Of course I asked her name, and told her mine. But were she a hunchback more beautiful—were she as learned as Bacon, or had the manners of a duchess, you should never marry her. I will have no such canaille allied with my family," he concluded, with almost frenzied vehemence.

"Father, you must not speak of Miss Livingstone in such terms, in my presence," Clifton sternly commanded, as he arose and confronted his angry parent. "I love the girl with all my heart, and she shall not be maligned in my hearing."

"You believe you are an idiot," growled his com-

panion. "You have surely lost your wits, and are a fit subject for some lunatic asylum. I had begun to hope that you were going to reform, until you told me this sickening love story," said Mr. Vining. "I fondly believed that you had made up your mind to try and be a credit to your family; but now—"

"You are right, father; I have been so trying," Clifton returned. "And I want to impress it upon you that the change in me is due entirely to the influence of the lovely woman whom you have been abusing. It was she who made me ashamed of my wasted life. I admit that I was going downhill as fast as a young man can go; I was a reckless spendthrift, seeking my own pleasure, and caring little for anything else, until I met Miss Livingstone who made me feel that there is something better worth living for."

Mr. Vining uttered an angry oath at this point; but though Clifton changed color, he continued, as if he had not heeded the interruption:

"She has won my respect, my admiration, my heart; I can love no other woman—no other can ever be my wife."

"Do you mean to defy me to my face by telling me that you intend to marry this girl?" demanded Mr. Vining aggressively.

"I do not wish to do anything that appears like defiance, father," Clifton quietly replied. "But I am surely old enough to judge for myself in a matter of this nature and I shall marry Shirley Livingstone."

The very calmness of this statement told the older gentleman that his son meant every word he uttered.

He arose in a towering passion.

"You never shall marry her! I swear it!" he cried.

"Do not let us quarrel again, father," pleaded the young man, with a slight quiver in his voice. "Surely you will not be unreasonable enough to wish to ruin my happiness—"

"I swear, Clifton, you shall not disgrace us all by marrying her," Mr. Vining interrupted, hotly; "but if you persist in your rash determination, you need never enter my presence again; neither shall you hold any intercourse with your mother and sister."

"Then I am afraid we shall not meet again, for a good while to come, father," Clifton responded in a calm, resolute tone, "for I shall marry Shirley Livingstone just as soon as my position will admit of my doing so. Good evening, sir."

And with a respectful bow the young man turned on his heel and left the room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Stomach Worm of Sheep

THE Stomach Worm or "twisted strongyle" (*Strongylus haemonchus*) causes such serious loss annually among lambs and sheep throughout the country that the following information upon the subject will prove instructive to sheepmen:

APPEARANCE OF WORM.—The worm is red or white in color according to amount of blood sucked into its intestine from the mucous lining of the stomach of its host. Its extremities are pointed. The male worm is from one half to one inch in length and the female from one to one and one half inches. They inhabit the fourth stomach and appear as myriads of short, hair-like bodies floating in a brownish liquor or attached to the lining membrane of the stomach. When the liquid contents of the stomach are strained through cheese-cloth the worms are left behind in masses and can thus be readily recognized.

SYMPOTMS.—Lambs infested with this parasite fail to thrive, lack appetite, are dull, thirsty, weak and may have diarrhea. As the condition becomes worse the belly enlarges, wool becomes harsh, the skin pale and the lining of the eyelids white or pale in color. At this stage the most characteristic symptom of the trouble is the appearance of a *dropsical swelling under the jaw*.

TREATMENT.—Gasoline has given good results at the Wisco in Experiment Station. It is given to each well-grown lamb in half ounce dose (one table "full" mixed in six ounces of milk, for three successive mornings, before feeding. Small lamb: take less and adult sheep more than the average half ounce dose. The drench should be administered slowly and carefully in small sips or swallows from a long-necked bottle, and care should be taken to prevent the lamb from choking.

PREVENTION.—The worms develop from eggs taken in on old, tainted pastures or in contaminated drinking water. Infested lambs and sheep, by their droppings, infect pastures and watering places, year after year. Lambs will not become infected if kept away from these sources of contamination. Provide new grass pasture for ewes and lambs each spring and change the lambs onto fresh pasture and green rape at weaning time. As weak lambs are most susceptible and soonest succumb feed generously to brace up the system against the ravages of the worm. Feed sucking lambs from the earliest possible moment upon a mixture of one part each of bran and oats and one half part each of corn and oil meal. From weaning time forward feed grain and meals in addition to grass and other green food. Keep the lambs gaining steadily. Where this is done worms, though present, need not prove fatal, but where lambs are not kept thriving they cannot withstand the effects of the worms and consequently die. (From Bulletin of Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station by Dr. A. S. Alexander.)

Lice of Cattle

Those who write to us about this time of the year complaining that their cattle are lousy are doubtless unaware of the fact that there are two kinds of lice which infest cattle. They are divided into two separate families—viz., sucking lice and biting lice. Of the first named there are two varieties—viz., short-nosed louse and long-nosed louse. Of these two the short-nosed is the larger and more difficult to destroy. It is to be found mainly about the neck and shoulders, which parts are often denuded of hair by the rubbing induced by the itchiness caused by the little pest. The long-nosed louse is, however, the most familiar to cattle breeders. The body is about an eighth of an inch long and about a third of that in width. The head is long and slender without visible eyes. The one species of biting louse is very common upon cattle and is easily recognized and differentiated from the sucking louse, as it is red while the other is blue. It is often called "the little red louse," but although it is more common than the sucking louse does not cause so much real damage as its blue relative. The biting louse has a pair of cutting and biting jaws and attacks the animal along the spine, hips, rump, and sometimes the head and neck. Its body does not fill up with blood as does that of the sucking louse, but it leads to a great deal of discomfort where numerous. One notices the presence of lice about this time of the year and towards spring. The cattle rub themselves on posts and fences and often do so in such a vigorous manner as to scratch the skin, causing it to bleed and become bare of hair. Emaciation is then likely to follow, and if the cattle be not relieved the owner is a considerable loser from his feeding operations.

When any of the above symptoms are observed the cattle should be examined for lice and it is best done after they have stood in the sun for a time as the louse comes toward the surface when warm. If it is found, the building occupied by the cattle should be vacated, then thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed, adding a quarter of a pound of chloride of lime to each pailful of lime wash. The cattle should not be returned to the building before they have been vigorously treated for lice with one of the usual remedies. The Bureau of Animal Industry advises the use of a decoction of fish berries (*Coccus Indicus*). Take one half pound of the berries for each animal, pound fine, then add two quarts of vinegar and set on the stove to simmer for an hour. Apply this thoroughly by rubbing it into the hair of the affected parts. This will not injure the skin or sicken the animals and is said to remain long enough to kill all of the young lice as they hatch out of the "nits." Professor Riley's kerosene emulsion is also highly recommended and is prepared as follows: Kerosene, two gallons; common or whale-oil soap, one quarter pound; water, one gallon. Heat the solution of soap and add it boiling hot to the kerosene. Churn the mixture for five or ten minutes or long enough to make an emulsion. Dilute the emulsion with eight parts of water, and apply it to the animal by a thorough rubbing. Fifty animals can be treated with ten gallons of this emulsion. Another favorite application for lice and especially the lice of horses, is savessacre seeds, four ounces; boiling water, one quart. Apply twice daily when solution is cold. For lice on hogs a solution of coal tar dip is found very effective. Some use one third kerosene, two thirds machine oil, and claim to have the best of results.

Examining Horses for Soundness

Farmers as much as any class of men should know what to look for when looking over a horse before purchasing him and should go about it in a proper way. As it is they are too apt to think that because they have always had more or less to do with horses that they cannot be fooled or cheated, and are so often too careless with the result that they fall into traps and are financial losers. We see this at the Chicago Stock Yards, where many farmers come to buy work horses and give them less careful examination than many city buyers, who show great care in their purchases and employ veterinarians to help them if not personally qualified to judge as to soundness. There are a few simple points which anyone may remember and follow when examining a horse to find if he is sound or practically sound. See the horse in his stall and before he has been exercised for the day if possible. By so doing it is often possible to discover that the animal is a "cribber" and "windsucker." In the same way one may catch a case of spavin lameness which would not be seen were the horse allowed to come out of the barn on the run and keep going while under inspection. Many spavined horses show the lameness most when made to "get over" in the stall and when backing out of the stall. This is also true of horses afflicted with chorea (St. Vitus' dance), which is not apparent when the animal is exercised, yet constitutes unsoundness. Horses so affected are termed "crampy" by the horse buyers and some of them are so slightly affected that one is sure to be "stuck" if the examination is not made in the barn. By watching the horse in his stall it is also possible to notice if he be a "weaver," which means a horse that is constantly weaving his head back and forward like a captive lion in his den. This is to many people a very irritating habit and is certainly unsightly, but does not, properly speaking, constitute unsoundness, nor do we think it injures a horse for work. After viewing the horse in his stall, have him led out and examine his eyes. Stand in front of him and with the hand pretend to strike the horse below the eye, trying each side alternately. The animal will flinch the moment the motion is made if he can see. This is necessary even with horses having large, prominent eyes, for there is a disease called "amaurosis" which causes blindness from paralysis of the optic nerves, yet the animal has a fine appearing eye. Walk slowly around the horse and note his every point from a small distance. Look at the contour of his head and neck, the lines of his back, the way his shoulders are set, the manner in which he stands upon his legs, the shape of his legs, the way in which he carries his tail, the many other points which go to make a horse attractive or the reverse. Watch him again when walked or trotted, and if he is satisfactory in these respects examine him more carefully point by point when standing still. Commence at the teeth and determine his age, or it will be usually sufficient to ascertain whether he is under or over eight years of age. Pass the finger into the mouth and examine by pressure where the bit would press to see if the bars of the mouth (lower jaw) are sound. Often the bone is broken at this place, and this is usually indicated by an open sore and bad odor from retained decomposing saliva or bone. See that the tongue is whole, not partially severed; that the front teeth (incisors) do not lap over each other like the bill of a parrot, for a horse so deformed cannot graze properly. Next examine the corners of the mouth to see that he is not a hard puller as indicated by a sore or callous condition which indicates lugging on the bit. If the teeth are much worn down in an uneven manner in front it may be concluded that the horse is a cribber if that has not been discovered by watching him in his stall. Examine the nostrils for a tumor or polypus may be present in the false nostril which overlies the true nostril. It may also show evidence of a chronic discharge which, if present, should lead the intending buyer to examine more carefully for glands, nasal glut or a diseased molar tooth.

When handling the head of a horse under inspection, feel if the bone of the lower jaw is thicker on one side than the other as an enlargement at this place indicates osteo-porosis, an incurable disease of the bones. Next dilate the jugular vein by pressing upon it with the finger in the jugular groove to determine whether it is intact or not. Sometimes the vein has been severed when "bleeding" and this constitutes unsoundness as the animal cannot get his head down to graze without falling. Examine the poll back of the ears for "poll evil" and the ears for abscess or running sore. Pass the hand down along the mane to see that there is not a chronic skin disease at the roots of the hair or a sore where the collar comes. The withers are next examined for "fistula" or the evidences of an old attack indicated by scars or the loss of some of the bone of the spine at that place. Examine the shoulders for collar boils or fibroid tumors caused by bad fitting collar. Now look at the elbow of the near side for "capped elbow" (shoe boil), then pass the hand down the leg, examining carefully under the knee for high and low splint, ossicles, bowed tendon, etc., and lower down for injuries or enlargements at the ankle joint or for evidences of interfering. The foot should be next very carefully inspected. First look for side bones at the seat of the lateral cartilages, then for quarter cracks, sand cracks, thrush, corns, seedy toe, dropped sole, contracted heels, stone bruise, quittor, ringbone, coronitis, etc. Now stand erect and examine the back, the place where the saddle presses, the point where the surcingle comes, the loins, to see if they are strong and the coupling short. Stoop now and look to see if the horse has been cleanly castrated and that a running sore or a tumor are not present in the scrotum or a rupture at either that point or the navel. If a mare, see that the udder is free from abscesses and shows no signs of pregnancy. Next examine the hind leg in a manner similar to the process of viewing the fore limb. Commence at the stifle joint and look for dropical swelling, looseness when in motion, signs of blistering or firing. Come down the leg to the hock and examine for spavin (hog and bone) and behind the hock for curb, while at the same time the point of the hock is seen to be free from callous or "capping" indicative of a post kicker. Examine tail to see if it is carried straight, if it has been docked, if there is a false tail attached (this is not uncommon in the cities). If a mare, lift the tail and look for a tear of the perineum which constitutes a "gill flirt" and was caused

by rupture of the tissues at a difficult labor. The same examination will serve to show if the mare is afflicted with leucorrhoea or has a cancer of the vagina or a polypus. The condition of the anus should also be examined for here are to be found evidences of worms if present or paralysis which is sometimes present and constitutes an unsoundness. In examinations of the hind leg, it should also be remembered to look for "string hait" and at the foot making a search for ringbone, thrush, evidences of interfering, over reaching, speedy cut, knuckling, etc. Having seen to all of these things, next drive the horse and see how he behaves under all circumstances, that he is not a shyer, tail switcher, balker, stumbler, rearer, runaway, kicker, etc. If he passes all of this examination, it then remains to test his wind. Take him out of the harness to halter. Place him broadside to a wall; then suddenly pretend to strike him with a whip and if he grants he may be wind-broken. This is but a partial test and it is necessary to next hitch him up and give him a gallop on soft road or with the wagon wheels locked, then suddenly stop him and note if he wheezes, whistles or roars, has "thumps" or pants inordinately. These few hints about testing horses for soundness will, we think, impress the necessity of care and help those who have horses to buy.

Wounds of Hogs

Swine are subject to many different kinds of wounds, which too often do not receive attention of any kind and in other cases do not receive intelligent treatment likely to give the best of results. It is quite common to see hogs going around with wounds which have become fly-blown and consequently filled with maggots. The owner saw the wound when it was done, but merely told the hired man to dab a little axle grease upon it. This may be simple treatment, but it is not effective. The grease will certainly serve to seal in the wound all of the dirt it contains and at the same time will keep the pus or other discharge from getting out. This is not the action to be encouraged. The pus should find an exit, the flies should be kept away, healing should be stimulated. If the wound is found when done and the muscle is torn or cut lengthwise of the muscle fibers it should be cleansed by washing gently with warm water in each pint of which has been mixed two teaspoonfuls of one of the tar products disinfectants advertised in our columns. The edges of the wound should then be brought together with sutures of common cotton twine saturated in the above mentioned solution or one made by mixing a similar amount of carbolic acid in a pint of water. The string should be perfectly clean before it is wetted with disinfectant; it is not to be supposed that a dirty string may be made safe for use by use of disinfectants. If the wound is crosswise of the fibers of the muscle it is best to leave it open and not to attempt suturing, as the fiber ends will not easily unite and by their moving one against the other will cause irritation and so retard healing. The wound when not sutured should be well cleansed as above directed and should afterwards be wetted a number of times daily with the following solution, which should be used in similar way for the wetting of the sutured wound: Powdered sugar of lead, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, half ounce; carbolic acid, half ounce; water to make one quart. This mixture should be well shaken as a sediment forms; it should also be labeled poison and kept where children cannot get at it. It will be found an admirable lotion for all wounds of animals. If the wound is deep and has a ragged, torn edge, the loose tissues should at once be removed by scissors; then cleanse out the cavity with warm water and disinfectant and afterwards pack the cavity full of oakum saturated with a mixture of one part of turpentine and two parts of raw linseed oil, leaving a tag of the oakum hanging out of the wound to serve the purpose of a drain. This treatment should be repeated once daily until pus forms, when it will not be necessary to continue the packing with oakum, but simply to keep the cavity clean by syringing out with warm water and disinfectant twice daily. A rubber bulb syringe is the best for this purpose. For ulcerated wounds which one finds about the head or lips of pigs and older swine a solution of permanganate of potash (one ounce); water, one gallon, is highly recommended. In our own experience we have had better results from cutting out or scraping such ulcers than burning them with nitrate of silver pencil. This gets rid of the diseased parts of the ulcer and destroys the germ which is always present and the wound may then be healed with the permanganate solution, or tar product disinfectant or the lead lotion already prescribed. Wounds of the feet and foot diseases are best treated in a pen with board floor to be kept scrupulously cleaned and covered with slaked lime. Cast the hog and with sharp shoer's knife pare away all rotten horn which is found under run by pus. Cleanse the foot well with the permanganate solution or any effective tar product solution, wet the unhealthy looking places with terichloride of antimony, then wrap the foot up in a cloth after covering the wounded parts with oakum saturated with pine tar. If this is done thoroughly there will be no object in removing the dressing before two or three days, when it may be repeated without use of other medicines if doing nicely. In the treatment of all manner of wounds of swine it is important to keep the patients in perfectly clean, dry places, and to prevent biting and scratching as much as possible, by application of bandages or other coverings.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing them will be of great value in getting your answers when you need advice on these same matters. It is unreasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

MOVING WILD BEES.—I have found a swarm of bees in a hollow tree. How can I get the honey and get bees into a hive without killing them or getting stung myself? I shall have to move them about a mile.

W. H. H., Wednesboro, N. Y.

A.—It will be necessary to thoroughly subdue the bees with tobacco smoke puffed into the "nest" with a blower made for the purpose and commonly used by beekeepers. Then gloves and mosquito veil will have to be used and the bees at once transferred to a regular beeveil and carried to their new home. To get at the bees it will no doubt be necessary to saw into the tree or fell it with axe or saw. It would be far more profitable to simply remove the honey, after stupefying the bees and not attempt making them occupy a modern hive. For commercial honey production it would be most profitable to buy hives of Italian bees and make a careful study of literature on the subject of bee-keeping.

ROTY MILK.—Please advise me what to do for milk that gets roty when it sours? We scour and scald the pails and pans with boiling water, but it seems to do no help.

FRED SCHAAF, Ohio.

A.—Clean, disinfect, whitewash and perfectly ventilate the stable and see that it is kept clean. Clean out manure before milking and never put in bedding or stir it up just before milking. Thoroughly cleanse the udder of each cow and just before milking wipe the udder well with a clean, damp cloth. Milk with dry hands which have just been washed. See that water used for cows and for washing of utensils is pure. The object is to keep dust and taints out of the milk. Cool the milk after straining through clean cotton and be sure that the paddle or ladle used to stir the milk is kept sterilized by boiling and scalding each time before use. We have known of milk being infected with bacteria each day by a stirring paddle. Buy new utensils and scald and sun dry them perfectly every day. See that no cow is giving abnormal milk from a diseased udder, for such milk may contaminate all of the milk with which it is mixed.

DIFFICULT CHURNING.—My cow gave a large mess of milk which produced a heavy cream during the



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summer months, and I could churn it then in ten or twelve minutes. Since the middle of September the cream is not so heavy and it takes from an hour to an hour and a quarter to churn. Can you tell me what the trouble is? MRS. H. E. Houlton, Maine.

A.—The cream is not sufficiently ripened. As you collect the cream thoroughly stir it each time a new lot is added. Keep the cream at a temperature of sixty degrees or below, till the day before you are to churn, when it has not developed any acid warm it to sixty-five or seventy degrees. It then will develop sufficient acid to churn readily and give a good flavored butter. Do not allow it to get so sour that whey collects in the bottom of the vessel. Before churning cool the cream to sixty degrees or below, otherwise butter will come soft. If the cream is very rich it may have to be churned at fifty degrees.

IMITATION BUTTER.—I have heard there was a recipe for sale for making three pounds of butter from one. Can you tell me where I can buy it? As I have only one cow and keep a lot of boarders it would be a great help to me.

A.—There is no such formula, nor is it possible to make three pounds of real butter out of one pound of butter. Imitation butters are made containing only a small percentage of real butter. But its manufacture and sale are heavily taxed and otherwise restricted by state and federal laws, and its fraudulent sale or use are severely punished.

RAISING MUSHROOMS.—Please tell me how to raise mushrooms and how long the manure should lie before it is made into beds? MRS. R. L. S., Normandy, Mo.

A.—Mushrooms can be raised in a cellar where the temperature can be kept at fifty to sixty degrees. Preparations for a crop may commence about December first and beds will come into bearing about February first. Collect fresh horse droppings from stable every day in barrow load lots. To each barrow load of droppings add about the same weight of fresh manure.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

be they might get the eighty-three saloons to help them swell the glad refrain. Frances you live in a glorious state, but like most of the other states in our country it is inhabited by people the majority of whom are callous and indifferent to the wrong that is going on around them. A few murders more or less seem to trouble no one, graft, corruption and lax enforcement of the law are taken as a matter of course. The exploitation of the workers, male and female, child and adult, the sacrifice of virtue and the hellish work of the white slave trader, and every other social ill arouse no public indignation. The public conscience sleeps and all is apathy, indifference and unconcern. I am writing this before election time, and I hope when these remarks appear in print that Illinois in common with other states, and especially Danville will have awakened to a sense of civic righteousness and a full realization of the fact that unless the muck is raked from our public life it will create a pestilence that will destroy us, and that it will have elected men to office who will strive earnestly for the uplift and betterment of all the people, men who will not ask you to croon Beulahland or any other Gospel hymn while they deliver you bound hand and foot to your trust exploiters. If Danville will drive out its eighty-three saloons and wake up its forty-eight churches, Frances, and make me a solemn assurance that it is working hard for political, social and economic reform, and is not putting in its spare time singing Beulahland, I'll promise to come and ruber at it through the reverse end of a telescope, from the safe and convenient distance of not less than one hundred miles. I'm afraid if I got any nearer I might hear a certain gentleman singing Beulahland and I could never survive that.

NASHVILLE, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS: I live on a farm two miles east of Nashville, a beautiful little town, the county seat of Washington county, having about two thousand, one hundred and thirty-five inhabitants. This is a very beautiful part of the country, most of the land is level here. Wheat, corn and oats are the main crops. My parents both are living, and I also have two sisters and one brother younger than myself.

I can do any kind of housework. I'm quite a good cook too, that's at list what my folks say. I can sew real good, and make all my dresses myself. I think all the girls should learn to sew and make their clothes. My mother is a dressmaker and I help her with the sewing. I also can do any kind of embroidery work, and crochet lace and other things. I love to do any kind of fancy work.

How many of you cousins like to piece and make quilts? I do for one. Last winter I pieced and made several quilts, for which I might have need some time in the future.

I also can do any kind of outdoor work in harvest time. My sister and I shock all the wheat and oats for father and make a good job of it too, far better than a good many men do.

Now Uncle I guess you won't think I'm a lazy girl, or any of those parlor ornaments. I am very fond of music and flowers, and also I like to read good stories. We have a piano, and I can play real well. If you or some of the cousins come sometime I will play some music for you all. I think Uncle Charlie's book of poems and song book are grand, and I wouldn't part with them for anything.

I'm five feet five inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have golden brown hair, and dark eyes, and a fair complexion. I'm nineteen years old. I would be glad to correspond with any of the cousins, will answer all who write to me.

Please feed Billy some tin cans and don't let him have my letter. Your niece and cousin, EDNA MEIER. (No. 32,441.)

I congratulate you, Edna, on being a good cook. Good cooks or even people that can cook at all are as scarce as honest politicians, and infinitely more valuable, desirable and indispensable. The fact that your friends proclaim you a good cook is proof evident that you must be a good cook, for there is nothing in the world that people so quickly advertise and spread abroad as the fact that a girl is a good cook. In mentioning your ability as a cook you say: "That's at list what my folks say." The dictionary amongst other things says list means to cause to tilt over to one side. I hope Edna, your cooking does not have such dire effects as that on your friends and relatives. I know I ate molasses pudding once, one of these round affairs that resemble a cannon ball, and it rolled to the right-hand side of my mush tank, and adhering to the pyloric end of my beany, stuck like a porous plaster to a wooden leg. As a result I walked around lopsided with a decided starboard list for weeks. One night I fortunately ran into a lamp-post and jolted the molasses cannon ball loose and regained my balance. Most people keep their balances in the bank, but being poor I've always had to keep mine in my tank. My tank balance, Edna, for the past two or three years, has consisted chiefly of pasteurized milk, so you would not have much trouble in cooking for me. I am delighted to know that you make your own dresses. Dressmaking is an art all women should learn, for it is a womanly art and comes natural to your sex. The working girl who can make her own clothes, has a tremendous financial advantage over those of her sex, who could not sew a button on even with a hammer and a box of tacks. I know a pretty, dainty girl, with exquisite taste and a very slim pocketbook who makes all her own dresses, and these dainty summer frocks, which are the envy and despair of girls who have three times her salary, cost her practically next to nothing. A girl who can make her own dresses also has this advantage, she can display some individuality in her dress. If you go to a dressmaker these days, they won't let you have any ideas of your own, but will insist on adhering strictly to the prevailing style. They will stick you in a hobble skirt so disgracefully and disgustingly tight that it displays every outline of the figure—that is if you happen to have a figure. Such costumes are suggestive, and arouse the latent sensuality in men, who if women were modestly garbed would keep their thoughts running in decent channels. In wearing the exaggerated hobble abominations, the suggestive hobble that attracts and excites the male masher, and the ogling glances of leering profitees, women are inviting insult, and insults in plenty is what they get in many large cities, and they are sacrificing too, that most precious of all female possessions, modesty, the priceless jewel of womanhood. Edna, I congratulate you on being able to make your own clothes, as you can loosen up on the hobble without incurring the maledictions of the tyrannical dressmaker, or being out of style, or paying a lot of money for work you and all other girls can do for yourselves if you wish. I am wondering, Edna, if you are sufficiently expert to undertake the job of making Billy the Goat a decent pair of pants? He has high water pants at present, the bottoms of which are almost tickling his knees. His shoes feel so lonely and have got so disgusted that they are going to give a party and invite his pants down. Some of the ladies who wear exaggerated hobbles, which when they are seated cause them to display an alarming amount of hose, might also suggest to their shoes that they give a party and invite their skirts down. Talking of dress I remember being at a swell dinner one night. We were of course all in full evening dress, and one lady who sat opposite was so startlingly gowned or not gowned, that a gentleman sitting next to me asked what Mrs. So and So had on. I said: "If you want to know I guess you will have to look under the table." Edna I hope you don't waste any of your time constructing rigs on that order. Edna, your prowess as a farmer and your skill in the field are remarkable. There is scarcely a thing on earth a man can do, that a woman can't do as well, if circumstances force her to do it, or if she has a mind to do it. I don't think any of our lawmakers have the slightest idea of how many tens of thousands of women in this country do fieldwork and help their husbands with crop gathering, etc. An American traveler passing

through Germany looked out of the car window and saw one woman hoeing in the field, and another carrying a heavy bundle on her head. The American said to a German friend who sat opposite to him: "My friend that is a sight you will never see in the United States, we don't allow our women to do farmwork, or make beasts of burden of them in my country." Poor guy, that's all he knew. I know probably a little better than any man in the United States what the women in our country districts are doing, and Europe has got little on us when it comes to female farm drudgery. Edna, you say you shock the wheat and oats for your father. Billy the Goat wants to know if you walk around in one of the latest hobble skirts. If so I do not wonder that the oats and wheat are shocked, and I also do not wonder that you accomplished the job better than any mere man could do it if you used a hobble for a harvester.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

The following song with appropriate music was sent to me with a request for two bits, do you think the game worth the candle? X. Y. Z.

P. S. Please withhold my name.

The snow was drifting on the plain,
When I heard my love exclaim
That her love for me was very plain,
And my love for her the same,
Would be appreciated in the main.

CHORUS.

Now dearest believe my love for thee
Is surest and sweetest that love can be.
I want thee to come and follow me,
To the church over yonder where we will be
The latest C-O-U-P-L-E.

When the snow had stopped its drifting,
And the clouds were only misty,
In a jiffy I did find my Lizzie,
And away we skipped across the plain,
A singing our old refrain.

Friend X. Y. Z. I am only too glad to publish your letter, even though you ask me to withhold your name. For obvious reasons it is necessary at times for people to withhold names, and at your request I respect your wishes in this matter. "A Mountain Love Dream" is certainly a peach in the song pottery line. "A Mountain Nightmare" would have been more appropriate. If that's a mountain love dream all I've got to say is I want to stay awake for the rest of my life. This particular dream must have resulted from a bad case of indigestion. If I were to swallow a boiled dog and a keg of nails maybe I could have a dream like that, but I would never dare to risk it. Mountains are bad places to dream on. If you get at all restless in your dreams you are liable to roll off the top of the mountain and convert yourself into a pulverized cream puff in the valley below. Anybody who indulges in dreams of the variety depicted in the poem above ought to dispose of their property, bid their friends adieu, hike to the nearest valley, chain themselves to the nearest tree stump, and stay there until the spasms are over. The first verse of the song poem, friend X. Y. Z. is certainly a wonder. I would like to have taken a snap-shot of the individual when he or she was in the act of decomposing it. It must have been some sight all right. In the third line the writer says: "Her love for me was very plain." Can you wonder that the lady's love was of the very plain order under the circumstances? Of course living on the plain, as apparently both the interested parties in this tragic episode did, if there was any love at all, it would have to be plain love. Probably this love-sick guy did his love making on the plain, and then hiked up into the mountain top to dream and cool off. Maybe the "pottery" artist thought "A Mountain Love Dream" sounded like a real classy, poetic title, but finding nothing to rhyme with mountain, he shifted the scene of his lyric drama to the plain. Wise gazook. Anyway "claim" does not rhyme with "plain," neither does "main" with "same." "Plain" rhymes with "plain," and as the "pottery" artist must have been suffering an awful lot of pain during the agonies of composition, it's a wonder he didn't use the word for one of his rhymes. Now why not have written it thus:

The snow was drifting o'er the plain,
When I wrote a poem so lame,
That it gave my lady love a pain.
We got a doctor by the train,
Who said that she was quite insane
And never would be well again.
Now I'm in the pen for raising Cain;
I'm tied up with a ball and chain,
And release I never shall obtain,
For I've potteryitis of the brain,
In jail for life I must remain.
P. S. If you sing this omit refrain.

I don't think I need make any further comment on this particular piece of pottery, except that I think it was exceedingly bad manners of the gentleman to ask the lady to follow him to church. He at least might have had the decency to have proffered her his arm and led her to the altar. You ask me friend X. Y. Z. if you should pay two bits, which is twenty-five cents, for a copy of this dope. If coal and wood are scarce and you want something to keep yourself warm, why it might be worth twenty-five cents to you to put in the stove and use for fuel. The party who perpetrated this atrocious doggerel probably spent from twenty-five to fifty dollars in getting two hundred copies struck off and now wants to unload them on his or her friends making them the victims of his or her madness and idiocy. Of course the party who wrote the doggerel thought it was the finest stuff on earth. He must have done so or he would not have spent the money to have had it published. Doubtless the writer as he surveys the published dope is bursting with pride, egotism and conceit, and fairly bubbling over with a sense of his own importance and greatness. Ignorant of the fact that the foxy boob catcher who set this doggerel to music and printed it, laughed himself sick while performing the task and made about five hundred per cent. profit on the deal. The writer too probably does not realize that he has spent this good money only to advertise and make known to his friends and neighbors his fatuous folly and ignorance. Strange that people will spend their last dollar to do a thing like that, but they will. If at some future date the light of reason and intelligence should penetrate the dull brains of those who perpetrate these atrocious doggerels, and they could tell a real song lyric from rubbish, they would be seized with mortification and disgust at their stupidity and would spend a thousand dollars in trying to buy back and destroy every evidence of their folly. As I said before friend X. Y. Z. if you want something to make a blaze in the stove, invest your two bits in "A Mountain Love Dream." If, however you have plenty of fuel, and do not wish to give a boost to folly and ignorance, keep your money in your pocket. You ask if the game is worth the candle. Yes, most decidedly it is if you get it close enough to the candle.

P. S. To those who know little of music it may be as well to explain that refrain is the high brow name for chorus.

FREDERICK, S. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

Pardon me, will you admit a girl from the wooly west to your jolly circle?

I am five feet four inches tall, weigh about one hundred and thirty-six pounds, have light brown hair, blue eyes, rosy complexion, don't use any artificial stuff to get it either and am twenty years old.

This is a town of about three hundred people. There are four stores, one drug-store, hotel, restaurant, hardware store, two billiard halls, pool balls, etc. Am sorry to say there are two saloons. I hope all the cousins think the same about drinking liquors as Uncle Charlie does. I am certain I do.

I read a piece in a magazine not long ago about a drunken man that had murdered his wife. Of course

the judge and jury thought that hanging wasn't any too good for the dead he had done. They asked him if he had anything to say. Then he got up, and said that he had been all right till the people, including the judge and jury, had voted the saloons in, and that he thought they were as much to blame as he was. I think so too, don't you? Lots of people think that saloons are an income to the town, but I think they bring more unhappiness and sorrow than anything else. Isn't that so?

I suppose most of the cousins like music! I do for one. I don't think there is anything that cheers as much as music.

Say, why don't all you cousins get a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems? They are dandy, I don't see how anyone that suffers like Uncle Charlie can write such jolly things. Cousins we don't know how thankful we can be for our health. I have sent postals to some of the cousins, but have never heard from any of them.

Say, Uncle, I have lost my button that I got when I joined the League. Do you suppose I could get another?

God bless Uncle Charlie for the good work he is doing, wish there were more like him. With love to all I am your niece and cousin.

ILLIAN C. LARSON.

All girls from the wooly west are welcome, Lillian. I am glad that your complexion is supplied by nature and not acquired at the drug-store. Young girls in their teens belonging to so-called respectable families, living in the block in which I reside here in New York, are permitted by their parents to daub their faces with paint. Some of them are so highly colored that they would make an Indian on the war-path blush with envy. Where I was brought up paint on a woman's face was regarded as the trademark of the harlot. Everybody knows paint from nature's coloring, and parents who allow their daughters to parade the streets with rouge daubed all over each cheek ought to be publicly spanked. Half the parents in the cities have no right to have children anyway. They seem indifferent as to what they do. People wonder how our enormous white slave army which numbers hundreds of thousands of outcast women is recruited. Well, you wouldn't wonder if you could study conditions in our big cities and some of the smaller ones as well. Why, do you know in the summer-time there are children whose ages range from four to ten years, playing under my window as late as half-past ten at night and swearing like troopers most of the time. Granted there is no other place but the streets for the children to play, parents ought to have enough sense to know that children under ten years of age ought to be in bed not later than eight or half past. The man who committed that murder had a right to arraign the judge and jury for putting temptation in his way. The liquor question is the hardest problem this nation has to solve. Everyone is so cock sure his method of solving it is right that it is impossible to talk about it without making enemies. I've got my own ideas of how it should be solved but if I air them thousands of you would jump on me and rend me. To say prohibition does not prohibit and to give that as a reason why prohibition should be abolished is all rot. Laws against murder and burglary don't prohibit crime but shall we abolish these laws and ask the assassin and the burglar to enter our homes and destroy us? With so many prohibition states you would think that the big distilleries would be on the verge of bankruptcy. I see, however, by the last government returns that more whiskey than ever has been sold in this country during the last twelve months. The consumption of whiskey is simply enormous, while the consumption of beer, which contains only a trace of alcohol, has diminished by some millions of gallons. You see every prohibition state is flooded with the rankest kind of poisonous whiskey, fiery alcoholic dope that would burn the lining off a gas tank. Flasks of this sufficient to make a man drunk for a month can be hidden on any man's person, in his hip pocket or boot leg, and it's always palatable to, and securable by the alcoholic fiend. Beer to be palatable must be put on ice and kept cool and the man never lived who could carry a case of beer around in his hip pocket or boot leg. There to my mind is the weakest point of the prohibition movement. Beer, which is the favorite drink of millions of people has been forced out, so the man who wants a so-called "drink" that has the slightest stimulating effect has been driven to whiskey, or rather has gone to whiskey. There is just one solution of the problem. The manufacture of whiskey, which is a poisonous drug and nothing else should be absolutely prohibited. Of course under the laws of Congress no state is permitted to stop the sending by express, of whiskey from one state to another. Common sense, decency, national health and morals have nothing to do in such a case. Congress has power to stop it if it would, but the Whiskey Trust has too much influence. Under such conditions though prohibition can make it harder for a man to obtain whiskey, it cannot prevent him from getting it if he wants it badly, and what a man wants and has the price to pay for he is going to get. Abolish whiskey, and then let the people decide the beer question by vote. Abolish the saloon as we know it at present. Transform it into a refreshment-room, and if the community decides that it wants beer, let it be manufactured and sold under state supervision, and have it consumed, not at a bar, but at a table just as you would tea and coffee in a restaurant, and limit the amount that can be sold to any individual, and the amount that can be bought for home consumption, if it is decided this beverage is dangerous to the national health and welfare. I do not drink beer, have not tasted any drink containing alcohol for almost more years than I can count, but I know there are millions of people who enjoy an occasional glass of beer, and though we have an absolute right to deprive anyone of poison, I can't quite get it through my head that we have a right to deprive an individual of a bottle of beer at mealtime if he wants it and craves it, and if the consumption of a dozen barrels of it would not do him any more harm than drinking a cup of coffee. Mind you I'm talking of light beer, English beer is heavy drunken dope as bad as whiskey. Beer leads to all sorts of crime and murder, but if beer leads to nothing but beer, most of the evils of drink will vanish. We are getting more civilized every day, and learning to know from a hygienic point of view what is good and what not good for us. After a while we shall know that even beer is not good for us, just as we already know that whiskey is poison. When that comes, and it is not so very far off, beer drinking will vanish and tea and coffee drinking will also become things of the past, and we shall learn that pure water, nature's own beverage is the best thing for us all. It is all a matter of time and education. Always keep an open mind and have a broad vision on all subjects. If one way of suppressing an evil does not bring about satisfactory results, let some progressive section of the community try. Scientists in their attempts to discover the cause and find the cure for certain diseases, conduct

tens of thousands of experiments. We should do the same with social problems. Keep on experimenting. The first thing, however that should be done, is to absolutely prohibit the manufacture of whiskey, rum, gin and other fiery alcoholic products. These are not drinks but drugs and poisons, and the people who use them are in a class with the dope fiends, who use cocaine and morphine. Once get rid of these and the light beer question would soon settle itself. At the present moment the liquor question is the sport of politicians. Apart from the deadly effects of fiery boot leg whiskey on the dope fiends who consume it, thousands of public officials and officers of the law permit this traffic in poison to go on in states where liquor selling is illegal, and as the people know that those who are paid to enforce the law, are by the influence of graft, ready and willing to connive at its evasion, the law is brought into contempt, and as a result of this law evasion upon the moral fiber of the community. When the law is unenforced and evaded, it is brought into contempt, and a community nation which winks at law breaking, is skinning the devil's pool of anarchy. People who care for the welfare of the nation at heart should keep on plugging at this liquor question until the liquor traffic is put out of business. The people who want saloons in a town because they think these poison dispensaries are a source of profit to the community, ought to be tarred and feathered. Fancy a town being willing and anxious to make money out of the selling of poison, poison that ruins lives, breaks hearts and devastates homes. It is the rum demon that fills jails, penitentiaries, insane asylums, boosts the white slave traffic and is responsible for more than half the crime, poverty, misery and disease in the world today, and just think of it, there are a lot of so-called respectable merchants and business men who root for the saloon because they think it helps to make a live town—they mean a live hell. The town that can't prosper without rum holes and poison joints ought to be wiped off the map and handed on a hot shovel to the old gentleman who is chief stoker in the infernal regions below. The idea that by stupefying and poisoning a community we can make it prosperous is an idea that could only originate in minds reeking with rotteness. The women know that rum destroys their homes and is ready to destroy their children. Give all the women a vote, and it won't be long before

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Blackhead

THE name blackhead has been the cause of many people thinking that it is a disease confined entirely to the head, and that the one and only symptom is the turkey's head turning dark or black. But as far back as 1895, Dr. Theobald Smith reported on "an infectious disease among turkeys caused by protozoa (Infectious Entero-hepatitis)" and stated that in Rhode Island the disease was known as "Blackhead." He further stated that "while it might be well to retain this as a popular name, we do not believe that all cases of blackhead have the specific disease herein described, nor do all turkeys affected with this disease manifest the appearance of blackhead."

Dr. W. A. Moore, in a report on the "Direct Transmission of Infectious Entero-hepatitis in Turkeys," accepted the common name of blackhead as a synonym, a name which, though unsatisfactory for many reasons, has been retained in this article.

Smith first ascertained that the disease, which is especially characterized by great sores in the ceca and liver, was caused by a protozoan, which he named *Amoeba meleagridis*. In explaining the character of the disease he compared it to amebic dysentery in the human subject—a disease which also attacks the large intestine and liver.

The Parasite

Amoeba meleagridis is a minute protoplasmic animal, found to vary between six and ten millonths of an inch in diameter. While they are microscopic in size, they are at least three to four times larger than the red blood corpuscles, but they are, nevertheless, small enough to float in the blood capillaries of the portal system from the cecum to the liver, where they seem to be stopped from going further. They are described as "round, homogenous bodies with a sharply defined, single contoured outline. . . . Within these bodies and situated somewhat eccentrically is a group of very minute granules, probably representing a nuclear structure." . . . "Besides the homogenous bodies, organisms of nearly the same size, but with uniformly granular protoplasm, were also found." These "were not infrequently broken, and rims and fragments of protoplasm were left attached to the parasite."

This short description of the parasite contains all that is of general interest. It may be summed up as follows: the ameba is a microscopic animal or parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey, its host. It can, therefore, eat, grow, and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction of the tissues, and nearly always death of the invalid turkey.

When the ameba invade the liver they cause a decided increase in size which becomes normal again only when the sores heal. The infected spots are often accompanied by signs of destruction of liver substance (necrosis), indicated chiefly by bile stained, irregular markings. These are probably caused by the pressure exerted by the spots, acting as foreign bodies; and by the cutting off of the circulation and food from other parts. Bacteria and the irritation which they produce also play an important part in these secondary disturbances.

An explanation of many extensively diseased livers and ceca, and comparison with others less diseased, leads to the belief that death in the latter cases is not always produced directly as a result of blackhead disease, but is effected by secondary causes, such as climatic changes, bacteria, and starvation, acting upon an already weakened body.

Chronic cases furnish a large variety of morbid changes, evidently caused by the inability of the tissues of the patient to overcome and reduce the irritating masses. The liver and cecal sores are always present in recent cases, and disappear only in the turkeys which has recovered.

The cecum may exhibit but a minute sore, but the liver, excepting when nearly healed, always exhibits a large number of sores. When turkeys die after a long continued illness, their heads, which are usually red in health, become more or less darkened. In acute cases they die so quickly, however, as to leave no impression as to a change of color of the head.

The majority of young pouls die after a day or two of droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusal to eat and standing apart constitute late symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases produces thinness.

When the disease in the cecum is slight, it is doubtful if the affected animals have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older pouls the droppings will be liquid, and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages.

Experiments show that more than four fifths of the young pouls, exposed to infected yards, die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been popularly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older turkeys do not escape. Of the one fifth who do escape or survive its ravages, at least ten to twenty per cent. may die, throughout the year, at almost any age. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death.

The ameba are transmitted from diseased turkeys to others through the droppings, which contaminate the food with which they come in contact. Evidence obtained here indicates that the ameba may also be carried by ordinary fowl, and may be transmitted by them to turkeys in the same manner. So you see once again the importance of exercising strict cleanliness is impressed upon us poultry people, for if droppings are removed regularly, there is little danger of infection. Plow up the old yards and ground where poultry usually congregates. Infect the coops and houses, and don't let the turkeys roost in the same house with the hens. An open shed is the best place for them, even in zero weather.

After blackhead, I think the most serious trouble that assails turkeys, is worms. In fact, some authorities declare that they are the fundamental cause of blackhead. Now, I am a strong believer in prevention rather than cure, and my advice is, to take time by the forelock, and dose the old birds for worms right now. Then there will be less fear of contamination in the spring, when young ones are around. You may not realize that the old birds have worms, for unless they are very badly affected, they cause the birds no special inconvenience, nor materially affect the health of old birds; but young stock are not strong enough to stand any strain on their vitality, and, what is more, all intestinal parasites seem to develop and multiply more rapidly in young creatures than in mature stock. Young birds can be kept free if they are prop-

erly fed, unless they become contaminated by droppings from other birds. For this reason it is wisdom to purify the old birds, who are strong enough to stand medicine; besides, it is easier to dose a few old birds than a lot of youngsters. Put fifteen grains of asafoetida into a quart of water. Empty the ordinary drinking vessels, and put in the mixture. This dose should be given two nights in succession, once a month during the winter, and when the little ones commence to arrive, chop up the green tops of onions and mix with pot cheese or any other soft food you may be using, for at least one feed a day, and don't torture the poor little creatures with red pepper. On cold, wet days, add a little ginger and sugar to the drinking water, making it just about as strong as you would for a baby.

Correspondence

F. L. H.—I have been trying for three years to raise turkeys, and I will get them just about half grown and their heads will all turn pale, and they will all mope, and in two or three days they will die. I have the last one now, just beginning to be sick. I have put lard on head and wings, but that doesn't do any good. Can you tell me anything about them when they get this way?

A.—The most critical time with young turkeys is between the third and twelfth weeks. Feed four times a day, giving them just what they will eat greedily in five minutes. Cheese made from sour milk, and the tops of green onions chopped, are the best feeds whilst they are small, and they should eat twice a day. For the rest, oats which have been hulled and cracked rather fine, millet, and cracked wheat. Give them skim-milk to drink when you have it. Grease their heads very slightly with lard. When you see a young bird looking dull, and commencing to scratch, you may be almost sure that one of those large gray pests is boring into its head.

M. E. B.—I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for a good many years, and like it fine. We have been having trouble in hatching our eggs in the incubator. We have a hot water incubator. It holds one hundred and forty-four eggs, and we follow the directions closely, but chickens die in the shells. Some would be ringed, others pipped, and would die. It would be three and four days before all would be out. The first ones would be the stoutest, and the last ones awful weak, and most of them would die. The last ones would have a paste-like over them. Some we took and bathed in warm water, and they got all right, and some would not be full grown. Would also like to know if oats chopped would be all right to dampen and feed to old chickens. Please let me know through COMFORT and oblige.

A.—I think that the trouble with your incubator has arisen through irregularity in the temperature. Are you sure that the thermometer registers correctly? It often happens that they do not. I ad-

P. M. K.—As I am a subscriber to COMFORT, I take the liberty of asking your opinion in regard to the disease my poultry are suffering from. Some of the old hens and young chickens have it. It started about two weeks ago, when I discovered that two small chicks had it. I shut them up, but now about forty-five of the flock have it. It begins with a small hard lump near the eye. Soon several lumps appear, and they keep growing larger and then get sore and red and the eyes get closer and closer. One was so bad it had large sores on its legs and body. We killed it and are afraid it will take my whole flock. Do you think it is some head? They have good appetites and do not seem sick. I will greatly appreciate it if you will tell me what is the matter, and what I can do to cure them.

A.—I think the birds have a bad case of eczema. They need improved diet. Let the mash contain a great deal of cut clover, and any green vegetables you may have, and if you can get fresh cut bone, it will help to build up the birds. Give a one-grain pill of citrate of iron and quinine every morning for one week.

L. M., A. R. B., and L. M. E. all write of turkey troubles, so I will give only L. M.'s letter, and refer you to the first part of this letter, which will answer all the letters collectively and fully: "We had a few turkeys die this summer. Three died when they were two months old, and one when it was three months old. They were all affected the same way. Their droppings were very yellow and watery. They drooped around for two or three weeks before dying. The last one that died I opened, and its liver was very much enlarged, and it was covered with large white sore spots. Now one turkey that was sick got well, and is growing and doing fine. It is a

sickly bird, and the eyes get closer and closer.

E. H. L.—I would be so much obliged if you would tell me the cause of my hens having such large livers; otherwise healthy, but as soon as I notice them starting to droop, I kill, and find them fat, and good egg layers. Have had splendid success otherwise. Last one had liver weighing one and one half ounces. All kinds of breeds—have about one hundred, and feed all sorts of grain and shell and house scraps.

A.—The trouble has probably originated from the house scraps. Bread, potatoes and fat meat will force eggs for a time, but before long such heavy feed is bound to affect the birds' livers. If you had not killed them as soon as you noticed them starting to droop, their combs would either have become very dark red—almost black—and the birds would have died suddenly, or the combs would have become paler and paler; the birds would have gone off their feed, droppings would have become loose and bad colored, and the poor creatures might have lingered for weeks. The remedy is to cut out fatty stuffs. Give plenty of green food, and for two weeks put a teaspoonful of citrate of magnesia in every quart of drinking water every third day.

S. R. and G.—You will find it better to feed the oats dry and shell the corn, and chop up the apples raw. It is almost impossible to say just how much one hundred and fifty birds will eat. The best general rule is to feed lightly in the morning, and scatter small grain in the straw, so that they will have to scratch for it. At noon, give them vegetable food of some sort and a little more small grain. At night all the whole corn they will eat up clean in five minutes. To get eggs in the winter, birds must have animal food of some sort. Flocks, boiled and chopped up fine, are good, if you can get them from your butcher. Following that, there are several brands of commercial scraps on the market which are specially prepared for poultry.

E. C. R.—I have a sick turkey. Will you please tell me what is the matter with him? He got sick once before, and got better, and then one of the hens got sick, but is better now. He is sick again, lots worse; sits around drawn up, looks pale; don't eat anything. What passes through his bowels looks like yellow of an egg. Everybody around here is losing turkeys; would like to have help.

A.—As others in the neighborhood are losing turkeys in the same way, I fear you have an epidemic to fight. Turkeys are very subject to worms, and the trouble is spread from flock to flock through the agency of the droppings. Shut up any sick looking birds in separate coops, the bottoms of which should be made of slats or poultry wire. Fix the coops on legs or blocks of wood, so that they stand at least a foot from the ground, to allow the droppings to fall through the bottom, and out of the birds' reach. Omit the night feed, and in the morning put six drops of oil of male fern in one teaspoonful of Castor oil; half an hour later, a light feed of mash. Examine the droppings for sections of tapeworms. If any are found, repeat the above treatment every third day for two weeks. Burn the droppings, and clean up the house from which the birds were removed, to prevent the other birds from scratching up any of the parasites which may have been dropped.

L. B. D.—Kindly tell me the cause of pullets that were hatched last March and started to lay in October, stopping six weeks later and beginning to moult. I have also a pullet of the same batch and kind which lays about five eggs a week, but often, on breaking her egg, I find it streaked with blood, or a small clot of blood in it. Why did some of the pullets of the same batch and brood lay at seven months old, and others not until ten months? My chickens get the best care, and have a warm, dry place to roost in. I make a mask of cornmeal and wheat bran in the morning; oats and wheat at night. They have all the fresh bone meal they want, table scraps and cooked vegetables.

A.—In all probability you commence to feed much more heavily in November, and in a mild climate such as you live in it would force a moult even in November, especially if the pullets are of a light weight class, such as Leghorns, Andalusians or Games, for they mature early, and if hatched in the beginning of March, would easily be affected by any sudden increase of diet. The nature of the trouble referred to in your second question shows that you are laboring under the mistaken idea that good care means an abundance of food, for eggs being streaked with blood or having clots in them, usually point to an excess of stimulating food. Bone meal is not necessary if they have table scraps, which, by the way,

should contain no fat in your part of the country. A little fat cut up is all right in cold localities, because it furnishes heat, but, as I say, it is dangerous in warm climates to health and laying qualities of parent birds, having a great influence on the age at which pullets commence to lay, which of course accounts for the difference in birds of the same hatch.

J. L.—There is something the matter with my hens; they lose their appetite, stand around for three or four weeks, and then die. On cutting them open, I find the livers enlarged four or five times the natural size, and covered with white spots. I take good care of the hens and feed a variety of food. Last summer I killed some that had a sort of skin around the heart, and a watery substance between. They seemed in good health at the time.

A.—This is another case of over indulgence; too much soft food, fat, potatoes and bread, and the table scraps; also want of exercise. Remember that though your hens may be on free range, they will not exercise if suffering from indigestion and kindred ailments. Turn them out to grass, feed very lightly, and give ten grains each of sulphate of magnesium or bi-carbonate of soda daily for four or five days.

W. F. S.—I only just got a country place, and want to raise chicks all the year. Please tell me how to feed and care for them, from the shell to maturity. I want to know just everything.

A.—I am afraid I cannot spare space to tell you everything, but will give you what I can in a condensed form: Of course, you know, nothing for twenty-four hours, then stale wheaten bread crumbled up fine and mixed with hard boiled egg which has been chopped without removing the shell; about two heaping table-spoonsful of the latter in a cup of crumbs, the combination just moistened with scalded milk and fed for breakfast and supper; for a few days a small pan filled with rape seed, millet, Kafir corn (slightly bruised), and fine sand, is placed within the youngsters' reach, but where the hen cannot get at it. Have this there all the time. When about a week old make a mash of hulled oats, ground coarse, corn meal and wheat, equal parts of each, steamed for three or four hours. To each cupful of this add just before feeding a teaspoonful of bone meal and beef meal and mix well. Feed three times a day all they will eat up clean in five minutes. If you haven't a steamer, a very good substitute may be made by getting a two quart tin pail with a tight-fitting lid; a lid pail will do nicely; put the meal in it, pour in sufficient boiling water just to moisten; close down lid and stand in a four or five quart pail with a tight-fitting lid; put in enough boiling water to reach half way up the sides of the smaller one. This is a good way to cook rice or cereals of any sort on your own table, if the establishment doesn't boast of a double boiler. After the babies are two weeks old the hen may be allowed to wander with them after the dew is off the grass. In the morning until about four in the afternoon. The pan of mixed seeds can be removed, the bone and bone meal omitted (except at supper-time), when it is time to continue the bone for another two or three weeks. Vary this at noon by feeding pot cheese and boiled liver chopped with green onions. If you can't get the bone or beef meal where you live, thoroughly air slake some lime and scatter it about the run, and get beasts' liver and kidneys from the butcher. This feed is to ensure bone and feathers. If you have very few chicks and it is a remarkably good place for grubs and insects, the youngsters can find enough to provide for themselves. After four or five weeks, night feed can be cracked corn, barley, or wheat alternately. Should the slightest symptom of bowel trouble show itself, with very baby chicks, stop the meal and bone and add raw seed to the dry grain beat white of an egg into a cup of milk and give it to them instead of water. At eight weeks old divide the birds to be marketed as broilers from the others, and shut them up in a yard to fatten; this must be done gradually. Commence by leaving the oats out of the mash; feed moderately three times a day; if you have it give them skim-milk to drink. Not being on free range, green stuff of some kind must be given once a day, chopped fine; if you have no vegetables, green grass will do. When birds are loose they eat it growing. True, but then the root holds it fast rooted in the ground, and the bird chops or bites off the bit it wants or pecks at. Long, loose blades can be swallowed—but not digested. The last two weeks before killing, all food should be soft, and composed principally of corn meal, barley meal, and milk; during this time add a teaspoonful of powdered or finely crushed charcoal to each two quarts of mash. Never keep a market chick over twelve weeks; good feed and care will make them plump and appetizing at that age; after that the lanky, bony period commences, and their value depreciates in all markets. Pray do not forget that sour, sloppy food, damp, dirty coops, no grit, unwashed dishes, dished with poison skins all round the edges are more productive of bowel complaints, no less than with chicks than with babies—so clean and careful. Brooder chicks must have meat, bone and vegetables in some form every day, for, being confined to a small space with no mother to hunt for them, they need all the variety you can possibly give them after the first two weeks.

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from a pasture or sod land, or soil of any kind, in fact, that has not been manured. Manured soil may contribute toadstools or poisonous fungi. Mix the droppings and soil together, day by day, as the droppings can be had; or if enough can be had at one time, so that it does not heat violently. Keep the heap under cover, so that it cannot become wet. Convenient beds are made four or five feet wide, by ten inches deep. They can be raised one above another like berths in a sleeping car, but not so far apart. Spread a thin layer of the compost of droppings and soil in a bed. Pound this down firmly with a brick.

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Make your own terms

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

they will discover a way and devise some method for grappling with the whiskey devil and putting it out of business. You can get a new League button by sending an addressed envelope and five cents to COMFORT.

DELHI, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my membership card and button and am well-pleased. I am fifteen years old, five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds.

Uncle Charlie, which would you advise me to be a sailor, an artist, or a carpenter? I always did want to be a soldier. My father is a carpenter but I would rather be a soldier, an artist or a sailor.

I live on a small farm of sixty acres, but do not farm very much as father is away working at his trade.

Have any of the cousins ever gathered shells from the seashore? My parents and I spent the winter in St. Petersburg, Fla., and while there visited many different places. I have quite a collection of shells, which I picked up at Tampa Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. Would like to receive cards and letters from all the cousins, especially from the girls, will try and answer all I can.

Your COMFORT cousin,
WILLIE D. HENDERSON. (No. 36,385.)

Willie, it's a long time since I picked up any sea-shells. I have, however, picked up a considerable number of peanut shells. I went to a cheap theater on the east side of New York once and had a seat directly below and in front of the gallery. Of course as is customary on such occasions and in such places, I removed my hat. I hadn't been seated long before something bounced on my bald spot and rolled into my lap. On examination I discovered it was a peanut shell. A second later another one came, and for three hours I was bombarded in this fashion. Everyone in the gallery was eating peanuts and throwing the shells down upon the heads of the people sitting in the orchestra seats. When the performance was through I was buried in peanut shells up to my neck. Since that time I've had little use for shells, either of the sea or pea variety. You ask me which I would advise you to be a sailor, an artist or a carpenter. Evidently your tastes and talents are quite divided. Of course if you have marvelous talent as an artist, I would advise you to be an artist, as you would be able to draw anything from a check to a cork. You might also be able to paint the town red once in a while if the police did not object. An artist is born, not made, and if you can't wield a pencil or brush any better than you can wield a pen, Willie, I advise you not to try and be an artist. The carpenter is a good, clean, wholesome, useful craftsman. The world needs carpenters. It needs more of the substantial things of life than the embellishments. Billy the Goat says he would not like to be a carpenter, as it's too much like the livery business. I asked him what possible connection there could be with carpentry and the livery business. That old goat winked his eye and said that he would not like to be a carpenter because all day long he would have to be driving nails home. Most of the work the carpenter used to do is now done by machinery. The carpenter just adjusts things, and I wish you could see the beautiful way they adjust them in these houses they build in the city. Out of twelve windows we have in our chicken coop, fourteen won't open, and out of ten doors, sixteen won't shut. We have to keep sending for a carpenter to come and plane pieces off the doors, every time we want to go in or out. He has to give the doors a shave about once a month in the wet weather, when all the woodwork gets swollen up with pride or something else. I always tell Billy the Goat to "go and get the barber, that the doors need a shave. Maybe, Willie, you would make a success as a door barber. Try it and see. A sailor's life is a hazardous one. Still it is a life that appeals to adventurous spirits. The first thing you have to do to become a sailor is to board a ship. It isn't everybody who can afford to board themselves let alone a ship, and suppose the ship you board happens to be an ocean greyhound with a big appetite and should develop hydrophobia and bite your hind leg off, look at the trouble you'd be in and the expense you'd be put to. You will find there is lots of work to do aboard a ship, Willie. A ship makes from ten to twenty knots an hour. It might be your painful duty to untie those knots. In your spare moments you might be busily engaged gathering up eggs from the main hatchway. The front part of a ship has quite a pleasing appearance, but don't gaze at the rear as it has a *stern* look. You will find a great many cranks in the engine-room so I would advise you to keep out of that. A great many vessels that come into our ports are called tramps. I would not advise you to have anything to do with them or you would soon be in the hobo class. Some quite interesting things happen aboard ships, especially passenger ships, that tend to break the monotony of a long voyage. There was a ship that was crossing the ocean some while ago and a shark followed it several days. One day a Chinaman fell overboard and the shark swallowed him. That incident of course caused considerable commotion. As the shark continued to follow the vessel someone threw over a barrel of rotten oranges. The shark swallowed that. The next day finding the shark was still following them one of the crew threw a bench overboard. He thought that would satisfy the shark's appetite, but it didn't. Mr. Shark swallowed it, and still followed blithely in the ship's wake. The next day all the passengers were leaning over the rail watching the big fish, and a Jewish gentleman leaned over a little too far, fell overboard and was promptly swallowed by the shark. The captain then determined to capture that shark. He attached a big hook to a large strand of rope and baited it with a yard of red flannel, and it was not long before they had Mr. Shark wiggling on deck. After the life had been hammered out of him they opened him up to see if they could get any trace of the missing passengers, etc. Everyone of course nerved him or herself for a dreadful shock, but what do you think they saw when they cut the shark open. There was the Hebrew gentleman, smiling blandly, sitting on the bench trying to sell the decayed oranges to the Chinaman. Now if you want real, stirring adventures, fun that's worth while, object to prohibition and want to be in a wet state for the rest of your life, I advise you to be a sailor. After you have made your first voyage, Willie, write up all your experiences and I will publish them in COMFORT.

HEBBON, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: Here comes one of your cousins from the Rocky Mountains. Oh, Uncle Charlie, I am very unhappy, my pony hurt his right foot. I think by good doctoring he will be well in a little while.

I am eighteen, have black hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, and have a great big mouth and am always laughing.

I can ride horses, play the piano, sew and dance, and do all kinds of housework. I cook for five men all the time. I can also do outside work such as driving cattle or drive a team. When I want a horse to ride or a team, I corral them, catch the one I want, either saddle or harness him and whoop-lula, the first thing I know I am off for a spin.

I was riding along as fast as my horse could go the other day, and what do you think? My horse hit a badger hole and almost spilled.

Uncle I wish you would leave Billy the Goat to take care of the chicken coop for a while and come out to the mountains to see me. I know you would enjoy some of our winter weather for it is snowing here this morning and has been for three days. How's that for summer weather? That's nothing for North Park, or North Pole as some call it. I will close hoping to hear from some or all of the dear cousins.

ETHELIN KELLEY. (No. 36,559.)

Ethelyn, I am sorry your pony has hurt his foot, and hope with your careful nursing he will make a quick recovery and soon be in his usual health. You say you have a great big mouth. Personally I like a mouth of generous proportion.

tions as it gives one a better chance when the people comes along, and in the case of a girl there's more to kiss. Those tiny mouths with rosebud lips which the poets rave about never made a hit with me. You can't have too much of a good thing, and though you may tell me that it's quality and not quantity that counts, I know you will all agree that in the case of rosy lips, whether small or large, the quality is always there. The trouble with tiny mouths is this: If a maiden is at all coy and persists in ducking her coconut and dodging your advances, you waste about half the evening before you arrive at the goal, while a maiden whose mouth is of generous proportions and of the expansive variety, even if you kissed her on the back of the neck you would hit the right spot. When Pop and Mom are around and lynx-eyed brothers and sisters are rubbering out of the corner of their eyes at your every movement, and you are maneuvering with the idol of your heart and the pride of the family for an opportunity to get a swift, surreptitious swat on the ruby lips that stand sentinel over her restaurant vestibule, a mouth of generous proportions has a distinct advantage over the dental orifice of the button variety. The larger the target the better the chance of hitting the mark. So Ethelyn, do not think for one moment that nature has placed you at a disadvantage in providing liberal and expansive portals for your hash masticator. You are a young lady of many accomplishments, but I am simply astonished to learn that you cook for five men all the time. What opportunity have you to ride horses, play the piano, sew and dance or even go to sleep if you are cooking for five men all the time. Who and what are these men that are eating all the time? Where did they acquire these insatiable appetites, and how can a charming girl like yourself permit such wanton grub destruction to go on day and night without protest. All the world is groaning because of the high cost of living and scientists and experts have been giving a thousand explanations for the soaring prices of food products. No explanation has ever explained, but now at last Ethelyn, the whole dark mysterious secret that has baffled humanity is made clear to a wondering world, and we now know why our pockets have been depleted and the earth's millions have been hunger swept, and it's all due to the fact that you have been cooking day and night, all the time, for five men with titanic and insatiable appetites, thus causing a scarcity of food products that has sent prices soaring skyward. Now I know why my butcher charges me seventeen cents for a single lamb chop and the three or four hundred people who live in the block in which I reside have to chip in five dollars a piece every week to buy an egg, and then shake dice to see who gets it. This is the dire result. Ethelyn of your cooking all the time for the bunch of five food destroyers before mentioned. Abundant harvests are no good in the face of such appetites as these. Give these individuals my compliments, and tell them if they don't quit eating all the time, the rest of the nation will have to quit eating altogether. Prepare three meals a day, and if that does not satisfy their appetites let them chew snow, masticate shredded wood or negotiate a keg of nails or get some pointers from Billy the Goat and try a diet of the cans and glass bottles with fence rails for dessert. You say your horse hit a badger hole the other day and almost spilled. If your horse had spilled, not much trouble would have resulted, but, oh, say, if one of those men you cook for all the time ever spilled there would be something doing in the spill line all right. Hold them down to three meals a day Ethelyn, and don't let them spill, and I'll never cease to love you.

ARGILLITE, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am five feet eight inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, have dark hair and gray eyes. As to my age I will leave that for some future time. I see by reading a cousin's letter that she compares the scenery among the West Virginia mountains to that of Europe, and wishes to know why tourists go to Europe.

Who is it that would not rather face the perils of an ocean voyage, for the sake of enjoying the novel scenes thereon, than to be a pedestrian or equestrian in the timid hills of West Virginia, or any other state? The flowers may be just as fragrant, bird's plumage as brilliant, the water as gentle and unperturbed and the scenery as grand and magnificent in our dear old U. S. A. as that of the ancient world, but there is something in the Orient which attracts the tourist as the magnetic pole attracts the needle of the compass. (Europe is the Occident, my friend, not the Orient, Uncle Charlie.)

What unknown power was it which called so many to sail on the ill-fated *Titanic*? We all know that it was merely to say, "I was one of the passengers on the *Titanic* during her maiden voyage." Should we condemn the shipbuilders? I say no, for if the public is so soft as to be imposed upon by a few money cranks, and want to be dashed around over the ocean at a ridiculous rate, and try to cope with the obstructions of nature, I say let them "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," as nature sees fit.

With love to all members and Uncle Charlie, I remain, your Kentucky cousin, EARL L. RILEY.

So you think, Earl, that all Americans should make a bee line for Europe, or as you call it the Orient, when they have an opportunity to travel. Instead of learning something of their own native land. I don't agree with you. Know your own country first. You talk of our dear old U. S. A. and then give the "timid hills" of West Virginia a black eye. As your name is of Celtic origin maybe you prefer Kilkenny to the Yosemité or Yellowstone Park. Well each to his choice. Not one American tourist in five thousand ever gets nearer the Orient than Vienna or Naples. The American tourist goes to Europe because it's the custom and the fashion to go, but the only use the European has for the average American is to fleece him and get his dollars. I get letters from friends who are traveling in Europe every week in the year. Here's one from Paris from a dear girl friend of mine. "I am no longer crazy about France or the French. I find a great number of Parisians have crude ideas as to cleanliness, and wherever I have been on the continent, I find though they like our dollars, they hate us." Man, know thyself, and man know thy country. When one knows one's own country, then travel broadens and enlightens, but if all you know of the United States is Hoboken or Jersey City don't talk about the lure of the Orient or the charm of foreign travel, for such talk only makes one ridiculous. The majority of people who sailed on the *Titanic* cared nothing about it being her maiden voyage, and they were not looking for a record. They were poor people, forced by the cold hand of grim necessity to leave their own homes, and look for work and bread in a new world. Only the wealthy first-class passengers were concerned with speed records and luxuries. The majority of poor wrecks who perished in that disaster merely wanted to be landed safely on some hospitable shore where they would have the opportunity to earn a livelihood by honest toil, and to secure more comforts and opportunities for advancement than the old world afforded. The lying agents of shipping companies paint glowing pictures to the European peasant and mechanic of this golden land of opportunity. The credulous foreigner listens with open mouth, and leaving the little village which has sheltered him and has been the home of his ancestors for generations, and the fields he has tilled and loved, is rushed across the Atlantic, sometimes twelve thousand of him and his particular class landing in New York in a single day, and when he gets here the golden nuggets he expected to pick up in the streets, become flinty stones of hardship which cut deep into his flesh, and soon he finds himself in a Pennsylvania coal mine, or a Pittsburgh steel mill, hustled, hounded and speeded up until his muscles are ready to burst from the fierce tension of exhausting toil. These people should be told before they come here that there are already two millions of men and women out of work in this country. They should be told that a dollar in America will only buy half what an equivalent sum will purchase in Europe. They should be

told that though a monarchy is bad that an oligarchy of wealth run by Wall Street is worse. If after knowing the truth they are willing to come, the government should take them in hand and warning them against the bloodthirsty sharks of industrialism, endeavor to distribute these new recruits to our citizenship in such sections of our land where they will not be ground into dividends by soulless corporations, but where they will have an opportunity to till the soil, develop our resources, and add to their own and our national wealth, instead of being the victims of merciless exploitation. We were all immigrants once. Keep out the undesirables and don't lie to the desirables. Deport the criminals, and give the honest, virile, energetic newcomer a chance. If we have already more people here than we can find work for (and we have hundreds of thousands more) warn the intending immigrant to stay at home, or stop all immigration until we have assimilated and found employment for the workless people that are already here. To consign these poor wretches to the bottom of the Atlantic to sink or swim, live or die because they put their trust as all men do in the officers of the ship in which they happened to be braving the terrors of the deep, is cruel and inhuman. Think it over, Earl and if you have a heart you will agree with me.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S family closer together. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years have joined as admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admission into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the same spirit.

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Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; neither him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for December

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from a postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unless accompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Tom Lockhart, Wellington, Mo. Poor Tom has been lying on a mattress grave for over twenty years. His body is almost ossified. He bears his sufferings bravely and is a hero of heroes. He is a grand character and I shall take it as a personal favor if you will make his Christmas as financially bright as possible. William T. Harrah, Backus, W. Va. Poor William's back is broken, and his devoted wife gave her life struggling to support him and their four children. The children attend to his wants, for he is quite helpless. He relies on my Christmas appeal to keep himself and family in food, fuel and clothing through the bitter winter months. Be generous to him. Mrs. Wm. Callahan, County House, Carthage, Ill. We got poor, helpless Mrs. Callahan out of the poorhouse some years ago, and kept her out for quite a long time. She is old and infirm. Cheer the poor old soul in her poverty and loneliness. Cora C. Hazelton (32), Bennett, Cedar Co., Iowa. Has spinal trouble and a complication of diseases. Lives with an aged aunt. Is poor and needy, send Santa Claus to her. John H. Sims, Gainesville, Tex. Paralyzed from waist down owing to an accident. Helpless and incurable. Has wife and three young children. County allows family ten dollars a month, but this does not supply their needs. Any help will be greatly appreciated. Highly recommended. Mollie Burris, Price, N. C. Sufferer for more than seven years. Highly recommended by physician and postmaster. Grateful for any assistance. Claude Shiflett, Richmond, Ky. This poor boy is greatly afflicted, and in need of medical aid and many things which his mother is unable to secure for him. Any assistance in his case will be worthily bestowed. Send Santa Claus to him. Mrs. Mary A. Earls, Critz, Va. Invalid for many years. Grateful for any assistance and would like some cheery letters. Callie Barefoot, Four Oaks, R. R. 2, N. C. Shut-in for twenty-five years. Poor, needy and worthy. Send Santa Claus to her. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio. Helpless invalid and a great sufferer for many years. Miss Annie Peavy, Roanoke, Ala. Has been an invalid for many years. Send Santa Claus to her. Martha Ausback, Nesopeck, Luz Co., Pa. Invalid. Any help will be gratefully received. Send Santa Claus to her. Victoria Butler, Decaturville, Tenn. Sadly afflicted. Mother also an invalid. Do your best to brighten the Christmas of these suffering souls. Mrs. Ella S. Whitcomb, Hyde Park, Vt. Sick and has a blind husband to care for. Has two children who have also to be provided for. Do your best for them. Mrs. Martha Alcaran, Vinemont, R. R. 3, Box 38, Ala. Is suffering from tuberculosis. Thinks she would be helped if she could get to Arizona or New Mexico. Will some of our cousins living in these states advise

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Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

and good; that she might have been pledged to an old and altogether unworthy mate. And he loved her! Why could she not love him? Was it because her proud soul rebelled against the chains by which their parents had bound them?

But then she had not found it possible to love those other men, some young and noble and altogether eligible, who had laid their hearts at her feet. What was it that made her so different from other girls, who were so quick to respond to love's appeal? Had she a heart in her bosom? Or was she that most horrible of created beings, one incapable of love and passion?

And with this heart searching, the sense of having sold herself was always present, of having bartered her freedom, her very self, for the castle and Ravenford. She was no better than the girls—the beautiful, innocent girls she had met in London—who had bartered their beauty, their innocence, for wealth or a title. Sometimes, under the sting of conscience, she was almost persuaded to tell Philip that what she wanted was impossible, that she could not fulfill the contract made by their parents.

Almost, but not quite. For the love of Ravenford had taken root in Marie's heart as firmly as the ivy which had insinuated itself between the stones with which the castle was built.

"Now that you have come home, and that you and Philip are engaged," Lady Merton had said, "we must entertain. We must ask some people to dinner. It will have to be formal, a kind of state function, of course, but you won't mind, Marie? I ask you because you seem so fond of being alone, so averse to society. I suppose you had so much of it in town that you are weary."

So the invitations were sent out. The homes of the county gentry are few and far between in that remote district, but Lady Merton managed to secure a goodly company—the Earl and Countess of Bradinch, Sir William and Lady Glenny, Lord Stornaway and his daughter, Lady Emilia; the Lawleys, of Lawley Court, and so on. They accepted promptly, and came gladly, for they were all immensely interested in Lady Marie; besides, Ravenford was the principal landmark in their social hemisphere, and an invitation to its historic walls was of the nature of a royal command.

The well-nigh infinite resources of the establishment were called upon for the occasion. The avenue was illuminated by thousands of fairy lights; the state rooms, seldom used now, were put into service. The chef, a famous one, delighted at the chance of displaying his skill, excelled himself; the marvelous Ravenford plate was used for the occasion; and no dinner, no social function within the memory of the oldest of the guests, had been distinguished by greater splendor.

Marie received her guests in a frock designed by the first of the Parisian artists in dress, and wore, with the Ravenford jewels, the diamonds which were Philip's birthday gift.

She was a vision of loveliness as she stood at the entrance of the grand drawing-room. Nothing could have exceeded the grace with which she received each guest; and only one or two of the number noticed her preoccupation, the mechanical smile, as she extended her hand and greeted them with the appropriate word.

Philip sat, of course, by her right. His good looks, of the fair, Saxon type, seemed to harmonize with his birth, rank, and position; and his evident modesty, amounting almost to shyness, commended itself to the company. For, after all, though he was the Marquis of Belmayne, the lady to whom he was betrothed was the Lady Marie, a Norman countess in her own right, and might have looked higher than Philip.

Throughout the trying ordeal, Lady Marie bore herself with a grace and charm that disarmed criticism. Her pride—pride of birth, of position, of the reputation she had won in London—sat upon her easily. She was gentle, but gracious; and the men were her slaves at once, and without reservation; while the women conceded to her the palm of beauty and grace.

The dinner was inevitably a long one; but Lady Marie showed no sign of weariness; and when she gave the signal to the other ladies her smile was not diminished, nor was there a trace of boredom on her dark eyes or eloquent face.

The servants, in the subdued livery of the house, served tea and coffee in the drawing-room; and presently the gentlemen came in. Marie was seated at the piano, touching the keys softly, and talking to those near her.

"Pray don't leave off, Lady Marie," said Lord Bradinch. "We have been looking forward to the music, believe me."

"Do you really want music?" said Marie, with her characteristic frankness. "Get Lord Belmayne"—she did not call him Philip—"to play his violin."

They turned to Philip, who stood near the piano, and with a flush and a deprecatory gesture he shook his head.

"Oh, but you have brought your violin," said Marie. "You remember, I asked you to do so."

Philip signed to a footman, and the man brought the instrument.

"What shall I play?" Philip asked, in a low voice, as he nervously tuned up.

Lady Marie shrugged her shoulders; then, as if ashamed of her indifference, said:

"Play them something of Chopin's. Shall I accompany you?"

"Oh, yes, yes; thanks," he murmured gratefully.

"Shall we try opus twenty-first?"

She found the music and he played. He was so unaccustomed to playing in company that he began stiffly and mechanically; but presently he lost himself in the music, and the fact that the woman he loved was playing with him made him throw himself heart and mind into the divine nocturne.

There was no talking; an intense silence reigned; some of the men sat with their hands shading their eyes; but nearly all the women kept their rapt gaze on the player. Philip, lost in his violin, absorbed in the marvelous strains of Chopin, seemed inspired, and was a very different Philip to the usual shy, constrained one.

Even Marie was brought under the spell and carried out of herself; and as the last notes died on the air, and the audience murmured applause and admiration, she said quietly:

"Play again, Philip."

He started slightly, and responded in a low voice:

"I will—if you wish it, Marie?"

"I do," she said.

With a much deeper flush, and an eloquent glance of gratitude, he played again; a set of Hungarian dances, which set the heads of the listeners wagging.

"You play better than anyone I have ever heard," Philip, said Marie quietly.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Lady Glenny, who was herself a musician. "Now I wonder whom you got the gift from? Neither your father nor mother cared overmuch for music, and neither of them played any instrument. It must have come down to you from some faraway ancestor."

"I don't remember any of the Belmaynes displaying much musical talent," remarked Lord Bradinch, who was a very old man with an excellent memory. "And, strangely enough, you don't resemble any of the family, Belmayne."

"It is evident that I must be a kind of 'sport,' as the gardeners say," said Philip, with a smile. "I often think, when I am playing at home, that the family portraits are looking down at me with scorn and contempt. A mere fiddler, you know!"

"Oh, but such a fiddler!" cried Lady Glenny. "It is almost a pity that such a talent—if you weren't here, Lord Belmayne, I should call it genius—should be wasted. I'm sure that you ought to be a professional, and be obliged to earn your living with your violin."

"There are worse fates than that," remarked Philip quietly.

He would not play again; but there was some more music. Lady Merton set some of the older

people to bridge, and the evening went pleasantly enough; so pleasantly that it was some time after the carriages had been announced before the guests showed any disposition to leave.

"It has been a great success, dearest," Lady Merton said, as she and Marie and Philip stood alone in the drawing-room.

"Yes, I think it has—thanks to Philip in a great measure," said Lady Marie.

He colored with pleasure, but shook his head.

"No—Marie, it was you," he said, in a low voice. "You played your part so well. And no one could fail to be happy in your presence," he added, in a still lower voice, his eyes seeking hers with a wistful admiration, an appealing devotion.

But alas! The spell cast by his music had floated from her, and her eyes evaded his, and she responded almost coldly.

"What am I to say to such a compliment?"

"Philip judges others by his own feelings, dearest," said Lady Merton, smiling on the pair as she went out of the room and left them alone.

It was the worst thing she could have done, for Marie grew colder, and the veil of reserve, of aloofness, fell about her instantly.

Philip felt the change, and, stifling a sigh, said as cheerfully as he could:

"You must be tired, Marie. I will go now."

"No, I am not tired," she said; but she held out her hand.

He took it and held it for a moment or two, looking into her face; the look which the devoted dog gives to his master from whom he is longing for a kind word, a caress. But Marie withdrew her hand, and he turned dejectedly away.

She looked after him as, with his slight limp, he crossed the room; then when he had gone she flung herself on a couch and covered her face with her hands. She felt as if she had refused a crust to a starving beggar. He had asked for bread, and she had given him a stone.

A dogcart was waiting for Philip, but the night was fine, and he told the man to drive on without him; he would walk. Then he remembered his violin. It was a Strad, a well-nigh priceless instrument, but neither its origin nor its intrinsic value made it precious to him, but the fact that it was the medium through which his soul had expressed its passion. He knew that the craving for that expression would come upon him tonight as he sat in his dimly lit study, or paced the dark pine woods.

After a moment's hesitation—for, betrothed to her as he was, there was between them a barrier so real, though apparently vague, that he could not run back to her as an ordinary lover, glad of the excuse, would have done—he entered the drawing-room.

At first he thought it was empty, then he saw the figure lying prone on the couch, and heard the sobs that shook her. He stood aghast for a moment, then he exclaimed:

"Marie!"

She sprang to her feet and gazed at him almost indignantly.

"Why have you come back?" she demanded, her bosom heaving, her eyes flashing upon him coldly.

"My violin," he replied. "But, Marie, you are crying! Are you ill, unhappy? Oh, Marie!"

"I am neither," she said haughtily; then, remorseful under his sad eyes, she added more gently, though still coldly: "But I am tired. That is all. Here is your violin."

He took it up and still regarded her anxiously.

"You are unhappy, Marie. It is because—because—"

She laughed.

"Never try to discover the cause of a woman's tears, Philip," she said. "See, I am all right now. I am sorry you saw me. Good night."

Smilingly she gave him her hand, and even walked by his side through the hall. He could say no more, for the porter and a footman were in attendance; and, with a long, wistful look at her, he went out again. He was glad that he had decided to walk, for he could scarcely have borne to have the groom beside him. He wanted to be alone, to think.

Marie was unhappy, so unhappy as to weep; and he was powerless to help her. Was it their engagement that was preying upon her? Should he give her up?

He stopped and looked before him in mute agony. No, he could not surrender her; it would be like surrendering life itself; for the man who exists without hope, without love, is living a life in death. Besides, he knew that she would not accept his renunciation. There was Ravenford; yes, and Belmayne. No; he must be patient, must rely on time and an unobtrusive devotion which surely would win her for him.

"No woman can resist a pure or true love." Where had he read this?

He repeated it to himself as he made his way to the Hall lodge. He had nearly reached it when he saw a man standing at the side of the road.

It was Reuben, and he raised his soft hat, whitened by the flour, as the marquis approached.

"Good evening, Reuben," said Philip. "Like yourself, you are tempted by the fineness of the night for a stroll. It's a lovely moon."

"Yes, my lord," replied Reuben, in his quiet way. "I've not much time in the day for strolling. I'm single-handed since Larry went."

Philip nodded and stood as if reflecting.

"Yes. That's ten years ago. How quickly time passes! You have not heard from him again?"

"No, my lord."

"Strange," said Philip. "What a fine lad he was; so strong and brave! Why, he must be a man now, of course!" He smiled, for he had been mentally picturing the youthful figure; the bright, boyish face.

"Yes, my lord."

"You must have missed him all these years," said Philip. "He'll come back some day and take you by surprise."

"He may," assented Reuben gravely. "It's what I'm looking forward to."

There was a pause; then, as if he must speak of Lady Marie, Philip said:

"I have been up at the castle—there was a dinner party."

"I hope Lady Marie is well, my lord—I haven't had a chance of wishing her and your lordship joy," said Reuben.

"Thank you, thank you, Reuben," responded Philip, with a faint sigh. "Yes, she is—quite well. She often speaks of you."

"Her ladyship is always kind and gracious, my lord," said Reuben.

"Yes, yes; always, always," said Philip, his face lighting up. "Good night, Reuben."

"Good night, my lord. I beg your pardon," he added, as Philip moved on, "did you happen to see anyone in the lane?"

"No," said Philip. "Why?"

"Well, I fancied I saw something moving among the undergrowth in the park; but I couldn't find any one; and I was waiting here when you came up, to see if they came into the open."

Philip looked around, but not very keenly.

"Poachers, perhaps," he suggested. "Dunton was telling me that we had lost some birds lately."

"I don't think there are any poachers in the village," said Reuben. "Your lordship and Lady Marie are too liberal with the game and the

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"Beg your pardon, sir," he said respectfully enough, but with a confidence which surprised Philip; for the man was trespassing—and at night—within the precincts almost within the grounds, of the Hall. "I've lost my way. I'm"—he hesitated a moment—"I'm a tramp; homeless. I was getting a night's lodging in the cover, your worship." His voice was soft and silky, and quite calm.

"You know me?" said Philip, as sternly as he could.

"You know that you are trespassing? Are you poaching?"

"Poaching!" echoed the man with frank contempt. "Not me. There's too much

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

How to Make the Hands Beautiful

ASHAPELY and well-cared-for hand is an ornament to any woman, so it seems odd that more of my sex do not make an effort to gain this point of beauty. It may be that they are so absorbed in taking care of the complexion and hair, they never get time to think of the hands, but that is not a very good excuse.

This neglect of the hands is one of the greatest beauty mistakes that a woman can make, as it is impossible to be attractive if the hands are rough and red with knobby knuckles. I care not that you possess a perfect complexion and abundant tresses, because my eyes are fixed on your unsightly hands.

I am chatting today on this subject, because I want you to realize your responsibility to your hands, as I am positive, if you once realize that it is your duty to take care of the hands.

you will begin at once to coddle them. This is shows that I believe you all to be women of good common sense.

If you are now beginning to get interested in hand culture, then start today getting the hands into order, as nothing is more adorable than white, dimpled hands, and I know you agree with me.

If the hands are given a massage every morning, after you are partially dressed for the day, with a certain glycerine cream which I know of, they will hasten to grow smooth and soft and if, in addition to this treatment, you add a oil bath in another way at night, I am willing to wager a box of candy that inside of a month you will be the happy possessor of hands that a queen would be glad to own.

Are you wondering why I don't tell you about the glycerine lotion? Then wonder no longer, as I am printing the formula below, with directions for making, so that the novices among you will experience no difficulty in making up this dainty hand improver.

Glycerine Hand Cream

Tragacanth, twenty grains; rose-geranium oil, two and one half drops; rectified spirit, one half dram; glycerine water, one half ounce.

The secret of making this cream is, first, to make a paste with the rectified spirit by rubbing the gum in a dry mortar or by shaking in a bottle and then adding the glycerine water and scent.

And now I hasten to tell you about the evening hand treatment, for fear you will grow tired of waiting for this bit of information. It is a bleach, which I am sure you will be glad to possess, as brown or red hands are the rule instead of the exception.

This whitener that I speak of is much in use in Spain, where the women are famous for their beautiful hands, white as drifted snow; and has just recently become popular in this country. You see it is something new, but never hold that against it, as the new beauty aids that are being brought to our notice, day by day, mostly give satisfactory results.

Now that I have given you the history of this hand whitener, I will proceed to write the formula so you, as well as the maid in far-off Spain, may have hands as white as a summer moon-beam.

Dainty Spanish Bleaching Paste

Beat the yolk of two eggs, until they are creamy, then stir in two teaspoonsfuls of glycerine and two ounces of strained honey. Next stir in sufficient rice flour to make a thin paste.

When Millady is ready to go to bed at night, she should first give her hands a good scouring, then rinse and dry them. Now the time is ripe to apply the whitening paste. When it has been smeared thickly over hands and wrists, draw on an extremely loose pair of kid gloves and run off to bed with a clear conscience, knowing that you are doing everything you can to make up for your past neglect of your hands.

Repeat this treatment every night until the hands lose their "browney, yellery appearance," which event will soon take place.

Another way to whiten the hands, and which costs absolutely not one penny, is to sleep with the hands raised above the head at night. This method of sleeping would give me the jiggits but perhaps you will be able to sleep calmly with elevated hands, in which case I commend this treatment to your notice. It is old as the hills, as old-time beauty chroniclers tell of the Colonial maidens and matrons doing this in the days immediately preceding the Revolutionary War. Perhaps, if you could but know it, your great-great-grand-dame, in her youth, was guilty of obtaining white hands in the odd way that I just told you about.

If your hands are already soft and white and smooth and you wish to know how you may keep them so, then massage them with a good cold cream every night and wear rubber gloves when you get into bed. The gloves should be at least three sizes larger than the hands and they should be punctured as if they were the top of a salt box. Why is this necessary? Because the hands need ventilation and grow yellow and dry if they do not get it.

The cold cream that I advise for this night massage is made by putting four ounces of spermaceti, two ounces of white wax and four gills of sweet almond oil into a double boiler and heating over a low flame until they can be creamed readily. Kettle should now be removed from the stove and its contents beaten with a patent egg beater until cream congeals.

If you are partial to perfumes, there is no objection to your adding two or three drops of oil of violets to this dainty cream just before it congeals.

Of course you know, without my saying a word about it, that the hands to be beautiful must be immaculately clean. They simply must have one thorough bath each day and I won't say no if you decide to scour them twice. The hands cannot be good to look upon unless they are clean. Remember that!

The nails need just as much attention as the hands, if they are to be a credit to you. Every day they should be manicured carefully, as only in this way can the cuticle be kept pushed back from the base of the nails so that the half moon shows. Sometimes the novice attempts to push back the cuticle from the nails without first soaking the finger-tips in a bowlful of warm soapy water. What is the result? Why the skin cracks and you have to wait until it heals before you again attempt to press back the encroaching scarfskin.

To keep the nails absolutely free from cuticle is not all of manicuring, however, as it is necessary that the nails should be cut, cleaned and

polished, to say nothing more. There is not sufficient space for me to tell you today the best way to accomplish the results mentioned above, but some time before long I will write you an article on how to manicure the nails and then you will be as wise as I, as regards this particular subject.

Questions and Answers

A Troubled Girlie, B. B., Minerva, Sara and others.—Yes, I do think a too full bust somewhat of a beauty defect but there are ways of reducing the bosom. Physical culture devotees are greatly enthused over the following method of reducing the bust. Fasten a fully equipped pulley to the wall at a height of about six feet, then seize the rope ends and allow the pulley weights to draw the arms up and back as far as they will go. Next strike out and down as if you intended to strike someone. Do this for five minutes, night and morning, for the next six weeks and you will be several inches smaller through the bust. If this treatment likes you not, then what do you say to bandaging your bust? I will tell you just how this is done, so if you are interested in this treatment you will know how to take it. Take a heavy strip of cotton—wide enough to cover the bosom—and pass it across the back and under the armpits, fastening it together in the front with a number of tiny safety pins. You should also take up—by means of safety pins—the slack on either side of the bust. This bandage should be worn snug but not so snug as to cause you discomfort. Keep it on by day and night—tightening it every few days until the bust is the size you wish. Be very careful to have the pressure even over the entire bosom as otherwise harm may befall you.

Gladys and A Lady.—It is extremely easy to prepare the elder-flower astringent at most seasons of the year, but just now I am afraid it will be difficult for you to obtain the cucumber juice as cucumbers are out and few druggists carry the juice. However, I will tell you how this lotion is made in case you are fortunate enough to secure the cucumbers or the cucumber juice. First, of course, buy three ounces of distilled water, one-half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin and one-half ounce of rose-water. Now cut up several ripe cucumbers and let them stew in a little water for twenty or thirty minutes, then pour off the water and mash the cucumbers, then pulp with a potato masher. This pulp should then be put in a square of cheese-cloth and pressed with the hand until every drop of juice has drained through the cheese-cloth into a cup. Take three ounces of this juice and the other materials and mix well together. After rubbing this lotion into the skin, let the cuticle absorb it, as this will cause pores to gradually grow smaller. While this lotion works slowly, it gives satisfaction when applied several times daily for a number of weeks.

Miss Ellen and Mrs. W. A. S.—It is embarrassing to perspire so freely. I suggest coating armpits several times daily with the following powder which will become quite a favorite after the first application.

Perspiration Powder

Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram.

Rub your damp face over frequently during the day with almond meal or a cloth wet with alcohol.

Ruby Lee and Town Girl.—A good way to efface nose-to-mouth creases is to massage across them for several minutes, using the following cream, then rub up the crease with a piece of ice for a few seconds.

Wrinkle Cream

Mutton tallow, one pound; glycerine, five ounces; tincture of benzoin, two drams; spirits of camphor, one dram; powdered alum, one half dram; best Russian linseedglass, one dram; orange-flower water, two ounces.

Try out the tallow in a sancapane; it will give about a cupful of fat. There should be equal quantities of it and the glycerine; stir these two together and add the alum. Dissolve the linseedglass in the orange-flower water at a gentle heat and beat into the other mixture while that is still warm; add the tinctures last of all, pouring in slowly with constant stirring. If one be of a merry disposition it is well-nigh impossible to get rid of these mouth wrinkles, as every laugh makes the creases deeper and darker. I suppose the moral of this is not to laugh but really I prefer wrinkles to solemn face. Are you not of my mind?

It is said that a nightly massage of the brows with lanoline will cause hair to grow thicker and longer. Suppose you try this treatment? If you wish plump cheeks, Town Girl, practice this exercise: Open the mouth widely, then hold cheek muscles tense and close mouth to the count of twenty. Do this ten times, morning, noon and night and in a comparatively short space of time, you will own plump, dimpled cheeks.

Discouraged Katie.—Yes, I do think the boiled milk treatment would help you to get rid of your superfluous pounds of fat but you would have to keep it up for a long while. The epsom salt lotion reduces permanently. It is not necessary to rub it all over the body, unless the entire body is too fat. If your hips are too fat, rub them with the solution; if the arms, give them a massage with the mixture but do not massage the entire body with this lotion unless you wish to reduce all over. It would do no harm to take the epsom salts at night.

Mrs. Sadie.—If you wish to darken your brows, I suggest that you give this lash-and-brow dye a trial.

think you must have found this in some other paper as I know nothing of it.

Ida.—Yes, I think you must be very pretty, and aren't you glad you are? You ought to be if you are not! The way to have thick, long hair is to massage scalp nightly with olive oil for ten minutes nightly. Rub with a firm circular movement of the fingers. Continue treatment for several months. Try to get the oil on the scalp and not over the hair. If your hair is dry, Ida, it will suffice to wash it once a month, but if you are so unfortunate as to have oily hair, it will be necessary to give your unsatisfactory locks a shampoo every ten or twelve days. A good shampoo to use when washing the hair is given below:

Simple Soap Shampoo

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

Of course you know that curling irons injure the hair, likewise bandolines. I do hope you are not the girl who goes to bed without taking down her hair, as this way lies a bald head. Horrors! Always take down your hair at bedtime and comb it until all the tangles are out, then braid it loosely, and fly off to bed.

Miss Bertha.—The reason you have thin calves and thin lower arms is because your circulation is poor. Why not try massaging limbs with warm olive oil? This is a fattening treatment although it gives very gradual results. However, any local treatment works slowly. Your double chin will go away, honey, if you will make it a practice to hold your chin up. Drooping chins have a horrid way of multiplying. Remember this if you dislike the prospect of an extra chin.

Fairy D.—You will not be able to secure the root you referred to unless you happen to have friends in the states named.

Miss Mae.—Perhaps you will like this dandruff lotion. It will only darken the hair slightly, if at all.

Sulphur Dandruff Lotion

Take one heaping tablespoonful of sulphur, then pour over it one quart of boiling water. Keep in an air-tight vessel for twenty-four hours, then drain off the clear portion. Rub into the scalp every night until the dandruff disappears. While treating the scalp for dandruff it is advisable that you be careful what you use for a shampoo. The following liquid is excellent for this purpose, leaving the scalp beautifully clean and the hair fluffy as heart could wish:

Egg Dandruff Shampoo

Yolk of one egg, one pint of hot rain-water, one ounce of rosemary spirits.

Please refer to my reply to Ida as it gives the information for which you are in search.

Minnie.—So you have a sallow face that is "a fright." I can hardly believe that as from the description you gave I imagine you are more than passably good looking. But a true to compliments. You will like the bleach given below, I know, as it seldom fails to give a good report of itself:

Southern Face Bleach

Pure honey, two ounces; bicarbonate of soda, one half ounce; almond oil, one ounce; boracic acid, one quarter ounce; distilled water, one ounce; almond meal sufficient to make a thin paste.

Cover the face with this paste, then don a face mask, which can be made out of thin cheese-cloth, holes being cut for eyes, nose and mouth. After paste has been on the face for several hours, wash it off with olive oil, then bathe the face in quantities of hot, soft water and apply a bland soap. End by massaging the following cream into the skin:

Cotton-seed Cream

Spermaceti, three and one half ounces; white wax, three and one half ounces; cotton-seed oil, fifteen ounces; oil of lavender flowers, twelve drops; rosewater, two and one quarter ounces.

Heat first three ingredients over a low flame until they mingle smoothly, then remove from stove and add, drop by drop, the rosewater, and, last of all, oil of lavender flowers. Beat with a fork or egg beater until cream congeals. This treatment, if taken every third day for two weeks, generally gives one a milk skin.

Mary.—Why not try massaging your fleshy nose heavily with fingers dripping with toilet vinegar? Press down hard on the flesh, then pinch it lightly. This treatment, if given for five minutes twice a day, will, I think, break down the fatty tissues.

Miss F. Gorsa.—The only practicable way to efface slight scars is by means of massage. Oftentimes, if the marks are steamed and massaged daily, they will grow fainter and fainter until finally they are barely visible. Smallpox scars are well-nigh impossible to remove. I cannot personally recommend the lotion you speak of and do not care to print formula unless you give a special point of it.

Mrs. Sadie.—If you wish to darken your brows, I suggest that you give this lash-and-brow dye a trial.

Black Eyelash and Eyebrow Dye

Gum arabic, four drams; India ink, seven drams; rosewater, one pint.

Powder the ink and gum, and triturate small quantities of the powder with rose-water till a uniform black liquid results, absolutely free from granules. Then put liquid into a bottle and pour over it the remainder of the rose-water. Apply with tiny brush dipped first in borated water.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

"You look like a gypsy," said Philip. "Well, you have earned your drink. That sonata is difficult. You must have a good memory."

"I have," said the man laconically.

Much amused and interested, Philip led the way to the Hall, and, entering the study, was followed by the gypsy.

"Help yourself," he said, indicating the spirit stand.

The man poured out a liberal quantity of whiskey.

"Here's your health, my lord," he said, raising the glass. He emptied it almost at a draught, then looked around him. "A fine place, your lordship."

"The house, you mean?" said Philip. "Oh, yes. And you are a musician? Where did you learn your art?"

"Where?" repeated the man. "Nowhere. It was born in me, as I said; my father, and his father, had it before me. Give me the violin and I'll show you. It's a fine instrument; one of the finest."

"It's a Strad," said Philip, with pardonable pride.

"Ah, yes; no wonder it plays well—a Strad, is it? It must be worth a deal of money. Hearken en!"

He took the violin and played it with the verve, the chic—what is the correct word for the playing of a natural genius? And Philip listened in renewed amazement and wonder beyond words.

"Extraordinary!" he said at last. "Why, you are a marvel, my virtuoso!"

The man lowered the violin from his shoulder and mixed a tumbler of whiskey and soda. The wizened face was flushed, his dark eyes aglow.

Philip watched him thoughtfully. The old fellow was a mere tramp, as he had said; and yet his speech and his manner were not those of the ordinary illiterate tramp.

"You seem to me to have wasted your talent, my man," Philip said. "Surely you could get a place in an orchestra, could be employed in good concerts? If I am any judge, you play well enough to give a concert of your own."

The man shrugged his shoulders. His dark eyes, which had been wandering round the room, returned to Philip's face with a spice of mockery and irony in them.

"So I've been told before, my lord," he said; "but the trouble with me is that I can't stop long in one place. It's the gypsy blood, the gypsy curse, you see. We've all got it—worse luck!"

THIS ELEGANT BLACK PONY SKIN PLUSH COAT FOR LADIES AND MISSES **4.90**

This swell, handsome garment is made of Chase's best quality heavy black pony skin, with rich and changeless finish. Length 52 in. waist 32 in. **Send \$1.00**

Deposit **1.00** to be held until garment is wanted, and we will send you this elegant, extra quality, black pony skin plush coat C. O. D. by express, subject to examination. The balance, \$3.90 and express charges, you pay the agent after we find the coat perfectly satisfactory, as swell and handsome a coat as you can get for the same price.

Misses' **52** in. long, \$2.86 in. **Send \$1.00**

which shows over 1,000 elegant pictures of rare and beautiful Fall and Winter garments at startling low prices.

Home Dressmaking

Hints

Winter Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



UNGALOW APRONS are admittedly the neatest and most becoming style that has thus far been decreed by Dame Fashion. Besides being attractive, they possess the added merit of being easily made. The body and short sleeves of the large model shown are cut in one and can be made with or without a seam at the front and with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. Gingham, print, percale or lawn are appropriate for their development.

The pattern No. 5899 is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires without center front seam, five and one quarter yards of 36-inch material and one half yard of banding. Price, 10 cents.

For an inexpensive and most acceptable Christmas gift, you cannot go amiss in presenting a Bungalow apron to your lady friends, the 32 size fitting the Miss. Make it daintily of pale pink with bands of pale blue, or of a striped percale with bands of solid color to match, and very Christmas like would be one of crossbarred muslin trimmed with a simple Hamburg edge.

Another popular apron is No. 5160. Made of blue-and-white even checked gingham and the entire edge bound with white you will have another apron that will please the most fastidious friend. The broad-shouldered bib gives it style, and the general close-fitted effect an appearance of smartness.

Cut in one size and requires two and one half yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 5989—Ladies' Dress with Three-gored Skirt. A rough finished golden brown cloth with revers and skirt panel of tan broadcloth made this handsome costume. The revers are edged with fancy braid. The chemisette is made of fancy silk-tan ground with pale blue dots. A flat bow of black velvet ribbon is worn at the throat.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 measures two and one eighth yards around lower edge and requires five and three quarters yards 36-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6007—Ladies' Dress with Five-gored Skirt. A neat costume suitable for cotton or wool materials. To be worn with slightly pointed neck or with standing collar.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 measures two and three eighths yards around lower edge and requires six and one eighth yards of 36-inch material, five eighths yard of contrasting color. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5435—Ladies' Dress, closed at left side of panel front. The waist and skirt are joined by a belt which extends only to each side of front.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires six and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5978—Misses' and Small Women's Dress with Four-gored Skirt. This model has many attractive features. A dark red corded material was used in making. The much worn Robespierre collar is of black velvet, and from under each side is a piece of lace scantly gathered. Buttons covered with black velvet, and buttonholes bound with the same make a handsome finish. The center-back seam is made by laying one gore onto the other so to form a lap which is stitched back from the edge. Black velvet cuffs may be added if desired.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 18 requires seven and three eighths yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5904—Ladies' Seven-gored Skirt. To be made with Empire or normal waist line. The front gore is finished with inverted plait on each side just below the knee, also the back and side seams.

Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 measures two and three quarters around lower edge and requires four yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5489—Ladies' Six-gored Skirt measuring three and one half yards around the lower edge. Like many of the newest models, it shows a tendency of a return to the plaited skirts, which doesn't mean that the narrow skirt which we have all learned to like will be abandoned, but that there will be a greater variety of skirt models to choose from. Surely nothing could be more graceful than the one here illustrated and worn with waist 1.0. 5979 would make a handsome tailored costume.

Cut in five sizes, 22 to 32 waist measure; size 24 requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11-2-23—Centerpiece, 26 inches in diameter. This extremely popular design is embroidered with white cotton floss on white linen, Indian-head, domestic, or damask. The petals of the daisies are worked in satin stitch, as are also the leaves, bow-knots and leaf stems. The center of the daisies is various sizes of eyelets, and large medium size and small eyelets intertwine gracefully with the flower sprays, in the center of the design. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 12-5-44—Oval Grape Centerpiece. This design, 16 by 24 inches, may be worked in white on white linen or damask, or in colors on ecru linen. When worked in white, the grapes should be padded and worked in satin stitch, all of the grapes in each cluster being worked in the same direction. When color is used, work the grapes in solid long and short stitch in three shades of purple, the leaves and tendrils in green, and the stems and edge of the centerpiece in light brown. Price, 10 cents.

Three Separate Waists, New and Distinctive

After being in vogue for years, the separate waist has become indispensable to the well-gowned American woman, and well-chosen styles such as illustrated on this page are sure to find favor.

Satin waists are fashionable this season and are warm and durable. No. 5907 was made of navy-blue satin with the front edge piped with the same material in moss green. Simulated buttonholes and covered buttons of the green may be used, or buttonholes worked with green twist to match with buttons of smoked pearl having a decided green tint make a smart combination.

The Dutch collar and cuffs are of lace or may be made of satin.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires two and one half yards of 36-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5952 shows the new peplum waist in a dressy effect. The revers extending to the waist line and the Robespierre collar afford opportunity for handwork in braiding or embroidery. The sleeve is set in well below the shoulder line, is close fitting from the elbow down and finished at the hand with a point trimmed to match collar. The peplum is plain and well-fitting. This stylish waist is one of the pretty novelties of the winter, and when made of soft silk and worn with a cloth skirt matching in color a very handsome costume is obtained.

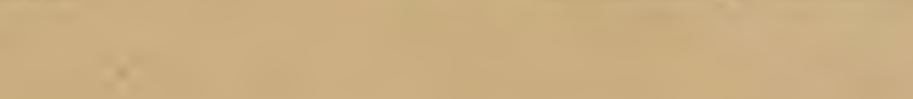
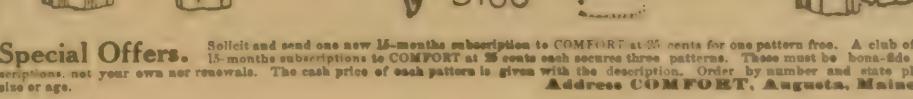
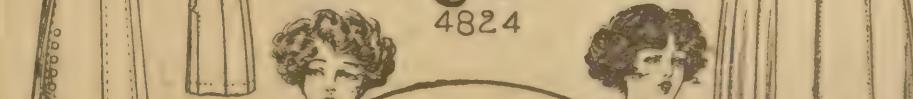
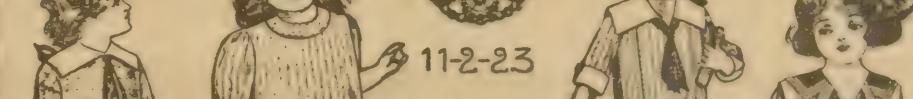
Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5979 shows a tailored model adaptable to a variety of materials. The fronts are made of stitched tucks or gathered as illustrated in the smaller view. Here the front plait is omitted, the buttons and buttonholes set two inches apart and within half an inch of the edge which is finished with a frill. The sleeve has the regulation shirt-waist opening and cuff.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

Clothes for the Little Folks

Nowadays the same degree of style is ob-



served in selecting costumes for the children as the mother will for herself—perhaps more. They must be simple not to detract from the child's natural grace and beauty, and up-to-date because it is just as easy to be that way and save the feelings of these little girls who know just as well as anyone else when they are not tastefully dressed.

The models here illustrated are very smart and childish and suitable for all occasions. They are easy to make and require very little material. Wool fabrics or galatea are desirable.

No. 5972 is made with side opening buttoned through. The sleeve is in two sections with fullness at cuff. The skirt is made with wide box plait at front, and the remainder gathered or plaited according to fancy. The collar, cuffs and belt are a little prettier when made of a contrasting color.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires three and one quarter yards 36-inch material, and three eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting color.

No. 4949 is another desirable model. It is made of navy blue serge trimmed with red serge and pearl buttons. The dress closes at the front. There is a tuck over each shoulder, a sailor collar and an attached plaited skirt. The straight sleeve is rolled back and faced to simulate a cuff. The following may be of assistance to those inexperienced in collar making:

To make the collar, first baste the under section to the neck edge with single notches matching and to revers with double notches together, the seam edges being on the upper side when the collar rests in its natural position on the dress. Roll the revers over at the small perforations and try on to see if the collar sets properly then stitch the seam. Turn the outer edges of collar and revers over on the right side three eighths of an inch and baste. Join the facing pieces for collar and revers with double notches together and turning the outer edges under three eighths of an inch, arrange over the collar and baste. Slip stitch the outer edges together and hem the inner edge over the neck seam in back and under the revers in front.

Cut in sizes four to 12 years; age eight requires five yards of 24-inch material; three quarters yard of contrasting color 27-inches wide. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5964 is an extremely stylish Russian suit for the little girl. The skirt is slightly gored and joined to an under-waist which is faced at the neck and finished with narrow standing collar to give a shield effect. The blouse slips on over the head and is finished with a wide sailor collar. The belt may be of the same material or patent leather.

Cut in sizes six to 12 years; age eight requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material; one half yard 27-inch contrasting material; one half yard 36-inch for underwaist. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3869—Children's Sack Apron cut in three sizes, one, three and five years; three years require two yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4824—This comfortable coat may be worn with or without the cape and is a suitable model for a variety of materials. For very young children white cotton corduroy makes a warm, handsome coat and washes perfectly. Broadcloth is also desirable.

Cut in four sizes, one half to five years; three years require three yards of 27-inch wide material with cape. Price, 10 cents.

Questions Answered

Advice.—Mrs. EFFIE SMITH, little boys usually wear the Russian suits until five years and older. Any of these suits will give you the breeches or knickerbocker trousers which you want, but suit coat patterns are not cut for children at the age of three years. You will have no difficulty in removing the hair braid from your wire frame, though I doubt your being able to put it on again another season as it would probably show faded places. I would cover the crown smoothly with brown velvet, also the upper side of brim, making the facing of black velvet. Use your white feather around the crown, letting it lay quite flat onto the brim. You did not state the size of brim, but I assume it is fairly good sized. Where the two ends of feather join you could use one large or several very small bright roses.

No doubt you could make your little boy a suit for considerably less than you could buy one ready made.

Pockets.—MISS CUMMING, many of the tailored skirts have a patch pocket at the right side in a convenient place. A neat finish is made with a flap which buttons down over the top of pocket.

Christmas Gifts.—M. K. S., the following I hope may assist you in making some inexpensive and easily made gifts: Aprons of all kinds will readily head the list for no one can have too many. One yard of fine sheer linen will make nine to twelve handkerchiefs which may be finished with quarter inch hemstitching, crocheted edge or lace. Another way that is new and pretty is to roll the edge and over-and-over with colored mercerized embroidery cotton. Do not make stitches too near together but leave the white showing between. An initial corner will make them still prettier.

A knitted pair of face cloths make a very acceptable gift. Make them of No. 12 knitting cotton and on two steel needles, No. 14. 1st rib—Cast on 45 stitches, knit five, turn, and knit back to beginning. 2d rib—Knit 10, turn, and knit back. Continue to knit in this way, adding five more stitches with each rib, until all the stitches are knitted, in the last rib; knit back as usual. This finishes the pattern. Repeat from the first rib 28 times, or a sufficient number to make a circular piece, which will lie flat, remembering always to begin the pattern at the outer edge of the circle. Bind off, and sew the edge bound off to the cast-on edge of the work. A single scallop makes a neat finish. The round face cloth has the advantage over a square one of not having dripping corners when in use.

Towels hemstitched, cross-stitched, embroidered or finished with buttonholed scallops, pillow cases and shams hemstitched and finished with a large initial letter or monogram may be added to the list as things sure to please. All kinds of neck wear, including muslin, allover, lace and insertion collars are simple to make and useful to both little girls and their mothers. Besides these, a smart ruff of either hemstitched muslin, lace or plaited silk would find ready appreciation. Gray Elster-down bed slippers buttoned with colored wool or bound with ribbon. Afghans made of strips of flannel or odd pieces of suiting when bound, or crocheted together with colored wool are warm and attractive.

BRANCH MANAGERS Wonder Cloth

cleans and polishes brass, copper, nickel, tinware, aluminum, etc. Will do as much work as a gallon of liquid polish that sells for \$1. A smooth, soft cloth of almost imperishable quality. Will forever do away with messy liquid polishes.

SILCO—The only cloth polish that absorbs the dust and cleans furniture, pianos, automobiles, carriages, store fixtures, windows and mirrors. Does not scratch and leaves no lint. Can be washed out and used over and over again.

SPECIAL OFFER

one WONDER CLOTH and one SILCO polishing cloth, regular price \$5 cents, prepaid

for only 25 cents. Money returned if not as represented.

BRANCH MANAGERS—Men and Women—Wanted in every city, and county. Enormous profits. Address

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Restore Your Gray Hair

DUBY'S HAIR COLORING HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, prevents baldness, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. It will not stain the scalp, is not sticky or oily, and is composed of roots, herbs, bark and flowers. Package makes one pint. It will produce the most lustrous tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Package postpaid for 25c, or five packages for \$1.00.

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Special Offers.—Solicit and send one new 12-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one pattern free. A club of two 12-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 20 cents each secures three patterns. These must be bona-fide subscriptions, not your own nor renewals. The cash price of each pattern is given with the description. Order by number and state plainly size or age.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Words and Music by
CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS

Star of Bethlehem
Christmas Song

Harmonized by H. BROOKS DAY
Sec'ty Guild of American Organists

Andante religioso.

1. The heav - ens blazed with ra-diant light that made night seem as day,
2. The wise men kneel on the man-ger floor and of - fer gifts so rare,

The shep-herds mar-veled
The Heav'n-ly Child pros -

at the sight and bent the knee to pray, And one great star stood sen - ti - nel, a grand ce - les - tial gem, Its light up - on a
trate be - fore, while an - gels hov - er there. The meek-eyed cat - tie won-dring gaze such glo - ries to be - hold, And Bethlehem's star from

man - ger fell in low - ly Beth - le - hem. Oh, star of Beth - le - hem, oh, won - drous star, Guid - ing the wise men from lands a - far,
realms a - far, bathes all the scene with gold. Oh, star of Beth - le - hem, oh, won - drous star, Guid - ing the wise men from lands a - far,

Hail - ing the birth of the Sav - iour of men, Hail, won - drous star, oh, star of Beth - le - hem. Still in our hearts 'tis shin - ing, oh,
Hail - ing the birth of the Sav - iour of men, Hail, won - drous star, oh, star of Beth - le - hem.

Majestically

won - drous, oh beau - ti - ful star; . . . Its ra - diance ne'er de - clin - ing, time ne'er its beau - ty can mar. Oh, tid - ings of glad - ness it

ren - ders, pro - claim - ing we'll see once a - gain, . . . In all His match - less splen - dor, the Babe of Beth - le - hem.

Creatures of Destiny;

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

waistcoat pocket and held them out to the man, who took them, turned them over, and, with his eyes fixed on Philip, said:

"Thank you, my lord. I'm hard up; and they'll come in handy." He paused a moment; then, with a curious smile, he added: "Tisn't every gentleman who'd have treated me as you have, my lord. Most of 'em would have called their keeper and given me in charge."

"Perhaps I might have done so," said Philip, with a smile; "but your playing was too much for me. Will you have a cigar? You may take a handful—What is that?" he broke off to inquire; for he heard a slight noise outside.

The man also heard it, for he turned his head quickly and momentarily; but he looked away again, as if he had been mistaken.

"A rabbit," he began; but Philip's ears were quick, and he limped to the window.

"There is someone here," he said, with reason-

able suspicion. "Who is there?" he demanded sharply. "Whoever you are, come forward." "I'll be going," said the man; but Philip held up a hand to stay him, and, stepping out, saw a woman pressed against the ivy-covered wall beside the window. She was a middle-aged woman, still handsome, with dark hair flecked by gray.

She uttered a faint cry and came into the light, and at sight of the man repeated the cry in unmistakable alarm.

"Who are you?" asked Philip. Come here. Is there anyone else?"

It occurred to him that the whole thing was a "plant" to rob the house; and he was on the point of calling Geddon, who slept within hail, when the woman came forward with her hands outstretched appealingly.

"No, no, my lord," she said breathlessly; "there is no one else; only me and him. He—he is my father, my lord. Father!" She shot a glance questioning, almost threatening, at the man from her dark eyes. "What are you doing here?" she demanded. "You've no right here; you've no business here." She turned to Philip with a

kind of terror in her eyes, her lips working nervously. "What—what has he been saying, telling you, my lord?"

Philip looked from one to the other gravely; but before he could answer, the man laughed sardonically, mockingly.

"What should I be telling his lordship?" he asked, with a certain significance which seemed to quiet the woman's fears. "His lordship found me in the bracken; and brought me in to have a drink, and to talk about fiddling. That's all that's passed between us. Isn't it, my lord?"

The woman fixed her eyes on Philip with a keen and still apprehensive gaze; and Philip nodded reassuringly.

"That is all," he said. "What is it you are afraid he should have told me?"

The dark eyes fell, and she bit her lip.

"Nothing nothing, my lord," she faltered. "It—it doesn't do for us gypsies to be free with the gentry, and such high gentry as your lordship. We—we get into trouble by it. That's all I mean."

"That's all she meant," said the man, with a

smile and a nod, his eyes flashing from one to the other. "My daughter's a bit nervous, my lord. She's very fond of her old father, and gets fidgety if he's out of her sight for long together. I expect she feared I'd been caught, and was going to be sent to jail. No, no, my girl, his lordship's a proper gentleman, and has treated me well. Liquor, money, cigars—and a pleasant word. None too common nowadays; and the poor gypsy"—his soft voice just hinted the professional whine—"won't forget it."

"I think you had better go now," suggested Philip gravely.

"Yes, yes. Let's go, my girl, before his lordship turns us out," said the man; but, though his voice and his manner were respectful enough, there was a curious glitter in his eyes. "Some gentry would have turned us out at first; but his lordship is different to most," he repeated, nodding at the woman.

Her lips trembled and her fingers twisted together nervously.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



Holy night, silent night,
All things sleep, angels bright
Rev'rend watched with Mary mild
O'er the cradle of her child.
Sleep in heavenly rest,
Sleep in heavenly rest.

Brisbane's Christmas Spirit *By Joseph F. Novak*

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WHO is that man, Fred? Now, don't say, 'a minister' for I know that. His personality gives forth the impression that

'In his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd, and wept, and felt
And pray'd for all.'

What is his name?" That's Reverend Eleazar Matthews. I intended to have you meet him at the Christmas services tomorrow morning, but I may as well perform the convention now, my social lion," and Fred Leavensworth laughed, as he humorously made reference to his friend's social standing, for Donald Brisbane was in country parlance, "a city man."

His clothes, from his imported velour hat, to his flexible shoes and "spats" (gaiters), told that. He was the only and bachelor son of wealthy parents, who, sojourning abroad, left him at home alone, and anticipating that the round of city festivities would be a bore, he concluded to run down to North Wildwood to see his friend Leavensworth, whom he had known at college, and who stood higher in his estimation than many of his polished friends.

"Wait, wait a moment," he laughed. "Ere you introduce me, tell me; he will not quiz me as to my religious convictions, will he?"

"No, indeed. He is a man who believes in applied Christianity."

"Then perform the ceremony," Brisbane said, and throwing down his hat alongside his gauntlets, he left the warmth of the red-hot circular stove in the general store in which they had stopped to warm themselves, and joined the minister.

"Mr. Matthews, may I introduce my friend, Mr. Donald Brisbane?" and Leavensworth performed the courtesy.

"Pleased to meet you, sir," the minister acknowledged. Then he continued: "I almost seem to know you for Fred has often spoken of you. I trust I shall see more of you while you are here. May I hope to see you at church tomorrow morning? We expect to have a beautiful service, and though it will not be comparable to that of a city church on Christmas morning, still we hope it will be uplifting and to the townsfolk good, and after all, God attends all services be they in the country, city or at one's own fireside."

"That is very true," Brisbane responded. "And really, I believe I shall find more inspiration in your sermon than in that of our most famous city preacher."

"Thank you, my friend. I shall be delighted to see you again, tomorrow. Now, if you will excuse me, I'll bid you good evening. I must go to the church and see if the young people have finished decorating it for tomorrow. My daughter is with them. They are striving to make it the best, for there is a kind of friendly rivalry between the several churches of the village and there is a contingent who go wherever they find the most interest. Good evening," and the minister smiled, with a smile that filled his face with an appeal, a grave earnestness that Brisbane found most inviting.

They nodded, and the minister was about to leave, when the door opened and a young woman entered, followed by a tall young farmer, who almost slammed the door upon a wizened old maid, whose pinched features were blue with the cold.

At the sight of the young woman, Brisbane involuntarily murmured:

"Evangeline!"

And most aptly, too. For the girl wore a long hooded gray cloak, edged with a band of dull red. Her hair was delicately blonde, a few wisps escaped from under the hood, and adorned her temple in a most innocent, yet tantalizing way. The tall young farmer behind her, gave forth an attractive impression, not because he was handsome featured, for he was not, but more because of his big, sinewy body, and general air of strength. And at that moment, his face was decidedly displeasing for he wore a gloomy, almost sulky look.

Something had apparently gone wrong, and all present felt it, for a little, awkward silence fell, which was broken at length by the minister, who asked:

"Have you finished with the decorating, James?"

"Yes, we're all finished," the wizened old maid replied for him. She was Miss Arminta Lamb, the village gossip. She had been doing her share of the decorating at the church and had been on her way home, when by chance, she happened to see Brisbane in the store. He was a "possibility" for gossip, so she stepped in, and began to inventory him, all the while making the lone clerk in the store miserable by demanding to see everything she didn't want, as an excuse for her presence there.

She was also interested in the couple in the store, for she suspected that something was wrong when she left the church, and now when James had answered the minister's question with an almost curt, affirmative nod, she was on the qui vive for further details.

For a moment the minister remained silent, then he again asked:

"And your solo? How does it go?"

"I'm not going to sing," he answered, somewhat defiantly.

"Why, my heavens! Mr. James Smithson! I knew you got a grouch on for somethin' this afternoon when we was fixin' up th' meetin' house, but I didn't think 'twas so bad that ye'd back out o' th' singin'! Everbody is expectin' to hear ye termonor, an' it's a shame if ye do us all. R'ally 'tis!"

After Miss Lamb's tirade, another little silence fell upon the group. The minister looked at his daughter. With a burst of tears, she fled to him, and hid her face upon his shoulder.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked, soothingly.

"I've spoiled everything for tomorrow," she sobbed. "James says he will not sing because

— then aware of the others present, she stopped.

"Why, James?" the minister asked.

The young farmer grew vindictive. "Evangeline will tell you why, and that's all there is to it. I can't help it, and I won't sing."

"You are determined, James?"

"Yes, I am," he answered. He paused a moment, then observing Miss Lamb's sharp little hatchet face, he glared at her, glad of someone upon whom he could vent his ill temper. "What you listening for? I 'pose you want something to gad about, don't you?"

"Well, I have something to tell," she remarked coolly, "an' I think it's a shame for you to spoil the service like you're goin' to. I think I shall go to th' other church termonor. Well, good by, people, I'm goin' to tell everone I meet 'bout you not goin' to sing, James. I know a lot o' people will stay away then."

A spasm of disappointment passed over the minister's face. Brisbane noted it.

"You may tell your friends, madame, that since Mr. Smithson will not sing, I shall."

"You?" she shrieked.

"I, madame," he answered, with a courtly bow.

"Oh, my gracious!" and without waiting to hear more, she drew her shawl closely about her, and fled from the store, eager to impart the news to as many as possible ere undown.

At the statement of Brisbane, Smithson sat down, despair coming over him.

"I don't wish to interfere with your arrangements, gentlemen," Brisbane commenced quietly, "but I didn't want to see that woman spread a tale which would keep the congregation away tomorrow."

"Then you will not sing?" Reverend Matthews asked.

"Not if Mr. Smithson will change his attitude in the matter. Otherwise, yes."

"Go ahead and sing," muttered the young fellow. "I don't want to."

"Very well, we'll be obliged to avail ourselves of your offer, Mr. Brisbane," the minister said quietly. "Now," and he changed the subject, "may I present my daughter, Evangeline?"

Brisbane bowed and smiled, amused that he had guessed the girl's name, even before they had been introduced. The little courtesy performed, the minister continued:

"May I also ask you to take tea with us, and then perhaps you would like to practice the songs you are to sing? Evangeline is the organist."

"I shall be delighted—" Brisbane began impulsively, then remembering his friend, he stopped. But Leavensworth said:

"Go right along with Mr. Matthews, Donald. I'll excuse you to the folks."

And with the remark, Leavensworth picked up his shapeless driving gloves and put them on, while Brisbane buttoned up the loose, fashionable gray coat that became him so well, pulled on his gauntlets and announced himself ready, whereupon the little group left the store, leaving Smithson sitting by himself, gloomily, heart-ache in his features.

It was early dusk. The sun was setting in a great, cold orb behind the snow-covered hills, in the valleys of which, North Wildwood nestled. The snowy road, in contrast to the misty-blue hills, seemed the more pure under the dazzling light of the dying sun, the boughs of the denuded trees more black and cold against the glittering snow. Brisbane chilled, and drew his coat about him more closely.

"Cold, Mr. Brisbane?" the minister asked kindly. Then he continued: "We'll not be long before we reach my home."

But Brisbane only smiled and said:

"No, that was just a voluntary chill. I love this kind of weather, and am enjoying it to the full. Christmas would not be Christmas without cold and snow, and somehow at Christmas I feel nearest to God. It is the Christmas spirit, I expect. Don't you think so, Miss Matthews?" and he directed his last sentence to the girl.

"Undoubtedly," she answered with a little tremor in her voice, which seemed to make it more sweet than ever. "I think it is inherent within you, however, since you were so kind to help us in our dilemma, we, entire strangers."

"Not that, I hope," he said, and pleased, she continued:

"I know father was so disappointed when James said he would not sing. Mr. Smithson has a nice voice, and as he has been taking vocal lessons, he sings quite well. The song which he is to sing, is quite simple, a little Christmas Carol, but those simple things sung with effect generally are most beautiful, and as he has had the little carol in preparation under the instruction of his teacher, he does very nicely. But you've frightened me, Mr. Brisbane, in proposing to sing, for I fear I may not be able to accompany you, my knowledge is somewhat limited and my performance upon the organ is not that of a musical college graduate."

She was walking quite closely at his side now. Suddenly she slipped a trifle. At once, with the true courtesy of a gentleman, he caught her arm, and held himself as a support, as she regained her equilibrium. And then, he continued to assist her; almost unconsciously his hand in its warm gauntlet, hid hers.

He smiled now, at her voiced fear. "Don't be afraid," he reassured her, "I may not sing as well as Mr. Smithson."

Then for a little distance, they said not another word. A group of merry children came flocking along, laden with small spruce trees which they had cut in an adjacent wood. They tumbled and tussled and snow-balled with the exuberance of care-free childhood.

The trio watched the happy-faced innocents, then as they disappeared, Brisbane remarked: "I wouldn't mind doing that myself. I'm as childish as ever when it comes to admiring a Christmas tree, and when I am at home, I rig up a spruce and invite any poor children I can find, making them an excuse for indulging my childlike love for the *tannenbaum*. Idiotic, isn't it?"

"Hardly that, Mr. Brisbane. I'd call it true big-heartedness," Evangeline replied.

"Thank you. By the bye, what caused Mr. Smithson to so suddenly go back upon his promise?"

Evangeline's cheeks burned. He observed it. "I beg your pardon. I might have known it was a personal matter. Forgive me."

The girl looked at him with her frank, clear eyes, without the glint of a coquette.

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Brisbane, and in justice to James, perhaps I ought to tell you. He proposed to me, and I refused him. Then he said he would not sing, not in vindictive spirit, but because he could not sing carols of joy when his own heart was leaden. He's a good-hearted young man, excellent in every way, and I like him very much, but when he spoke of love, and marriage, I became afraid. Isn't there a difference between liking and loving a person?"

"Why, I suppose so. I've been a bachelor ever since I was born" (and he smiled at his intended humor), "so I can hardly be asked to differentiate, especially as I have never had a sweetheart."

If she had been a city girl, she might have tormented him prettily with regard to his "sweetheart" statement, but in sweet seriousness, she answered:

"Is that truly so?"

They had reached the house and now entered, Brisbane going into the little parlor with the minister and conversing with him, trying all the while to keep his thoughts from out in the kitchen, where, humming hymns sweetly and lowly, Evangeline prepared the tea.

It was soon ready, a fair little meal, quite plain, but wholesome and plenty of it. But somehow to Brisbane's jaded appetite it seemed a banquet for the gods. And the artless way in which Evangeline poured the tea and spoke to him without any fawning, delighted him. A millionaire's only son, he was much kow-towed to, and the absence of this was a new and pleasant sensation.

The meal finished, Evangeline quickly cleared away the tea things, and in a short time joined her father and his guest, who had again retired to the parlor.

Then the big lamp was lit and placed upon the organ, and the girl, at Brisbane's request, began to play and he listened, excusing himself from singing at once, saying that he wished to become familiar with the airs he was to sing, first.

And Evangeline played. While her performance was of the simplest sort, no display of technique, nevertheless, there was in the playing that quality of soul which many a brilliant pianist lacks.

And Brisbane thought of this as he leaned back in his comfortable chair, felt more than ever the Spirit of Peace that hovered over the little home, speaking so simply, yet eloquently of the day when years ago, the Star had glowed in splendor over the Khan, where in a manger, the Redeemer of the World lay, and angel voices sang the glad tidings of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men." That Solemn Scene was one of the few beautiful pictures, surrounded by garlands of Christmas boughs of holly and evergreen, which adorned the walls.

Then he fell to studying the girl's face, lit up as it was with an ethereal beauty that seemed to speak of a soul at peace; of a soul flown beyond the confines of the sordid everyday world. Something stirred his heart, a vague undefinable longing, a wish, a hope that—Ah, he dared not finish the thought.

Evangeline had finished, and now she asked him to sing. But he sang badly, for mentally he was comparing the voice of the girl which was raised in song with his, hers bore the beauty of inspiration, his showed but the metallic beauty of training.

But the minister thought his singing beautiful, as indeed it was, and when at nine o'clock he arose to go, he said, as Evangeline again voiced her fear that she might not be able to play well enough:

"Don't you worry about that. If I could but get the inspiration into my voice that you can, I'd ask nothing more."

With that he was gone, to trudge over the crisp snow which crunched as he walked. He gazed up at the sky. Snow clouds were rapidly blotting out the stars, the wind seemed more cutting, a storm was on the way, he prophesied.

As he walked along, he was suddenly aware of a man a little distance down the road. The fact in itself was nothing, but the attitude spoke defiance, and when Brisbane reached him, he immediately recognized the figure as that of Smithson.

"Hello," he greeted pleasantly.

Smithson only scowled, then he commenced:

"Say, Brisbane, I'll give you fair warning. If you want to keep out of trouble, you'd better not sing tomorrow."

"Indeed? However, your warning is of no avail, for I have particularly set my mind on singing tomorrow and once I decide a thing, I carry it off, in spite of everything, for, unfortunately, I am somewhat headstrong. Only upon one alternative will I not sing, and that is, if you will. I gave you that option this afternoon, and it is still open."

"I won't sing, and neither will you," Smithson responded, decidedly, but with a note of threat in his voice. "I know what you're after. You think you're going to win Evangeline's father's friendship and act the good fellow and so win the girl's love. But you won't win it, you won't," he finished almost desperately.

"Win the girl's love!"

Brisbane murmured the little sentence over. It had a sweet, caressing sound. It was the termination of the thought that he had not dared to complete that evening. He murmured the little sentence again. Then suddenly with a start, he clutched ruthlessly at his sentimental thoughts. Great Heaven! He had fallen in love with a little country maid. But ah, such girl! such sweetness! such innocence! She possessed all those qualities which he had never found in the brilliant women he knew.

He loved her, yes, he loved her! with the love that comes to a mature man who has passed the riotous days of early youth.

He turned slowly to the man, whose rival he had suddenly become.

"Smithson, I intend to sing tomorrow. Do what you will. As for Miss Matthews, well, she is the one to decide between us. We'll let the best man win. Good night."

With that, he turned and walked toward the Leavensworth home, and up to his room, to lie for a long time in the darkness, thinking.

Finally he fell asleep.

When he awoke, he found that he had prophesied truly the night before, for pushing aside the curtain, he gazed upon a maelstrom of whirling snow, which seemed alive with careening spirits. For some moments he lay watching the blizzard. The room was chill, but the bed where-in he lay was deliciously comfortable.

Then with a start, he remembered. It was Christmas morning, and he was to sing. Slowly he awoke, in spite of the cold, his mind above trifles such as cold, for within his mental vision, there was enshrined a face—that of Evangeline.

He went down-stairs to breakfast, and that partaken of, the whole family clambered into the low bob and were soon on their way to church.

The inclement weather did not keep the farmers at home, and they passed sleigh after sleigh filled with merry parties. Christmas cheer was in the air, and faintly from town came the clanging of Christmas bells.

As they reached the church, and stepped beyond its portals, a sweet, woody smell, richly laden with pine and spruce, came to them. Brisbane felt that true indeed was that word-symbology, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men," for strangers nodded pleasantly to him, and little boys, with mischievous good humor, tossed snow at him, which compliment he repaid.

Then



Conducted by Cousin Marion
In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

AGAIN, my dears, we have come to the last month of another year and we must say "Good by, Old Year," and weep a few tears of regret and feel sad at the thought of never seeing 1912 again. But let us not feel that the end of a year counts for any more than any part of it in our ideas of right living and acting and that we are to go just the same upward path in 1913 as we did in all the other years that are gone, if we expect to reach the heights to which all of us are looking. Besides in the last month comes Christmas, when all the world is at good cheer and it marks the birth of what is best, not the death. Here's a merry one to you all and here's where I stop talking and go to work.

The first letter I open is from Cousin R. U. C. of Holt, Mich., and she has been going with "a fine and respectable young fellow" for two years who wants to marry her, but she doesn't know whether she ought to or not, though she loves him, but doesn't let him know it. My, my, I wonder if ever a girl loved a young man and he didn't know it? Anyway, she is in doubt, and it is such an honest doubt, that I don't hesitate a minute to advise her to marry him. Unless I am very much mistaken, it will prove to be a happy union of two young people well suited to each other. Here is my blessing.

Blue Eyes, Saline, Kans.—Goodness me, what a mercenary old "Ma" you have, haven't you? Of course, she is not doing right in not letting you have any beans at all, because you won't marry the one with money who is twenty years older than you are and you know you can't be happy together. But what can you do about it? As a rule mothers, who want their daughters to marry men of means, have married poor men themselves and know from experience what married poverty is. Just the same don't you marry the well-to-do man you don't love. You marry a poor one and some day you will treat your daughter just as your mother is now treating you.

Worried, Sparta, Nebr.—If he is a very old friend you might give him a birthday present, though he had never given you anything, but unless he is, I wouldn't if I were you. Young men are very critical, sometimes ugly, about girls being too anxious, and maybe this one would not appreciate a present from a girl he had not thought enough of to do anything for. It might be all right, but I wouldn't take the chance.

Puzzled, Jonesboro, Texas.—You are too anxious to wait until he is old enough to know how to be a lady's man. Give him time to grow. By and by, he will understand that politeness demands something more of him than merely being nice to you when he meets you in company. I think he is old enough now to flirt, though.

Three Cousins, Pawnee City, Nebr.—You are just like lots of other girls of your age, and you must let time solve these heart problems which you now think are so difficult of solution. In a year or two, or less, you will be laughing over them. The heart is a peculiar member.

Blue Eyes, Meeker, Colo.—When a girl of twenty and a youth of twenty-two are in love with each other, and his folks don't like it, they should love on and wait till the girl can show she is worth being a daughter-in-law to the best parents.

Rosy Cheek, Minto, N. Dak.—When a man is attracted to a girl and she likes him, she should let him know definitely that she wants him to be attentive and that she appreciates him. But she should not be too anxious and frighten him away by being too attentive to him. But most girls become too anxious and spoil everything. (2) The postage stamp flirtation is out of date and a nuisance besides to the postal clerks. I can give it to you, but I won't.

Worried, New York, N. Y.—My, my, when a young man who has been told by a girl that she thought a girl was foolish who would marry a man unless he could support her in the luxury to which she had been accustomed and he was on a small salary, I say, when a young man like that begins to look in a "dreamy" fashion at a girl, and she asks him what is the matter and he says "I am thinking of something that can never be," then, my dear, it is time, if she likes him, for her to tell him softly that perhaps she might be satisfied to give up some of her luxuries and take him, instead. Try that and see what effect it will have on him.

Brown Eyes, Joliet, Ill.—A man of twenty-eight to thirty-one is not too old for a girl of nineteen, but a girl of nineteen is two years too young for anybody. Wait until you are twenty-one. (2) If the man has a good excuse for waiting three months to answer your letter, then write again. But not otherwise, unless you are silly about him. (3) Maybe a young man cares for a girl when he tells her how much his wages are and he wants her to know what to expect when he proposes to her, and maybe he is only telling her how small they are so she won't care for him. The girl must be wise enough to know the difference.

Violet, Venice, Cal.—You are quite right in not permitting the boys who go to school with you every day by street car to pay your fare. It may be nice of the boys to want to be polite, but it is nicer of you not to want them to pay your fare. You might as well want them to buy your clothes. We Americans have some very foolish notions about a good many things, and one of them is about paying car fares. When a lady is with a gentleman by his invitation, he should pay all expenses. If the meeting is casual, she should not let him pay anything for her. Otherwise she should pay.

Jeannette, Minneapolis, Minn.—If he stopped coming to see you and gave as an excuse that his duties were such that he could not find time to call, you should accept that as true, whether it is or not. It is very evident that he does not care to call any more and when a man shows that feeling, the girl should have pride enough to let him go his own way. I'm afraid you are one of the girls who wants a man whether he wants you or not.

Anxious, Batesville, Ark.—My dear, if his untruthfulness now and his willingness to deceive you while you are only sweethearts, jars upon you, it will be many times worse when you are married and he will not improve in that regard by marriage. As he has other undesirable qualities and you are not yet quite in love with him, stop where you are and let him find some other girl.

W. Va. Girl, Huntington, W. Va.—When a girl thinks there is enough wrong in kissing a young man to whom she is not engaged, to write to me to know if it is wrong, then, my dear, it is wrong enough for her not to do it. When in doubt, don't kiss.

May, Oconto, Wis.—Your mother is quite right and you should take her advice about the young man who stays till eleven or twelve o'clock and you go out on the porch with him when he is leaving and hug and kiss for half an hour. A nice girl would not do that knowingly, and you should send him away not later than eleven o'clock and not go on the porch with him, nor permit him to kiss you at other times, unless you are engaged to him, and then don't make it common. Because a man is coarse and vulgar a girl shouldn't be.

Jennie, Baltimore, Md.—If you love him as you say you do, why are you suspicious and jealous and think he lies to you? Does love produce that kind of feeling? You can be sensible without being suspicious, and you can learn whether he is to be trusted or not without worrying yourself sick about it. If you doubt him, tell him so and let him clear the doubt away or take himself away.

Toppy, Cloquet, Minn.—If you are jealous of him and he of you and you have spats over it, I think you had better get married and settle it that way. I can't make you understand that jealous people shouldn't marry, but marriage will make you understand in very short order. (2) Unless a young man is engaged to a girl he has a right to go with as many as will ac-

cept his attentions. Any girl who wants to monopolize him, takes a long chance.

F. D., Port Richmond, N. Y.—Your brothers are wise in not letting you go out until you are twenty-one, because they know as I do, that as foolish a girl as you are, though you don't mean to be, would get into trouble before she knew what she was doing. You see enough of society to be good for you and when you are free you will enjoy it that much more. Go on with your reading, and my dear, include the spelling-book and improve your orthography. And don't think so much of the beauty that fades. If you are really beautiful you will become more beautiful with every year of age.

L. S., Hartford, Conn.—Send the diamond ring back to him and tell him you can't wear it except as an engagement ring, but that you will be glad to accept some other souvenir of his liking for you. That will be a gentle hint which will bring him to the point if he really is in love with you, as he seems to be. He can't be a consistent Catholic and a member of a secular secret organization, but once a Catholic always a Catholic, and you should have some definite understanding about your different religions, for people of different religious beliefs don't always live happily together because of them.

Virginia, Carterville, Mo.—Until a man is divorced he is legally a husband and you should not accept attentions from him until he is divorced. (2) When a girl of sixteen has so many doubts about getting married at that age, she should wait until she is twenty-one and see how she feels about it then. If she marries then, she will have five years less of unhappy married life, if she makes a mistake, and five years of unhappiness is a long time.

Baby, Konawa, Okla.—There is no such thing as true love to a girl like you who wants a new beau every time she can get one. True love means constancy. You had better give up love, go into politics and become a suffragette.

D. S. C., Wheaton, Minn.—Don't worry a minute, my dear, about the young man who "gets mad" and won't speak to you because you accept the attentions of some other young man. He is a jealous thing that would make life miserable to you if you married him.

A. A., Mystic, Iowa.—Be your own true self with this first beau of yours and treat him as your heart dictates, no matter if the other people do tell you to deceive him by trying to be something that you are not. That's what causes most of the married trouble. But don't be silly about him and never do anything to lose your self respect nor his highest regard. There is no cure for younger sisters or brothers, and every girl who has them has to suffer from them when she has a beau. Do the best you can. And when people tease you about your beau, laugh and tell them they are only envious because they haven't as nice a one. A girl's first beau is always a great trial to her, and also a great joy.

Troubled, Nashville, Tenn.—Write to him and tell him you are still his friend and ready to help him do right, but don't let your sentiment spoil your sense. The woman who expects to reform a drinking man by marrying him is disappointed ninety-nine times in a hundred. Try it and learn in suffering how true it is unless this one is the one hundredth man.

M. K., Opelika, Ala.—Ordinarily a girl of sixteen should not marry, but when conditions about her become unavoidable and she must be subjected to hard work and hard words under most unfavorable circumstances, then marriage may be accepted. Fortunately in your case you can take the man of your choice now, instead of waiting until you are twenty, and my advice is to marry and make your own home.

Polly, Urich, Mo.—I don't think you should marry at all. At least, not until you have more common sense. When a girl has a country sweetheart who wants to marry her, and a fortune-teller tells her she will marry a city man, and the girl asks me whether she should marry the country boy or wait to see if the city man comes around, I say very emphatically, she shouldn't marry at all.

Blue Eyes, Whitney, Texas.—You know, my dear, that I don't have very much sympathy for girls who "love him dearer than life," when he has never spoken of love or marriage, and I can't offer you much now that you have been foolish enough to do all the loving. You have him yet, silent though he be on the subject of love, and think you might just make him awake by growing indifferent enough to force him to talk to you what is the matter. Then tell him you thought it made no difference to him and possibly he will tell you it does, and the rest will be easy. (2) Engaged couples may and do kiss, and it is the custom to seal an engagement with a kiss or two or three. But no kissing until engaged, and don't become engaged just to kiss and be kissed.

There, my dears, I have answered your questions with a fair degree of Christmas good will and I hope you will get much Christmas cheer out of what I have said and be happy accordingly. If I have scolded some, I am glad it was no worse. Now run along and have just as merry a Christmas as you would wish to have. By, by, till we meet again.

Cousin Marion.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

order the company to break it open and help themselves. This threat was effective and he secured the powder. It has been an annual custom ever since to formally demand the keys to the powder house and it is a very pretty scene in the spring to see the Governor's Guards on dress parade, and finally terminating in the little by-play in front of City Hall.

In 1778, Noah Webster graduated from Yale College, and in 1807 he commenced the great work of his life, his "American Dictionary of the English Language," spending the greater part of his life in writing and perfecting the work. He lived first on East Water street, but later moved on the corner of Temple and Grove streets.

In 1831, with several residents of Windham county, Connecticut, Miss Prudence Crandall opened a school for young ladies, one of whom was colored, thereby arousing the disapproval of her neighbors, who declined to help sustain her school if the objectionable member was retained. Upon her refusal, the white scholars left, and she then determined to teach blacks only. In 1833 her new enterprise was begun, and the school was established on George street, New Haven.

Upon petition of the townspeople an act was passed by the legislature making unlawful the establishment of young ladies' school for colored people non-resident in the state, and she was twice tried and convicted. In 1834, the judgment was reversed by the Supreme Court of Errors.

Connecticut Hall, Yale College, begun in 1750, is the oldest building of the University. Nathan Hale of Revolutionary fame had lodgings in this building, as did James Fenimore Cooper. Yale University was founded in New Haven in 1716.

And now, dear sisters and COMFORT readers, after reading this and my previous letter you will have a fairly good idea of what New Haven is like situated in quiet and picturesque old New England.

Please join me in one long, lusty cheer for dear old COMFORT and its noble workers.

For, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand,

It's the dearest best old COMFORT in our dear and native land!

Wishing every single one of you a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year, I remain,

Your loving little COMFORT sister,

JEAN R. SALESKEE, 783 Quinnipiac Ave., New Haven, Conn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you make room for a fair complexioned, gray-eyed, brown-haired, country lass into your comfortable Sisters' Corner? Thank you! Now I'll take off my wide-brimmed straw hat that I've been picking cotton in and chat a little. I am a little bashful so please excuse my blunders.

I hail from the good old South, the land of flowers, fruits and vegetables of all kind; the land of cotton, corn, potatoes, peas, peanuts and watermelons, in fact everything that can be grown, including boys and girls, horses, mules, cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. With our own home-raised meats, vegetables and fruits we know that our food is pure, and now we have our smoke houses filled with good home-raised meat and lard, and our cellars with canned vegetables, fruits, jellies and pre-

Every Woman Needs

a corrective medicine at times when she feels out-of-sorts—when she has headache, backache, lassitude, nervous depression and a general sense of misery.

At such times she cannot be expected to be good for much to herself or those around her.

Beecham's Pills

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are the reliable help every woman needs. A few small doses will correct the digestive organs, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.

When these organs are in good order, all your bodily functions will be performed naturally and properly. Take Beecham's Pills and have richer, purer blood, clearer eyes and a healthy look instead of a sallow skin. As sure as you try them, you will realize why Beecham's Pills are

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Directions of special value to women are with every box.

Sold everywhere in boxes, 10c and 25c. If your dealer should not have them, send price to Thomas Beecham, 417 Canal Street, N. Y.

serves, that we are not afraid to eat. And here on the farm too, we have pure boys and girls. We do not have the temptations of the sins of the city and we learn to do all kinds of work; the girls to cook, sew, and to keep house; the boys learn to farm, or any kind of business they wish to learn. This is a good farming country. Cullman is in the northern part of Alabama. This county has won the prize for its exhibits at the state fair for several years. It is high and healthy here. The county is generally torn up with the double tracking of the L. and N. R. R. through it. There is a great deal of timber here, mostly pine. It is not very thickly settled in some places, but we have good schools and churches. Land sells cheap but it is going up.

I like to read descriptions of different parts of the United States, for it is instructive as well as interesting.

Here is one of the best cheap cake recipes I have ever tried, many have had to dispense with cake, except for special occasions, owing to the high price of eggs and butter in the city.

Put into a mixing bowl one cup of flour, one cup of sugar, a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of baking powder and mix well together dry. Melt a piece of butter the size of a walnut, break into this an egg without beating, and finish filling the cup with milk, and pour into bowl and beat all together for a minute. Flavor to taste and bake in quick oven. It is excellent either as a loaf or layer cake. Try it girls.

Can someone tell me what we can put on our kitchen floor that will wear better than paint. How to put on linseed oil while hot or how to prepare it?

Ruby Johnston, Hanceville, R. R. 4, Ala.

Miss Johnston. I can tell you something about the oil preparation as I have just been using it on a kitchen floor of Southern pine.

Buy the boiled linseed oil and heat very hot in a basin, taking great care that the oil does not come in contact with the blaze. Carry out of doors and pour into the hot oil an equal amount of turpentine. They will instantly mix. I speak of mixing out of doors to prevent any possibility of explosion. Have your floor very clean and apply with a broad paint brush.

This same treatment improves painted floors, oil-cloth or linoleum, making them last for years. —Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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If you want to write. We have made good and can teach you to. Learn how to put your best thoughts in a telling, attractive and saleable form. There is a big demand for live up-to-date manuscripts. Tell us of your aims, ambitions and education. Advice and full particulars FREE. Secretary Owl's Club, Box 1921, Boston, Mass.

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For every day use such a scarf is indispensable and for boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful.

Being easy to wear, the wearing of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy mothers will find them so

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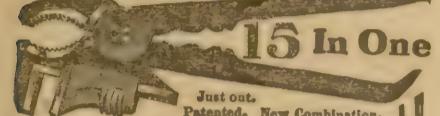
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Don't pay even \$1.50 for a raincoat, not even \$7.00 for a suit, don't buy even a pair of pants, until you get our offer. No matter what work you are doing, no matter how good your present job is, no matter how many ads you have answered, be sure now, this minute, write us a letter or postal and just say "Send me your new offer" and you will get an outfit of samples and an offer, everything complete, so good you hardly believe it. Write now.

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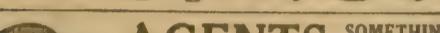


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Brandt's newly patented Combination Shaving Brush and Beard Softener. Little rubber fingers, attached to shaving brush ends hand rubbing. On a sanitary side of rubbing in lather to soften the beard. Just the thing for a man with wiry beard and tender skin. A facial massage with every shave. Prevents ingrown hairs. Bristles set in rubber. Sells on sight; every man wants one. Write for wholesale terms and prices. B. M. Brandt Brush Co., 42 Hudson St., New York City.

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I pay from \$1 to \$600 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. C F., Boston, Mass.

Cleason's Horse Book



produced under the direction of the United States Government Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Cleason has given to the world for the first time his wonderful method of training and treating horses. It contains chapters on History, Education, Teaching Tricks, How to Buy, Feeding, Breeding, Breaking and Taming, How to Detect Unsoundness, Care, complete instruction on proper Horse Shodding, and an invaluable study of the Diseases and Treatment of the animal. The book is written in a simple language and is the most complete horse book ever written. It is sold at \$1.00 a copy and is well worth the price.

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Silver Plated Salt and Pepper Set.

Fitted with three Polished Glass Castors having non-corrosive tops. One for Salt, one for Pepper, the third for Cayenne, Celery Salt or other condiment, as preferred.

Height 5 1/2 inches, diameter of base 3 1/2 inches. Made of highest grade white metal and Silver Plated, will wear almost forever and give entire satisfaction, which is superior to a five or ten year guarantee. These three pieces, or individual Castors are much in use, usually each member of the family has one, but even one or two for the whole family will be acceptable. Excellent for Christmas or wedding gifts.

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Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15-months for one of these Castors carefully wrapped, packed and shipped at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

expensive. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

PARALYSIS.—I have a pig ten months old that has been sick for the past three months. She cannot stand on her hind feet; when I do get her up she just keeps stepping and can't stand still, and she eats well. Have given copperas and she does not get any better. Could you advise us anything that would help her? Mrs. G. K. R.

A.—If the sow is in good flesh and otherwise healthy it would be best to slaughter her for meat as chances of recovery are poor and treatment with strong medicine would make the meat unfit for use. If you desire to treat her rub the loins once daily with a mixture of one part each of turpentine and aqua ammonia and six parts of raw linseed oil. Feed succulent and laxative feeds. Give fluid extract of nux vomica in five drop dose twice a day and gradually increase the doses a drop or so a day; but go back to first dose and repeat if any alarming symptom appears. Keep the bowels acting freely.

ITCH.—I have a colly dog two years old. He is broken out all over his body and legs in little red specks and scratches terribly. I have washed him and put tar in water; that seems to make him worse. He is in good order and eats well. He is in doors and out as he pleases. Mrs. J. T. T.

A.—Clip the dog and keep him where chicken lice cannot get at him. Wash itching parts with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip as often as found necessary.

SORE THROAT.—Kindly tell me what you think caused the death of my cat. Was in perfect health until three weeks ago, when he stopped eating. Kept his tongue out all the time, the water running from his mouth, finally with a very bad odor. The last few days blood came from his mouth nearly all the time. Mrs. E. R. B.

A.—We suspect that sore throat was present and it should be remembered that such throat trouble in cats may be of diphtheritic nature and for that reason an affected cat never should be kept in the same house with children. It may have been a case of choke, or of some foreign body lodged in the throat or tongue, or of rables, but it would be impossible for one to decide the matter without having made an examination.

SORE SHOULDER.—What is the best way to cure a sore shoulder? How do you make a good bran mash? I would be much obliged if you would answer these questions.

A. S.

A.—Have the collar fit properly and while shoulder is sore rest horse or adjust the collar in such a way that it does not press upon the sore. In chronic cases it is best to cut out the sore and treat as a common wound by wetting often with a mixture of one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate of zinc in a pint of water. Label the bottle "poison" and shake well before use. Try this lotion even if you do not cut out the sore. (2) To make a bran mash pour boiling water on two or three quarts of wheat bran, using just enough water to thoroughly saturate the bran; and adding a tablespoonful of salt, then cover the bucket to retain the steam and feed when mash is still warm, but not so warm that it will scald or burn the mouth.

SWELLING.—My mare's shoulders are badly swollen, and she can hardly walk. What is the matter with her? It is not sweeny. (2) What will cure proud flesh on a horse?

A.—Bruising from a badly fitting collar causes the swelling and pus may form and have to be liberated by cutting. Bathe the shoulders three times a day with a saturated solution of alum, or a solution of half an ounce of tannic acid to half a gallon of cold water, or with strong white oak bark tea. (2) We cannot prescribe intelligently unless you describe the exact condition present. Powdered sulphate of copper, or powdered burnt alum is useful in such cases.

OBSTRUCTED TEATS.—We have a cow past three years old that has hard knots or lumps in her teats, three of them. At first it was the two front teats, now one of the hind teats is the same way. The knots are about half way the length of the teat. And the milk cannot come through except in a very small and slow stream. It is almost impossible to get any from her at all except the one good teat. She is a good cow and good milker, has her second calf since last May. Is there any way to treat her to cure them or what can we do for her? She seems in good health otherwise.

Mrs. E. B.

A.—We fear that you will not succeed in treating this cow as the chief chance of recovery would come from an operation for removal of the growths and such cutting tends to induce infection. Try effects of sterilized dilators and milking tubes for drawing off the milk. These instruments may be ordered through your druggist, or from any dealer in veterinary instruments. Care must be taken to boil and bake each instrument before using each time, else more harm than good will be done by their introduction.

HEAVES.—I have a horse which can hardly breathe through the nose, also the whole body shakes.

Mrs. E. B.

A.—If a tumor (polypus) is obstructing the nostril it will be necessary to have it removed by a qualified veterinarian. We suspect that heaves is causing the shaking of the body, by which you probably mean double bellow like action of the abdominal muscles in breathing. The disease is incurable, but distress may be relieved by feeding grass in summer and wetted oat straw or hay in winter and allowing no bulky feed at noon and not working the horse soon after a meal. Give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning, after a few smaller doses have been given to start the treatment. Keep the bowels active and if necessary feed bran mashes and mix raw linseed in same to open the bowels.

Amen.

DEAR SIR.—Can you give me any information about rabbits especially Belgian Hares? If so answer in your valuable column.

A. F. J.

A.—Information about Belgian hares and rabbits may be had in the printed "literature" of any dealer in pet stock. If you have any questions to ask we shall be glad to answer them, but we cannot give general information here.

AGE FROM TEETH.—Would be pleased to receive through COMFORT the method of testing a horse's age by his teeth, when they shed?

O. Von H.

A.—This question cannot be fully answered here. Consult a veterinary or horse book for full instructions. The front incisor milk teeth are changed for permanent teeth yearly after two years of age, starting with the middle pair and at five the six permanent incisor teeth are through and in wear. At six the marks of the middle pair wear off, at seven the next pair are worn off and at eight the marks are gone from the six permanent teeth of lower jaw. After that it is not so easy to tell the age and much experience is necessary. The tusks or bridle teeth of a horse come in at four to four and one half years of age. They are usually absent in a mare.

HAEMATINURIA.—There is a disease in this section among cows that is an old one, and experience seems to baffle those who have doctored and failed. There is great weakness from beginning and it soon develops in fast breathing seemingly from inward fever, and the urine bloody, or blood. Will you give your opinion as to the disease, also remedy if any is known?

Mrs. J. L. B.

A.—Blood flows from the natural orifice of the body when cattle die of anthrax which is incurable. Blood in urine indicates acute inflammation of the kidneys and this is a symptom of Texas, or tick fever (splenic apoplexy) which is common in the south and incurable in a majority of instances. It attacks introduced cattle that are not immune. Measures are being adopted in many Southern states and districts for the eradication of the fever tick and this prevents the disease. Bloody urine may also be due to acrid fungi, or molds in feed or to acid or poisonous plants in wild pastures. With

out full particulars or an investigation on the spot we cannot say what disease is present. Take the matter up with the veterinarian of your agricultural experiment station. Anthrax may be prevented by vaccination.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare nine years old that is lame in right hind leg. It is swollen above hoof a little. One veterinary surgeon said it was ringbone. It has been blistered for that. Sometimes she can hardly walk and other times is not so bad. Will go quite a ways and not limp, but most of the time she limps quite bad. What can be done? She is fat, is in pasture and her shoes are off. A. B. M.

A.—Without an examination we are unable to say what is causing the lameness, but if ringbone is present the veterinarian should puncture-fir and blister the part and then tie the mare up short in stall for six weeks of absolute rest. If this cannot be done tie the mare up and blister the enlargement twice a month with cerate of cantharides.

LAMB FOAL.—I have a mare about fifteen years old, a racer, she has a colt two months old that can't walk, she gives a great deal of milk. If I should have to kill the colt how may I dry her up? The colt had a fall which caused inflammation of the left shoulder. I have had a veterinarian, and our family physician to him, neither did any good. Can you advise?

G. M.

A.—Most likely the shoulder trouble came from infection of the navel at birth and if that is so it will be likely to prove incurable. In a case of infection we would give hypodermic injections of polyvalent bacterin and would blister the shoulder. Dry up the mare by removing the milk when necessary and twice daily rubbing the udder with a mixture of equal parts of camphorated oil and fluid extract of belladonna leaves.

WORMS.—I have a big horse that weighs fifteen hundred pounds and is twelve years old. He has stomach worms quite bad. I give him twelve quarts of grain a day, consisting of half whole corn and half whole oats. (2) Also this same horse's leg stocks leave.

C. W. A.

A.—Feed grain at rate of ten pounds of whole oats, six parts of ear corn and three parts of wheat bran as a day's ration. Give the oats and bran together and dampened and feed ear corn at noon. Feed one to one and a quarter pounds of good mixed hay as a day's ration, according to the amount of work the horse has to do. Give most of the hay at night and the increased ration of hay when little work has to be done. For worms mix in the feed night and morning for one week a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of dried sulphate of iron and sulphur and two parts of salt; then skip ten days and repeat. Never let the horse stand a day idle in the stable and bandage his hind legs from feet to hocks each time he comes into stable.

COCKED ANKLE.—I have a mule nine years old, sweeny in both shoulders with her right ankle joint pitched in front and seems to be enlarged some. Can you give a remedy especially for her ankle joint? She is a fine mule and I desire to cure her. R. E. J.

A.—The only way of straightening up the cocked or knuckled ankle will be to have a graduate veterinarian cut the tendon (tendonum) which had allowed him to do so well.

Rub the wasted muscles of shoulders once or twice daily with equal parts turpentine and raw linseed oil until skin is irritated; then stop of skin will allow.

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These "Perfect Vision" lenses will enable you to shoot the smallest bird off the tallest tree top and to distinguish a horse from a cow at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach—

Now you certainly do want a pair of these wonderful "Perfect Vision" lenses of mine, and I surely want to give you a pair absolutely free—without ever asking you to pay me one penny for them, now and never.

So just write me your name, address and age next birthday on the below coupon and send it to me at once and I will immediately mail you a four-dollar cash certificate entitling you, absolutely free of charge, to a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" lenses, which will again enable you to enjoy your reading, sewing and hunting just as much as you ever did in your younger days.

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SILK WONDERFUL BARGAINS IN POUND BOXES of beautiful Large Silk Remnants for fancy work, quilts, portieres, pillows, etc. Send 10c. for a big package of lovely pieces, your money back if not delighted. AGENTS WANTED If you are not Earning \$30.00 weekly, sell our Remnant bargain bundles, also Silks, Velvets, and Dress Goods cut any length. Address UNION S. WORKS, 207 Factory St., BOONVILLE, N. Y.

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CROWN YOUR TEETH with our gold finished skulls and foil your friends. Great fool; resembles daml's work. \$1.00 over 100. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c. each; for 25c or 10 for 50c. C. B. FARGO, Dept. Y, FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

GERMAN SILVER PURSE WITH 50-INCH CHAIN



The illustration is exact size of this Dainty New Novelty Purse. Made of German Silver with Engraved Sides, opening with a pocket for Change, Keys and Keepsakes. German Silver Chain, 50 inches long with each purse, an ideal gift for a young person. Very durable and satisfactory, you will be delighted with it.

CLUB OFFER For only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months we will send you one of these German Silver Purses.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I wish to thank all who have taken such an interest in our beautiful Imperial valley, and have answered all letters that had enclosed stamped envelope.

We have moved from Sierra Madre, a beautiful little city three miles east of Pasadena, on our one hundred and sixty acres adjoining the town site of Seeley. We have no land to sell and are trying to buy more. The eyes of the world are on the great Imperial valley. We have shipped barley to London, apricots to Honolulu, pears to Alaska, and get various orders from the United States throughout. Our great Panama Canal will be finished next September. The unlimited water supply for Los Angeles, the Owens river, will soon be completed, and Southern California will be doing great things.

I cannot boast of being a native daughter, having arrived in California when six years of age, living all of the time, twenty-eight years, within a radius of Los Angeles. I'm proud to say I have seen a city grow that is world-wide known.

There are great opportunities in California for many, many people, and they are coming and a large majority stay and make their homes here.

If anyone desires to cure a small cancer, and will try the following remedy, I am sure they will find relief: "One part sulphide of zinc and three parts powdered blood root. Get ten cents' worth at the drug-gists, make a plaster, putting in just enough water to make it the right consistency; cover with a thin cloth. Let plaster remain three days when the cancer will probably come out. If it does not, however, repeat treatment. I have seen this treatment successfully tried."

"Happy Mother of Five," you are a real heroine. Bring your happy brood to California; there is lots of room and welcome. Mothers' lives are filled with many cares, girls so do not be in a hurry to marry.

Just before our little girl was five years old she had ulcers on the corners of her eyes. These ulcers are very painful, discharging pus like a boil. She will soon be fifteen and we have spent over two thousand dollars to keep her vision from being totally destroyed. Have had all kinds of doctors and tried everything but without avail. The trouble will return. Last year she had that dreaded disease, erysipelas, at two different times, the one time within three months of the other, with her fever raging for two hours at one hundred and six degrees. We removed all of her clothing and wrapped her in a cold wet sheet. Her fever gradually cooled and in about a week the terrible swelling went down, her eyes opened and she was our bright, sweet little girl again. It seems there must be some infection in the blood but we have tried so much medicine and it seems the more she would take, it would send the poison out in her eyes.

Our dear kind editor is so filled with knowledge I am in hopes she will have some suggestions to offer. At present my little daughter is well and is in Los Angeles with a private teacher trying to get a little of the knowledge she needs so much to know. Many thanks to the COMFORT sisters, for the help I have received through COMFORT. I am most cordially yours,

Mrs. D. D. MILLER, Seeley, Imperial Co., Cal.

Mrs. MILLER. I only wish I could offer some suggestion that would prove of value to you in caring for your afflicted daughter. We are told by physicians that erysipelas is an inflammation of the skin, accompanied by a high fever, caused by a germ. It is successfully treated however, and your physician probably checked it as soon as possible.

I should like to know what a first-class blood specialist would say of iron and arsenic being given to your daughter hypodermically for correction of the eye condition.—Ed.

EDITOR COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER:

In reading the October number of COMFORT I was amazed to note a statement by Mrs. Henderson of Arkansas to the effect that American labor is overpaid. I take issue most decidedly with Mrs. Henderson; I defy her or anyone else to show me a single working man, woman, or child who is not miserably underpaid. I wish they were overpaid; our children would not be obliged to forego education and recreation in the effort to earn a few pitiful cents a day; our women would not be so weakened by arduous labor that they could not bring vigorous progeny into the world; men and women would not need seek refuge in the almshouse when their industrial usefulness was impaired. It is American idleness that is overpaid; a ball was given recently which cost, we are told, a quarter of a million dollars, yet it is extremely improbable that the people who gave that ball ever actually earned a dollar. Certainly they never earned a quarter of a million.

Concerning strikes: God bless the men who have the courage to strike! We have a right to demand wages which will permit us to live decently; we have a right to demand that our labor be performed in sanitary surroundings and under conditions of safety; a right to demand a little time for recreation, time to get acquainted with our families; and if our employers refuse to grant us these things, it is not only our right, but our sacred, solemn duty to strike. Mrs. Henderson says the strikes are instigated by "lazy, strutting officials." This is unfair to the officials and the men. If the men are satisfied, and that is all there is to it; if they are not, their grievance committee is made aware of the fact, and of their reasons for dissatisfaction. The grievance committee presents their demands to the employer, and if refused, the men take a strike vote; if the majority of them vote to go on strike, the president of the organization issues a strike order, naming the day and hour when the strike shall begin, and the causes of same. If the majority vote against a strike, the matter is closed.

Most, if not all, of the officials to whom Mrs. Henderson pays her compliments represent the highest, noblest, and most industrious types of American manhood. Any one who is at all familiar with organized labor can name at random a dozen such men.

The man (or woman) who is given the opportunity of joining a labor union, and refuses to do so, is a parasite, deserving complete social ostracism. They reap what others have sown, and enjoy free of cost the advantages for which others have paid in blood and tears. I once asked a young miner why he did not belong to the union; he replied that it cost too much. He was, willing to accept the increase in wages and other benefits which the union secured, but unwilling to pay his small proportion of the money required to secure them. Could anything be more contemptible?

Concerning violence: not one workingman in a thousand advocates violence—but their employers do! Hundreds of men are needlessly slaughtered and maimed every day, in mines, mills, factories, every place where men toil for their daily bread. If that is not violence, tell me in the name of Heaven, what is it? A few men kill under great provocation—that is murder. A number of men, banded together under the sacred name of "corporation," kill without provocation, simply because men's lives are cheaper than safety, appliances. But that is not murder—it is merely the toll of industry".

Concerning "villain-pardon": I do not believe in pardoning criminals until they have served the greater part of their sentences. At the same time, why

discriminate? I consider it no worse to pardon a McNamara than to pardon a Morse. Personally, I would not sign a petition for the release of either.

Mrs. Henderson has voted, yet cannot see why women should vote. If a woman cannot vote intelligently, she had better not vote at all; but there are many reasons why an intelligent woman should vote.

We must pay taxes, yet we cannot say where, how, or by whom that money shall be spent. When I earn a dollar it is mine; when I pay it to the state as tax money it is my business to see that it is judiciously expended.

We must send our children to school, yet we are not permitted to say what they shall learn there, or who shall teach them, or under what conditions they shall study. Most of our teachers are appointed by political "pull", and the welfare of our children is the last thing considered.

Many of us must place our children at work, yet we cannot make laws governing their working conditions or regulating their hours of service. We are the ones most interested, yet we leave all that to the men—to the employers!

Many of us are poor, and when adversity strikes, we must place our little ones in charitable institutions. If the money required to support those institutions were paid to us in the form of mothers' pensions, we could care for our babies at home, much better than any hired matron or attendant could possibly do.

These are only a few of the reasons why women should vote, but they may be sufficient to stir up a little thought in the brains of the women who think the ballot cannot possibly affect them, since they are satisfied to sit at home and rear their babies. The woman who says she doesn't want to vote and won't vote is throwing away the most powerful weapon ever given to her hands for the defense of her defenses.

"Prayer is mighty," but it isn't fair to ask the Lord to do everything for us. He gave us brains to think with and hands to work with, and I believe He would be better pleased if, instead of spending all our time praying, we spent a large part of it in helping ourselves.

Address not for publication unless required by rules, as I have no time to answer letters.

LYDIA M. DUNHAM O'NEIL, Corona, Box 91, New Mexico.

Requests

Mrs. Zillah Douglas, Canaan, W. Va., cure for goiter in neck.

Miss Nellie Coobly, Huntington, W. Va., poem, "The Burial of Moses."

Mrs. Nellie Snell, Proctor, Pa., song, "No Name."

Helena A. Moore, Blandford, Algerie Route, Mass., correspond.

Mrs. W. F. Tharp, Columbus, Wash., song, "We Shall Meet but We Shall Miss Him."

Remedies

ECZEMA.—One dram each of saltpeter, copperas, sulphur, white precipitate and lavender oil mixed in two ounces of hog's lard. This makes a salve which is to be lightly rubbed onto affected parts.

MRS. SADIE B. NAUGLE, Walnut Bottom, Pa.

CONSTIPATION.—Give a teaspoon of pure olive oil at meal times. Be careful of food, do not give boiled milk in any form such as gravy, pudding, etc. Give a large drink of cold water every morning before breakfast.

SUMMER COMPLAINT OR DIARRHEA.—Give a big spoon of Castor oil. Then give boiled milk to drink. Also cinnamon tea, made by pouring boiling water over a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and sweeten.

INGROWING TOENAILS.—Cut the nail on each side back toward the toe and as deep as you can without going through, as the edges die they can be picked out with a knife. Place a bit of cotton under the edges. Drop a few drops of turpentine on the nail. Turpentine will take the soreness out of a corn.

ELSIE SMITH, New Haven, Colo.

FELON.—First. When you feel a felon coming cut the end off a lemon, put the finger inside and keep it there all night. This will draw it to the surface by morning ready to open with a needle.

Second.—A poultice of salt mixed with white of egg will prevent a felon if applied in season.

Third.—Hold finger in hot turpentine diluted with water.

MISS ELLA V. SMITH, Decatur, B. R. 4, Tenn.

RHEUMATISM.—Break two blocks of gum camphor very fine and add to it one half pint of kerosene. Shake well and use as liniment.

MISS LENORA B. FARLOW, B. R. 1, Box 20-A, Penn.

STINGS.—Dampen equal parts of cooking soda and salt with cold water and apply. When dry repeat twice.

MRS. C. S. WHITTEN, Watson R., Jacksonville, Oregon.

CATARRH.—Slightly crush whole cubeb berries and smoke in new clay pipe, inhaling the smoke. These can be obtained at drug-store. Also a relief in cases of asthma. Be sure and not expose yourself to the air for at least fifteen minutes after using. May be used two or three times a day or whenever the nose is full and the breathing difficult.

MRS. L. B. BOWEN, Hendersonville, N. C.

CATARRH.—If the nose is full and the breathing difficult.

MISS ANNA DARLING, Hannibal, B. R. 1, N. Y. A.

D. HALTON, Lucas, B. R. 1, Iowa. Miss Martha STANDBERRY, 1323 Rapidis Road, Racine, Wis. Miss L. ROBINSON, Chitwood, Mo. Albert BOTTEMILLER, Ridgefield, R. R. 2, Box 135, Wash. Daniel BOTTEMILLER, Ridgefield, R. R. 2, Box 135, Wash. Miss Helen BRINKMAN, Napoleon, Ohio. Miss Edith ERICKSON, Leadville, Colo. Miss Maggie FRAZER, Athelstan, Ark. Mrs. Emma TAYLOR, Birmingham, B. R. 1, Box 323, Ala. Mr. Fred BOTTEMILLER, Ridgefield, R. R. 1, Box 70, Ridgefield, Wash. David KNAUSS, care C. H. GREELEY, Ridgefield, R. R. 1, Box 70, Wash.

MISS MARY E. BROWN, Hendersonville, N. C.

MISS MARY E. BROWN, Hendersonville,

Smoke of Herbs Cures Catarrh.

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.



It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and cannot reach all the affected parts. If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blesser, 439 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga. He will, also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

FITS A LARGE \$200 Bottle FREE

I have treated Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling sickness with remarkable success for over 20 years. Many who had given up all hope say my medicine cured them. Drs. B. Cecil, Waynoka, Okla., says, "I can give your medicine great praise. It cured my son." Dr. D. C. Dickey, Atlanta, Ga., says: "Let those that don't believe write to me." I want every sufferer to send for a FREE 16-oz. bottle of my wonderful medicine today. Give age and describe case. F. E. GRANT, M. D., Dept. 136, KANSAS CITY, MO.

This Beautiful 20 Year Watch \$3.75
Elegantly engraved THIN MODEL, GOLD FINISHED double Hunting case, 14 jewel American lever movement, stem wind and stem set. 20 year guarantee with each watch. Long gold finished chain for Ladies, bob or vest chain for Gentlemen. \$3.75

20 Year Guarantee
EXAMINATION FREE. Let us send it C.O.D. to your express office, after you examine it. If you think it is a bargain and equal to any \$15.00 watch, pay the express agent for special price \$3.75. Merton Ladd, 160 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Given FREE to GIRLS

Beautiful Gold Adjustable Signet Bracelet, guaranteed 5 years, also new stylish Signet Ring, for sending 8 pieces of our souvenir postcards. Order
venir postcards. Order
collected and we positively send you
Bracelet and Ring free. Write for card
today. Address J. M. Wright, Dept. 149, Topeka, Kansas.

Big Entertainer 220 Jokes
153 Parlor Games and Mumbo Jumbo with Card, 72 Tongue, 7 Comic Rotations, 3 Monologues, 22 Funny Readings. Also Checkers, Chess, dominoes, Fox and Geese, 9 Men Morris. All 10c. postpaid. J. C. Dorn, 705 S. Dearborn St., Sept. 24, Chicago, Ill.

THE ROGEN "X" RAY WONDER
Here Boys is what you WANT. With this little instrument you can apparently see through clothes. Even the flesh turns transparent and the bones can be seen. THINK of the fun you can have with it. Sample 10 cents. J. H. PIKE, Box 1, South Norwalk, Conn.

FREE We will send you this beautiful GOLD PLATED RING absolutely free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and 10 cents to pay postage, etc. GEM CITY SUPPLY CO., Quincy, Illinois

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

I WILL START YOU Earning \$4 daily at home in no capital: free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. AA, Boston, Mass.

25 Assorted High Grade Souvenir Post Cards. Postpaid 10c. Address The S. & D. Co., Dept. 10, Brunswick, Maine.

64 Cards for 10c 10 Best View Post Cards and 48 other good cards. The whole lot for only 10 cents postpaid. Send stamp or coin. ROCKWELL CARD CO., 2265 Archer Ave., CHICAGO, Ill.

118 XMAS Cards 10c Gold, Silver, Views, Scenes, Flowers, Holly, Art colors. All 10c. Coloma Co., 808A Pontiac Bldg. Chicago

YOUR HEART

Does Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Drowsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have any or more of the above—symptoms of heart disease, or aches and pains, Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands of them have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't sleep dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 202, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

Children's Jolly Hour With Uncle John

In the month of December the whole Christian world falls on its knees to adore a little Child. The air seems full of gladness, the snow instead of seeming bleak and cold, cheers us like a summer sun. Why are folks so happy at this time? It is because they are so good and kind. The Christmas spirit makes them that way. It would be fine if we would be that way all through life, as we ought to be.

Paul and Prue and the Magic Cloak

CONTINUED FROM NOVEMBER NUMBER.
a mud turtle with green eyes and a body that shone like a looking-glass. It boldly climbed upon the cloak but did not seem anxious to harm the frightened children. Paul and his sister shrank away as far as they could get without falling into the water, but the strange turtle only moved back and forth over the cloak, and as he drew himself along his short tail left a trail of water. At last it slid off into the water and then Paul noticed that the trail of the reptile spelled out the words "Follow me". It was not hard to do this because the bright body of the queer turtle could be plainly seen wiggling about under the water. It was now that they



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE WATER CAME A MUD TURTLE.

discovered that the cloak raft would float whichever way they faced, so according to the way the shiny body moved they faced about.

It led them straight towards the roof of their barn which was still to be seen but suddenly it turned sharply and Paul and Prue did not follow any more.

"We want to go home by the shortest way," they yelled. They saw no more of the shining thing and when they gained the bank dragged the cloak after them and ran straight towards the barn. When they got a little closer they found it was not their barn at all but a red cloud which the sun came out and dissolved. Now they were lost more completely than ever and wrapping the cloak around them stood in fear and dismay. But as they began to cry

TO BE CONTINUED.

Funny Bug Tower

The Funny Bugs are building up a tower tall and great, They hope to make it high enough to reach to heaven's gate. Pieces of potato form the ceilings and the floors, toothpicks do for studding, but there are no walls or doors.

See them use the tableknife as if it were a saw. The slices are like mother cuts them when she fries them raw.

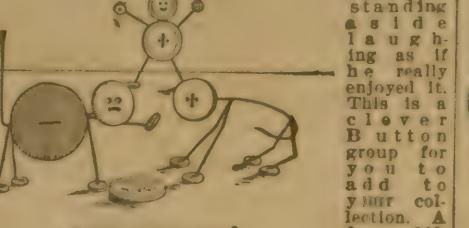


THE INTERESTING FUNNY BUGS.

To tell the truth I do not think they'll ever get as far As Heaven's gate, or even high enough to touch a star.

The Button Family

What do you think of that? The little Button dog and the Button cat are fighting over the dish of food, and the little Button boy that owns them is standing aside laughing as if he really enjoyed it. This is a clever Button group for you to add to your collection. A few different



WHICH WILL WIN?

sized buttons and hairpins is all you need to make them. The picture shows you how it is

done but you must have it close by so that you can refer to it constantly as you work. I got a letter from a little girl a few weeks ago who has over fifty Button dolls and she said she would not give them up for anything. You can play house with them and set them up in various positions, and if you want one or two to fill in all you have to do is get COMFORT and see how to make them. You should always see that your subscription is paid up so there will be no danger of missing a number.

Elephant and Hippo

Every child knows what an elephant is. Most of you have seen them on circus day or with the zoo collection. The one shown here is made mostly of cork.

For the body use a large round one without a any taper to it. The headpiece tapers a little. It is fastened to the body with long pins which also serve as eyes. The trunk and tusks are made of stiff paper.

FOR THE HOME MENAGERIE. Cut them out as nicely as you can and insert them into small slots made with a knife point. The ears are made of cloth and pinned on. The legs are round sticks. The other animal is a hippo, also very large and heavy. "A" shows how the head is pinned on, "B" is a plan of one of the ears, "C" a pointed stick for one of the legs. How many of the animals have you in your set? Do you like this kind of fun? I will answer on postcard to all who write me.

Flying Butterflies

The little girl shown in the picture is having a lot of fun. You can do the same and here is the way. Cut the shape of large butterflies out of crinkly writing paper and color them with yellow and red.

and green pencils to look like the real thing. Tie a long thread to each one and then tie the threads together. If fluttered about over a register or stove or radiator the butterflies will fly in a very realistic manner.

They will answer nicely as an indoor kite and by swinging them here and there will soar as high as the thread will permit. On a windy day tie them outside to the porch post or window and you will see some lively moving about. Don't forget that I send a post-card to all who really and truly like this Jolly Hour.

Christmas Tree

The Christmas tree shown here is just a play one made by a little girl



here is just a for her dolly. It is cut out of flat white paper and colored green with crayons. If you can find a picture of a Christmas tree so much the better. When you have it cut out, split a cork down a little with a knife and put the base of the tree into it, so it will stand up nicely. Now cut out pictures of toys from advertisements and paste them on the tree. The make-believe candles may be made from small rolls of paper with red yarn for wick. Paste or

pin them in place. I hope everyone of my readers will have a great big Christmas tree with lots of good things on it, but don't forget dolly.

I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I hope Santa Claus will remember everyone of you and it would be nice if he would bring you what you have been most wishing for. I wish I could be with the jolly old fellow when he visits each COMFORT family so that I might give all you little folks my Christmas greeting in person instead of sending it to you in print.

But you should not be disappointed if you do not receive all you hope and wish for in the way of Christmas presents. Be thankful for what you do receive and make the most of it and be happy and try your best to make other people happy. Think more of what you can give on Christmas to others and of what you can do to make others happy then and all through the year. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." That is the true Christmas spirit that makes it a season of joy, and in doing for others you will find real happiness.

Be good till we meet again the first of the new year.

UNCLE JOHN.

Stops Tobacco Habit

Elders' Sanitarium, located at 608 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days.

As they are distributing this book free, anyone wanting a copy should send them their name and address at once.—Advertisement.

BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS

Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges

The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat

Trimming. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta

The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. The most fashionable hats this season are simply trimmed with large stunning bows, and this ribbon enables the home milliner to give her hats that smart touch so difficult with the ordinary ribbons.

For Children's Hair this Ribbon makes Ideal Bows.

The silk will not crush and the bow is instantly adjusted after being flattened under the hat.

You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 26 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue, black, white, red and green.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

GOVERNMENT Positions are easy to get. My free booklet B X 1015 tells how. Write today—NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

\$80 in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

RHEUMATISM! Don't Suffer
Wear a Kimball Rheumatic Ring. It destroys acidity in the blood, cleanses the system and cures. Testimonials FREE. W. G. ALLEN, Pres. J. H. Allen & Co. Whol. Grocers, 43 Allen Sq., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Four Wheel Chairs in November

167 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Four wheel chairs as Thanksgiving blessings to the shut-ins. Good! That is two better than we did last month and one more than we put out in November a year ago. Now can we double it in December? We must more than double it if we are to keep up with last December's record of nine Christmas wheel chairs. We can do it if we try, so let us all try and do our level best to make the number of Christmas wheel chairs as large as possible.

Following are the names of recipients of the four November chairs, and after each name is the number of subscriptions which the friends of each have sent in aid of the club:

Miss Myrtle Hill, Wytheville, Va., 155; Mrs. Robert Stephenson, Hope, Ark., 122; Laura Wimberly, N. C., born, Tenn., 96; Eunice Shepherd, Keyesville, Fla., 65.

It is interesting to note how soon these four shut-ins, with the help of the Club, received their chairs after they and their friends began to work for them. Mrs. Stephenson began by sending in 100 subscriptions on November 9, and followed it up with 22 more on Nov. 12, and she gets her chair the same month.

Myrtle Hill sent in her first lot of 12 subscriptions the fifth day of last September.

Eunice Shepherd began August 5 with 34 subscriptions, and Laura Wimberly started April 27 with 10 subscriptions.

This is about the way it goes month after month, and it should be an incentive to all wheel-chair applicants and their friends to do what they can in their behalf. If they take hold themselves and help they soon get a chair with the help of the Club.

It takes 200 subscriptions to provide a wheel chair, but, as you see, none of these recipients of the November chairs sent in that number; the Club in each case made up the deficiency.

As I have explained repeatedly, I award the chairs each month to those applicants that have the largest number of subscriptions to their credit. This, of course, is the only fair way.

I wish you all a very merry Christmas, and I also wish that all you who have good health to be thankful for would do some, even a little work for the Wheel-Chair Club this month. Surely you can spare a little time, enough to get one or more subscriptions in aid of the Club, bearing in mind that every subscription you send in will help that much toward supplying a much needed wheel chair to some poor, destitute, suffering shut-in.

The interesting letters of thanks and the Roll of Honor follow.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but'll send in clubs at five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

This Grateful Shut-In Bega Readers to Rally to the Support of the Wheel-Chair Club

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

The Scarlet Carnation

By Mrs. J. E. Trewhey

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HE little cripple sat by his basement window watching the busy feet go by. It was a fine June morning, and everything was fresh and green, but Roddy knew nothing of that for the one-roomed basement was his prison, so to speak. As he watched the feet, little ones and big, young and old, and bare ones, too, there suddenly fluttered and fell, just before a pair of patent leathers, something bright and red. At first, it looked very much as though it was doomed to be crushed beneath the wearer's shoes, but instead he stepped clear over it, and there it lay, gay and smiling.

"Oh," exclaimed Roddy, "quick, Timmie, quick. There! dear me, it's gone! Somebody's picking it up. Oh, dear, dear!" and a big tear rolled down over his thin cheek. It did seem too bad, and just as it had escaped being crushed, too. It almost seemed as though it had been saved for him; and now somebody else was the owner of it.

"What is it?" asked Timmie, as he came hurrying up to where Timmie was sitting. "Oh, a lovely flower, a real one, big and red, with a crinkly edge all around just like them in the flower book that Mrs. O'Connor gave me. Get the book and I'll show you."

"I know," said Timmie, going for the book. "It's a pink—"

"Yes, that's it," interrupted Roddy. "Wait, I'll find one just like it. There—here—no, that's it isn't it—on the other page—there! there it is all in colors. It's a—C-a-r-n—," spelled Roddy slowly.

"A Carnation, a scarlet carnation," finished Timmie.

"Isn't it great!" said Roddy viewing it wistfully. "And just think! We might have had a real one of only we'd been quick enough," and Roddy signed.

That afternoon, just as Timmie was leaving their basement door, he was accosted by a young lady.

"Dear me!" she said. "Would you believe it? I've lost my way. I wonder if you can't help me! Here," handing him a dime, "please show me out of this strange street. I never was out alone in a large city before, and I guess I'm awfully green," and she rippled the merriest laugh imaginable.

She told Timmie where she wanted to go, and away they started.

"Don't you want me to carry your box for you?" asked Timmie politely.

"Why, yes, you may," she said, as she passed the parcel over to him.

Presently they reached the street where she lived, and Timmie was just turning away at the corner, when she said: "Must you hurry? Won't you come in and have lunch with me?"

Of course Timmie would have lunch with her, for it wasn't every day that young ladies were losing themselves at Timothy O'Neal's basement door; and Timmie's enjoyment would have been of a large sort had it not been for the memory of a crippled brother at home.

When Timmy was called to lunch, he forgot hunger and everything else but the fact that there on the table before him, were twelve scarlet carnations. Who would have believed it! And he could not take his eyes away from them.

"Are you fond of flowers?" asked Miss Maynard.

"Yes—, or that is, Roddy likes 'em."

"Roddy? And who is Roddy, pray?"

"He's my little lame brother," replied Timmie, with a wistful look in his eyes. He was thinking of the big tear that had rolled down Roddy's cheek when he had lost the flower that had

fallen to the pavement. And when he looked at Miss Maynard there were tears in his own eyes. It seemed so hard that some people could have so many carnations, and Roddy, poor lame Roddy, could not have even one.

"Why child," exclaimed Miss Maynard, suddenly coming over to Timmie, and placing her hand kindly on his shoulder, "what are you crying about? Tell me, do."

And before Timmie knew it, he had told her all about Roddy and the carnation.

"Poor child!" she said. "No wonder you cried. Roddy shall have these pinks, every one of them."

About an hour later, Timmie might have been seen speeding his way homeward, with a box under each arm. One contained the carnations, the whole round dozen of them, and the other a lunch; both for Roddy. I only wish you could have seen the pleasure it gave the crippled child. It would have done your heart good, for pleasures were rare in the basement's boy's narrow, cramped life.

The old year has been full of sadness for some and of gladness for others, but it is not often that there is not something to soften the sadness or something to temper the gladness.

STOMACH SUFFERERS

Avoid Dangerous Operations. Let Me Send You a

Free \$1.00 Bottle

Don't allow your Stomach Trouble to become so bad that an operation is necessary. Don't permit an operation until you have at least tried this FREE BOTTLE.



READ THESE LETTERS

WHAT A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN HAS TO SAY OF MY WONDERFUL STOMACH REMEDY

Sept. 12th, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:—My wife received your letter and treatment a few days ago. She took the medicines as per directions Saturday with wonderful results, as she passed a large quantity of gall stones of various sizes. I will send you a money order herewith for balance of treatment. Have recommended you to several that I know need your treatment. I have practiced medicine 20 years and have used Olive Oil treatments for a long time for my wife, and I can assure you that your combination greatly surprised me. You shall hear from me again soon.

Yours gratefully,

ERNEST VINCENT, M. D.

WHAT A TRAINED NURSE HAS TO SAY

Aug. 24th, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:—To begin with I am a trained nurse and I had two patients that the doctors seemed unable to reach with their medicines and were trying to persuade the patient to submit to the knife. A friend who has tried your wonderful medicine proposed that I recommend it to my patient, so I did. They agreed to try the medicine if I would try the sample on myself. To please my patients was why I sent for the sample. I know that your medicine is wonderful because it has cured Mrs. Clark Fitzsimmons of Orofino, Idaho, and Mrs. Charley Foor of the same place. I am very glad that I was able to recommend your medicine to them.

LINNETTE HAVEL, Trained Nurse,
Box 284, Orofino, Idaho.

CURED AFTER FIVE YEARS' SICKNESS

Mr. George M. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.
I am pleased to inform you that I ordered a full treatment the latter part of March. It cured me after five years' spell of sickness. I ordered a free bottle for a neighbor. Now I must tell you it is through me you are getting so many orders from Willard and Yelton Post Office. I sojourned through Eastern Colorado and sang your praises and left your address wherever I went. I have not written you at an earlier date as I have just waited to see if I stayed cured before I let you know. Your remedy is surely a wonder. The doctors told me I had appendicitis and would soon die if I were not operated on. I was lying in bed about all the time with misery most of the time for five years. I took treatment during March; have been busy ever since. It is the only medicine that hit the sore spot.—L. C. MOREHEAD, Willard, Oklahoma.

Doctor Said Cancer of the Stomach

July 22, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:—I write you this morning that I took my last drop of medicine yesterday morning and am now free from gall stones. It has made a new man of me. Sleep well, eat what I want and feel fine. No soreness left but I have some large boils. I think it drove them out. The doctors said I had cancer of the stomach, and nothing would do but to be operated on, but they were mistaken. I have spent lots of money before and only got temporary relief, but I assure you I feel all right now. Passed about 400 gall stones.

Yours truly,

W. M. CAMPBELL, Denver, Missouri.

More Benefit Than From a \$100 Treatment

May 31, 1910.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.
I rec'd the treatment you sent and can truthfully say I got more benefit from it than from a hundred dollar treatment. I took last winter.

Very respectfully,

MISS F. A. HANESS,
1020 Pacific Ave., Bremerton, Wash.

Fill out this FREE coupon now and mail to me. The full \$1.00 bottle will be sent you without delay. Send no money—your name and address on the coupon is all—MAIL IT TODAY—WRITE PLAINLY

GEO. H. MAYR, MFG. CHEMIST, 545 Mayr Bldg., 156 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me absolutely FREE \$1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name.....

Address.....City.....

County.....State.....Express Office.....

IT IS A MARVELOUS REMEDY FOR

Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress after eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache, Appendicitis and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with mucoid and catarrhal accretions, backing up poisonous fluid into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits—only one dose is usually required. I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to, and I again repeat I will send the complete \$1.00 treatment to you absolutely Free so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that a big per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from Gall Stones. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and Gall Stones should not hesitate a moment, but send for this Free treatment at once.

I have watched sick people for years and have reached out my hands to thousands in the great depth of the Valley of Despair and brought them into the light of life and happiness. I want you, and each one suffering to know the full joys of living with every part of your system in beautiful accord and in absolute perfect harmony. This is possible if you will take this wonderful remedy. A FREE BOTTLE will positively prove it.

Don't Lose Hope

Why suffer with stomach trouble? Why give up hope—and despair of ever being cured? If other treatments have failed and you feel disheartened, don't allow it to discourage you from sending for this FREE bottle. Don't say to yourself that it will not help you, before you have tried it, as it costs you nothing to take this wonderful remedy and judge for yourself its marvelous powers. You will, like the thousands of others who have been cured, bless the hour and offer fervent thanks for this wonderful remedy that has brought back your health.

Why suffer with those horrid gripping pains that cut like a knife? They rob you of all the sweets of happiness. Each morning means another day of torture and agony, each meal is looked forward to with pain. No matter what you eat, you suffer. Life is one continual round of "Don't eat this and don't eat that." You can't sit down to table, spread with necessities of life, and know that you are going to enjoy them; that they are going to be turned into rich, red blood and strength which will give you vitality, health and happiness.

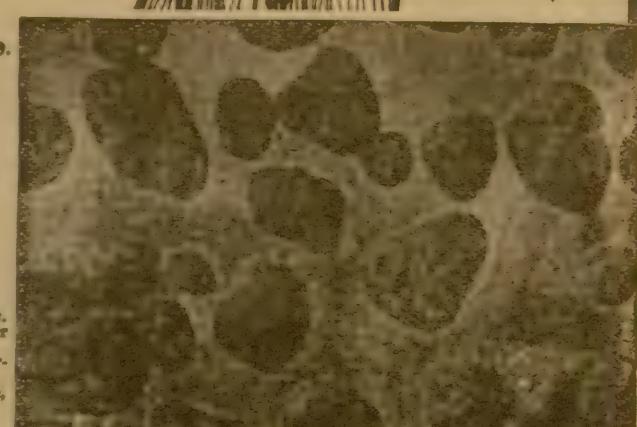
Almost every one who takes it declares that they have not felt so well in years since they have taken the first bottle, and this benefit is an entirely natural one, as the remedy contains no opiate, stimulant or any poisonous ingredients whatever. They are able to eat anything they want—even forget they have such a thing as a stomach. No more of the gnawing, aching, dull sensations, no more paroxysms of pain, belching of gases, and other symptoms of indigestion which that stomach trouble produces.

A few names of people who have taken My Wonderful Stomach Remedy—and who state they have been CURED of various Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments and Gall Stones.

Phil Strain, Bloomington, Ill.
Alma Loving, Russellville, Miss.
Mrs. Thomas Mulvihill, Detroit, Mich.
Mattie Kirkham, Fountain Head, Tenn.
W. G. Biddle, Burlington, Ky., Rd. No. 8.
Mrs. E. F. Cady, Auburn, N. Y.
H. D. Chappell, Atg. Amer. Exp. Co.,
Scotland, Archer Co., Tex.
W. H. Kingsley, Beauish, Miss.
J. W. Blackburn, Fryatt, Ark.
Henry Oaks, New River, Tenn.
Henry Thomas, Mahsud, Miss.
Mr. M. A. McCann, Norwalk, Ohio.
Ralph Johnson, McComb, Miss.
Mrs. Callie Wells, 1123 Harrison St.,
Guthrie, Okla.
S. R. Allen, Buckeye, W. Va.
Chas. L. Morse, 8 Pearl St., Middleboro, Mass.
W. P. Cole, Medina, Tenn.
Fred Zwicker, Grand Rapids, Wis.
Estelle McAllister, Ludlow, S. D.
B. A. Dooley, 92 Union St., Clinton, Mass.
Mrs. E. C. Daugherty, Conway, Pa., Beaver Co.
Sarah E. Johnson, 1107 Bell St., Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Mrs. D. Burghuff, 75 Walnut St., Auburn, N. Y.
John Driver, Dunkirk, Ind.
W. D. Barr, 601 Walnut St., Irwin, Pa.
Mr. W. E. Cobb, Wichita Falls, Kans.

Don't suffer all this pain; don't dose yourself with every medicine and try every treatment, when Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy, which has cured and made thousands and thousands of sufferers happy is offered to you. Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is absolutely pure and harmless. It is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Act—Serial No. 25792. This medicine has been successfully taken by children of nine years of age, and by old people of eighty-eight years, and will not harm you in any way.

Below we show an exact Photograph—actual size of Poisonous Catarrhal Mucoid and Bile Accretions removed by my remedy. They are the causes of about 99 per cent of all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments.



My last word to you—Don't permit a dangerous operation. Not until you have tried this FREE BOTTLE. I care not how long you have suffered or how severe your case may be, I am confident my wonderful and harmless remedy will entirely and quickly restore you to perfect health without any ill effect. It has saved thousands from operations. It should you. I believe that eighty per cent of the operations are unnecessary and the knife could be avoided if the proper method of treatment were administered. Quite often sufferers of Stomach and Intestinal ailments or Gall Stones are told they have cancer of the stomach and other rare diseases.

GEO. H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
545 Mayr Building, 156 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.
References: Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago.



You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to CURE.

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Golden Remedy Did It

Costs Nothing to Try.

Golden Remedy Is Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home in Tea, Coffee or Food.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father, or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,
3429 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain writing, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name
Street
City
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DON'T WEAR A COMMON TRUSS OR AN APPLIANCE.

Appley's wonderful invention for the cure of all forms of rupture. The only truss in the world to receive the universal endorsement of the medical profession. Movable and adjustable parts, can be placed in or at any position to hold the rupture with ease and comfort. You can decrease or increase the holding pressure

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MOTHERS ARE YOUR CHILDREN TROUBLED WITH WEAK KIDNEYS? If so our harmless remedy will cure them. 50c. package FREE. C. H. ROWAN DRUG CO., Dept. 201, CHICAGO, ILL.

Ladies Send 25 cent stamp for large illustrated catalog of Toilet necessities. Remedies, and special supplies for women. Fairbank Supply House, 42 A, 60 WABASH AV., Chicago.

Money \$ \$ FOR WISE MEN \$ \$ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

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ON ACCOUNT OF FOUL BREATH FROM CATARRH?

THEN READ BELOW.



"My, My! What a Breath! Why Don't You Have Gauss Cure That Catarrh?"

If you continually k'haw and spit and there is a constant dripping from the nose into the mouth, if you have foul, disgusting breath, you have Catarrh and I can cure it.

All you need to do is simply this: Fill out coupon below.

Don't doubt, don't argue! You have everything to gain, nothing to lose by doing as I tell you. I want no money—just your name and address.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free, in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to:

C. E. GAUSS, 3722 Main Street,
Marshall, Mich.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. J. B., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child, descendant or parents, the widow would receive the whole estate absolutely; if no child or descendant survived him, but a parent is left surviving, the widow would receive the whole estate if the same does not exceed, in value, the sum of one thousand dollars, if it exceeds this amount she would receive only three fourths of the property, the balance going to the parents or parents.

A. A. G., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the signature of children or any of them is not necessary to a deed of conveyance or of gift of property belonging to a parent; but we think that in order that a deed of gift of property may be valid it is necessary that the grantor be of sound mind and not under undue influence from any other person.

Mrs. A. V., Illinois.—We think that the hearing upon an application for the removal of a minor from the custody of a guardian who is not a fit person to have the custody of the minor, would be a public hearing in which the guardian's accuser would have to testify in open court; we do not have very much respect or sympathy for any person who, through fear of personal injury or for a profit to himself, would refuse to openly testify in a proceeding of this kind.

Mrs. M. J. P., Illinois.—We think that it would be necessary that the mental incapacity of an endorser on a note should be strictly proved in order to defeat the liability of such endorser.

Brother, Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, the widow would receive one half of the community property (such as was acquired by husband and wife during marriage, other than such as came by gift, devise or descent); the widow would also receive one third of the husband's separate personal property and a one third interest for life in his separate real estate, the balance of all the property going in equal shares to his children or their descendants.

B. P. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow, but no child or descendant, no parent, no brother or sister and no descendant of any brother or sister, the whole estate would go to the surviving widow.

L. M. M., Minnesota.—We do not feel that we can select investments for you, nor advise you as to the way that you should invest your money, we do not think that, strictly speaking, to be a lawyer's business, although lawyers often do that class of work, and sometimes to their clients' profit. We think persons of small means should be careful to invest carefully with more consideration as to the safety of the principal of the investment than the rate of interest, as a rule we favor investments in the locality where the investor lives, we think that in most cases security should be exacted, oftentimes in country localities we think good first mortgages on real estate are the most available, and in such a case the investor, we think should be careful to have the borrower furnish a record search against the property and in addition to the bond and mortgage furnish the investor with a fire insurance policy on the buildings payable to the mortgagor in case of loss by fire, the amount of the mortgage should be enough below the real value of the property to allow for all depreciation in the value of the property, and for all other sources of loss such as unpaid taxes and interest and the expenses of foreclosure of the mortgage if the same should become necessary, we think such a mortgage should be legally drawn and executed and be recorded.

V. X., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, but leaving more than two children and a widow, his widow would receive dower in the real estate and an equal portion with each of the children of the personal estate, the balance of both real and personal property going in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parents' share. We think the children of both marriages would share equally in the parents' estate, in a case where some of the children were by a former marriage.

Mrs. D. K., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no widow but leaving issue by two marriages, his estate, provided he left no will, would go in equal shares to his children by both marriages, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share; but that in case he left a will, the estate would go according to the terms of the will except that a child, or a child of a deceased child, left unprovided for would share in the estate in the same proportion as if he had left no will, unless it appears that the failure to make provision in the will for such descendant was intentional.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. K., Washington.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that all property acquired during marriage, except by gift, devise or descent constitutes the community property of a married couple, and upon the death of either husband or wife one half of same subject to the community debts, goes to the survivor, the balance going to the issue or descendants of the deceased unless otherwise disposed of by will; we do not think the survivor of the marriage could dispose of more than his or her interest in the property; we do not think that a wife who predeceases her husband would have any interest in his separate property, nor do we think that the signature of any of such wife's children would be necessary to the conveyance of any of such husband's separate property.

Ladies to Sew at home for a large Phila firm; good money, steady work; No canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. MONTGOMERY TOBACCO CO., Box D 20, Danville, Pa.

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Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. Write us in confidence.

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and a nice premium, too. Enter our Fifth Grand Prize Competition announced on another page; now open for December cash prizes. Easy way to earn fine Christmas presents and spending money, too.



Deaf From Childhood, Now Hears Clock

Fancy the joy of Mrs. Myra Wright, who, having been deaf since childhood, found the means of banishing her deafness so effectually that she found she could hear her clock across a large room when such a thing has been utterly impossible before. Now she is delighted to tell the good news to all who are troubled with deafness and head noises. No drugging was necessary, neither was Mrs. Wright subjected to an operation; in fact, she treated herself by a simple, gentle, drugless method which

anybody, who needs it, can easily learn about by writing to Dr. Geo. E. Coutant, 72 X, Station E, New York City, who will send free of charge his book which tells how to overcome difficulty in hearing, ringing noises in head, etc., also a great amount of evidence much of which is even stronger than the case here mentioned. Mrs. Wright could have saved much money and aggravation and might have been relieved years ago if she had only heard of this method sooner.

OWN A BUSINESS WE WILL HELP YOU.

"I made \$88.16 first three days," writes Mr. Reed, of Ohio. Mr. Woodward earns \$170 a month. Mr. M. L. Smith turned out \$301 in two weeks. Rev. Crawford made \$7.00 first day. See what others have done.

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People bring it. You can hire boys to do the plating as we do. Men and women gather work for small per cent. Work is fine—no way to do it better. No experience required, we teach you. Recipes, Formulas, Trade Secrets Free. Outfits ready for work when received. Materials cost about ten cents to do \$1.00 worth of plating.

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Send for four of our beautiful 12x16 Enamored Art Pictures to distribute with your Wedding Pattern Collection at 25 cent Retail price. When collected we will send you a free return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring. Address B. F. HOUSE, 322 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

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Cancerous growths are curable if promptly treated by Dr. A. Johnson, Our Compound Medicine.

A BEAU

Beautiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

DON'T BUY A TRUSS

or anything else for your rupture until you first write to William S. Rice, 222 Main St., Adams, N.Y., and get New Illustrated Book and FREE Treatment. Something new to surprise you. Do not be tempted to order before you answer this adv.; it probably means the saving of money and perhaps your life.

POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 32 inches. Work of steel. The stock is finely polished walnut. Fine quality. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Every one will take one.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send no money, just your name and address. M. O. SEITZ, 2-D-3, CHICAGO.

FREE

SILK REMNANTS BIG PKG. OF BIG PIECES 10c

Bright colors in Tufts, Foul de Sole, etc., for cravat collars, cuffs, etc. Also fancy work. Striped, plaid, figured and plain goods of finest quality.

BIG BARGAINS IN FOUND BOXES. One pound will make a grand bed spread. ELGIN ART CO., Dept. 212, 222 Lawndale Ave., CHICAGO.

You Can Make \$6.00 PER 1000 COLLECTING YOUR FOUND BOXES. One pound will make a grand bed spread. ELGIN ART CO., Dept. 212, 222 Lawndale Ave., CHICAGO.

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also Method for giving secretly. Guaranteed. Successful often after all others fail. Easier, pleasant. Genuine. Virtuous Book, plain wrapper, free, postpaid. Address: EDW. J. WOODS, 634 Sixth Ave., 147 F., New York, N.Y.

Yard Long Ready-Made Towels



Excellent quality cloth, each towel one yard long and ready to use. For kitchen, office, factory and shop use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel, will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For dishes and hands this is the best for many purposes about the house good cloth towels find its use and the good housekeeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The natural linen color and blue line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer. A club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures four of these towels.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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J. COOK & CO., ILL.



So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Worried Mother, Neodesha, Kans.—Many children are affected by nervous disorders which manifest themselves in various twitches of the face, limbs, hands, or other parts of the body and the majority of these if properly attended to are outgrown. Many parents take it for granted that their children will outgrow them without any especial attention, but they frequently make serious mistakes and the children become adults with an affliction that is incurable. The proper course to pursue with children who have these nervous twitches, even to a small degree, is to consult at once a good physician who can examine the patient, learn all the details of the ailment and treat it as it should be treated. In the majority of cases treatment will be successful and the patient will be cured, while in the most serious cases great relief will be afforded to the sufferers. Every parent with the interest of the children at heart will take this advice and put them on the road to healthy manhood.

L. R. Dalhart, Texas.—We fear there is no certain remedy for snoring, except to stay awake. The usual advice is to sleep with one's mouth closed—some people in order to do this tie a handkerchief around the jaws holding them shut—to sleep on one's stomach is another remedy, to sleep without a pillow another, and some people just don't care at all and let themselves snore. Somebody has patented a head-stall warranted to prevent snoring, but we have not heard that it is any better than the old remedies. Ordinary snoring is a natural act with a great many people and nothing will stop their snoring but staying awake. As many women snore as men, but as a rule they are not so noisy about it.

Anxious, Judsonia, Ark.—For chilblains use a lotion made of two drams each of alum and sulphate of zinc in half a pint of warm water, rubbed in gently. Bathe the feet at night in tepid water with salt in it. Keep the feet cool, that is wear cotton instead of yarn, and do not subject them to severe cold any more than is necessary. An ounce of camphorated spirits of wine put in the above lotion will make it more stimulating, but try it without the spirits first. The remedies for falling hair to be had at drug-stores are as good as any we could prescribe, and are less expensive.

Mrs. M. R., Hillsboro, Ga.—You are another of those mothers who expect to bring babies up to be strong and healthy children without getting a physician's personal advice as to what should be done. A doctor must see your baby and examine its mouth and gums to know what is wrong before he can tell you what to do to make it right. You may live fifteen miles from a doctor, or fifty for that matter, but you should take the baby to the doctor or have the doctor come to it. You need the doctor more than the baby does for he can tell you what to do when he is not there. You don't know now, and you may lose your baby through your ignorance.

M. A. S., Kearney, N. J.—Most people have very bad notions about surgery and they think as a surgeon is but little more than a butchers. Once upon a time this was true, but probably in my branch of science has made progress in surgery, and now well informed people much prefer the quick, sure work of the knife to the slow and uncertain results of medicine. If you have a stiff knee that the doctor tells you will be cured by an operation, submit to it by all means and walk as well as you ever could. There are numerous stiff-kneed people limping around who might walk perfectly well if they were not such old fogies that they will not be operated upon.

Fat Lady, Newport, Ky.—Judicious starvation is, we believe, the only permanent remedy for fatness, and by judicious starvation we mean reducing the amount of food to just enough to maintain the health. As you find crackers and skimmed milk ineffectual, suppose you try lean meat, cabbage, spinach, dry bread or hard toast, acid fruits, unsweetened tea or coffee without milk, buttermilk, lettuce, tomatoes, celery, and radishes. Eat only enough of these to keep your strength and take as much exercise as you can, and as violent. You must use up your fat by working it off. Take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda every other morning in a glass of hot water before breakfast. Drink no water, and very little liquid of any kind at meals.

J. H., Shelton, Conn.—As your general health is good and you have nothing to trouble you physically except your complexion which is sometimes fine and sometimes sallow, don't worry about that. Color is due to the circulation of the blood and that varies according to numerous trifling disturbances. Nobody is in perfect health, and some people in good health make it bad by trying to make it perfect.

D. R., Westphalia, Kans.—The buzzing in your ear may be due to catarrh or to indigestion which produces a catarrhal condition of the entire mucous membrane. If you have indigestion, begin to diet yourself and get your stomach in proper condition. If ordinary catarrh, get away to as dry a climate as you can find, or daily along with the ordinary drug-store remedies as most people do. Climate has more to do with catarrh than anything else, and doctors can't cure that.

Daisy, Warrior, Ala.—For your tetter on the face eat very light and simple diet and take every morning a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in a glass of hot water before breakfast. For a wash, one dram of white vitriol in three ounces of rose-water. Or you may use an ointment made of elder-flower, one ounce and oxide of zinc one dram. (2) To increase flesh, eat all kinds of sweets, fat meat, potatoes, bread, milk, eggs, cream, and cream-soup and drink plenty of water. Take little exercise and sleep as much as possible. Remember at the same time that some people are born on a thin model and they cannot get fat by any known method.

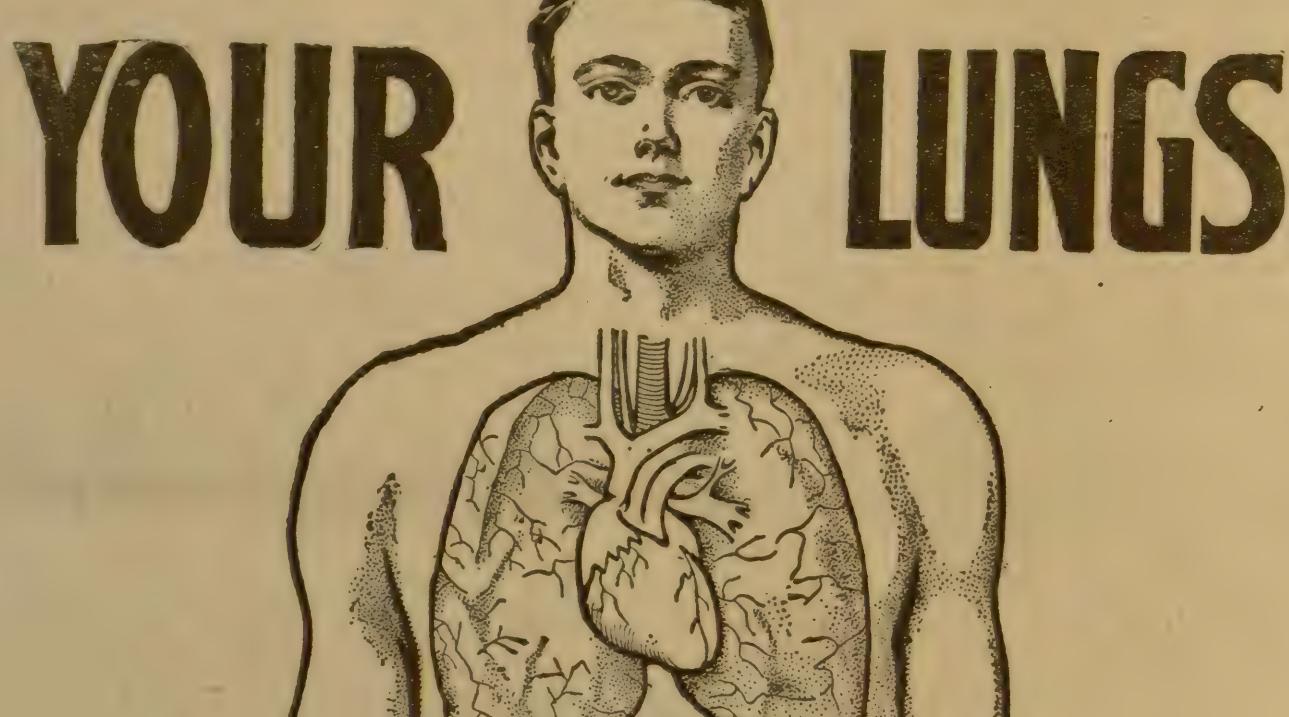
S. H. P., Scandia, Kans.—It used to be that when people had colds in summer which they could not get rid of they called them rose colds, chilblains because they made the nose rose color. Later these colds became known as hay fever and hay fever they have been ever since and everybody who is able to go away from where they have hay fever does so until the season for it in their neighborhood has passed. Then they are all right until the same time the following year. It is understood that the fever is caused by the pollen from certain plants, goldenrod being especially bad, and there is no sure cure for it except to go where hay fever plants do not grow. Whether you have hay fever or not we cannot say at this distance, but it sounds like it and we suggest that you ask your home doctor if that is what is the matter.

R. W., New York, N. Y.—An operation for fistula need not be very severe and in your city where the best surgery may be had it is reduced to the minimum. Fistula sometimes may be cured by medicine, but if it is a severe case, the suffering you will endure is much more than if you have the knife applied and get through with it at once and for all time. Just how bad a fistula you have, only the examining physician, can know. Take his advice.

E. McB., Perryville, Ark.—For worms use an injection of a teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine in a gill of milk, or give ten grains of powder of pink-root night and morning. Make the diet simple and wholesome, exclude all uncooked fruit and vegetables and have all food well salted.

E. T., New York, N. Y.—There is no medicine that will of itself cure drunkenness, but there are methods of treatment of various kinds which have produced most satisfactory results, and in many cases permanent cure. You have in your city several sanitariums for inebriates and we suggest that you inquire of them. It should be remembered that some victims of the drink habit are either naturally too weak, or have gone too far to be successfully treated.

R. D., Hooker, Okla.—Enlarged and otherwise af-



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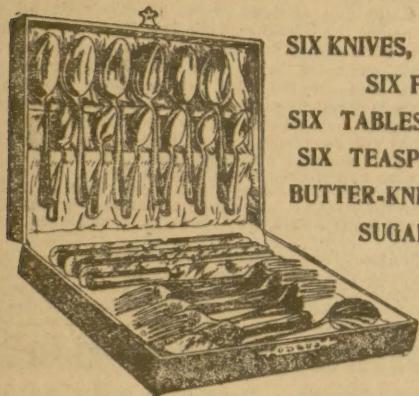
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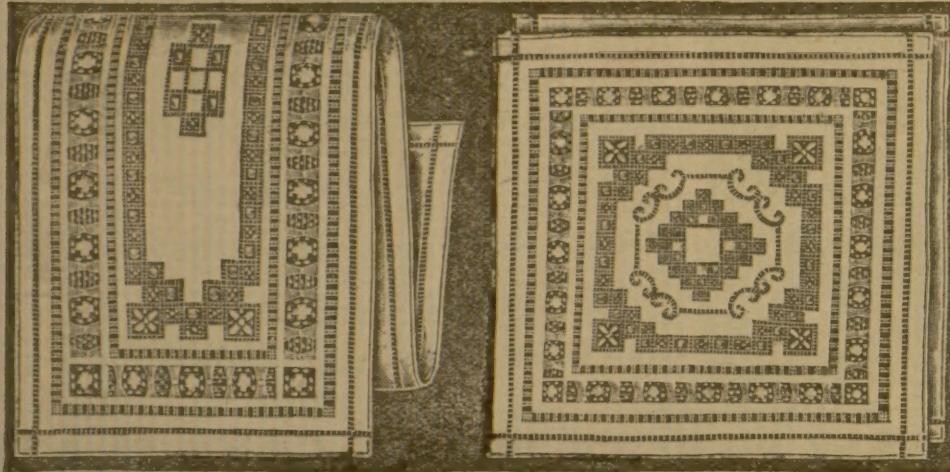
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Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT.



Every design distinctly perforated to give a clear working pattern on most any material. Our tremendous success with other Stamping Outfits makes us realize the importance of very careful preparation of this New Outfit, and we believe you will be delighted with our effort. Great care has been exercised in selecting the patterns, and we present the following list of the many designs embraced in the SWEETHEART OUTFIT. 1 Pillow Top design, size 18x18 inches; 3 Different styles of ladies' collars; 1 Round pincushion; 1 Design for nightdress; 3 Vine designs for shirtwaist and skirt; 1 Centerpiece 18x18 inches; 1 Dolly design, size 3x3 inches; 3 Sideboard or bureau designs; 1 Violin design; 1 Shirtwaist design for eylet and solid embroidery; 1 Baby cap; 1 Baby cape; 1 Pair of shoes; 2 Designs for handkerchiefs; 1 Design for a small valance design; 1 Corset cover design; 1 Shirtwaist design; 3 Designs for hemstitched scarf, etc.; 1 Tray Cloth design for eylet and solid embroidery; 1 Spray of violets for hemstitched squares, etc.; 1 Spray each of daisies, etc.; 1 of roses; 1 of carnations and violet; 3 Borders for lingerie; 1 Misses' Dutch Collar designs; 1 Complete set initials, 3 in. high, suitable for bed linens, etc.; 1 Complete set initials, 1 1/2 in. high, oil English for table linens, etc.; 1 Centerpiece, size 2x2 inches, for solid embroidery; 1 Centerpiece, size 6x6 inches, for solid eyelet embroidery; 2 Border designs for towels or pillow cases; 2 Border designs for lingerie, etc.; 1 Bowknot design; 1 Border design for table cover; 1 skirt panel design; 2 Butterly designs; 1 Bird design, size 2 1/2x5 1/2 inches; 1 American Flag; 1 English Flag; 3 Leaf designs; 1 Corner design for pillow top; 1 Oval design; 1 Poppy design, size 3x4 inches; 2 Small border designs; 2 Anchor designs for sailor suits; 1 Star design for girls' dresses; 2 Vine designs for ladies' hose; 1 Large butterfly; 1 Daisy design.

This is an entirely new Outfit, with new designs and new ideas throughout, gotten up exclusively for COMFORT, it represents the latest productions, also we have used highest quality white bond paper, paid particular attention to the careful perforation of every sheet, adding free a seven inch Embroidery Hoop, a piece of stamping preparation and one felt pad. With each Outfit we also include free a copy of "Stitches in Embroidery" by Mme. Du Parque invaluable to all needleworkers. You can unhesitatingly send for this Outfit with all assurance of entire satisfaction.

Club Offer: Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, for one SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT post-paid as shown and described. **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

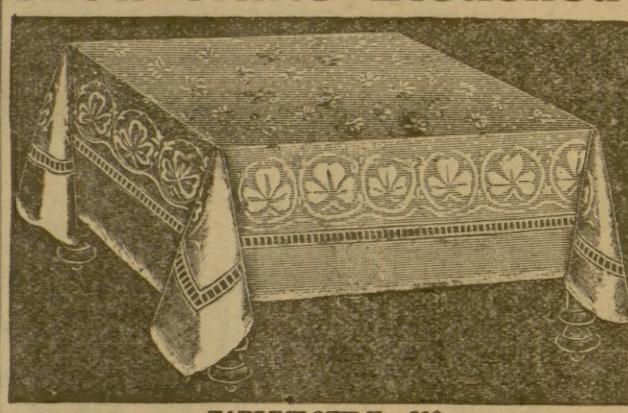
PILLOW SLIPS--SHEETS
Bleached Cotton Cloth

Sheets and Pillow Cases all made ready to use. What a lot of time and worry not to mention labor, this eliminates. At present prices of raw material you cannot afford to add to the expense of the Cotton Cloth the labor required to make up several pair of Pillow Slips and several Sheets, when they are obtainable absolutely without cost. We have often had inquiries for such a premium and at last secured what we consider a splendid quality Cotton Cloth. This is carefully made up for us, in a clean sanitary factory, into these fine durable sheets and pillow cases illustrated here. The Sheets are 8-4 size, or 72 inches wide and 84 inches long, bleached thoroughly, with deep felled seams, all ready to use. Pillow Slips are 36 inches by 42 inches, with hem nearly three inches deep. When received the Sheets and Pillow Slips are ready to put into immediate use. You will enjoy them and fully realize how much easier and better it is to receive them in this all ready to use way, than to trouble to make them.

Club Offer: For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send a Sheet and Pair of Pillow Slips, to be as above described. Send at once, changing prices for cotton may increase the cost soon.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Snow White Bleached Table-cloth



TABLECLOTH No. 600

CLUB OFFER:

For only seven subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these tablecloths at our expense.

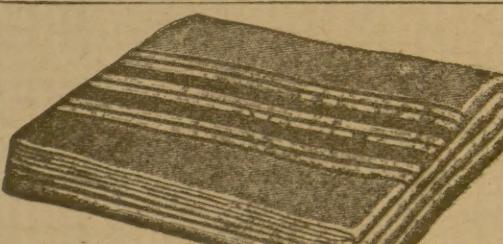
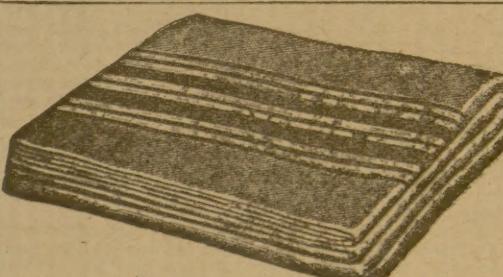
Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

Preserve, Fruit, Nut
and Salad Bowl
with Spoon

The very newest idea in combination of Glass and Silver. This large glass bowl with Fluted and Figured design, which we attempt to show in our illustration, itself weighs three pounds, which conveys an idea just how substantial and large it is, and the capacity of the Bowl. **Two Quarters.** Surrounding the Bowl top is one inch wide Silver Band, plain polished except two sprays of vine with a bunch of Grapes in relief, and this design is finished in dull gray effect. All the high-priced sheets show Cut Glass and Sterling Silver in combination and sell such items at very high prices. This removable rim makes it possible to wash or clean either the bowl or the rim separately, hence they are known as a Sanitary Rim. In addition, with each Bowl we present free a Rose Design Fluted Bowl, Berry Spoon, eight and a half inches long, with gray silver finish handle and bright polished bowl. Both Rim and Spoon are extra heavy silver plate and will wear indefinitely with entire satisfaction, this we guarantee and agree to replace any Set not satisfactory, and we leave it to your judgment. In order to deliver every bowl in good condition we have them scientifically packed in reinforced cartons and guarantee safe arrival.

Club Offer: Send only six subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months for one Bowl with Silver Rim and one Silver Berry Spoon.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Nine-Inch Beautiful
Figured Glass Dish
Ornamental Removable
Silver Band

A Soft, Warm White Blanket

well made and well finished. Size 55 inches wide and 72 inches long, of good weight. Supplied with the borders worked in fancy colors on the white ground. Large, warm, comfortable blankets for standard size beds. Regardless of advance in costs of raw cotton we have bought a quantity of these blankets at unusually low prices and are certain they are of unusual quality and exceptionally well made. Think of this big warm blanket on your own bed or laying on the shelf for use when needed what a feeling of satisfaction it gives one.

Club Offer: For only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you either post-paid or express free one of these 55x72 White Blankets and you may have either blue or white border.

FOR MOTHER'S SHOULDERS OR THE BABY

We have bought in this connection one of the very best things in the way of a warm wrap for the Baby or for the Mother to use in and about the home that we have ever seen. Made of softest warm flannelette, 30x40 inches in size, and they come in two colors, soft dull pink and blue stripes over white, at either end are wider stripes and the blue one has both the wider stripes and a bit of variegated color at the ends. These small blankets are something very new; in all the city stores where shown they are selling rapidly. We could not resist offering this quick; without illustration our description must convey to you what a splendid little blanket this is and how useful it will be about the Baby; awake or asleep it can be used as a wrap or cradle blanket, is splendid as a covering for carriage or as a shoulder throw it cannot be equalled by anything hand knitted or made up at home. The edges are finished with buttonhole stitch and the whole idea is just splendid and we know that wherever seen others will be wanted.

Club Offer: To introduce them we will at first offer one free, post-paid for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, or for a club of ten subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send both the large and small Blankets. **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.**

80 NEW DESIGNS ON TWELVE SHEETS
BOND PAPER.

Every design distinctly perforated to give a clear working pattern on most any material. Our tremendous success with other Stamping Outfits makes us realize the importance of very careful preparation of this New Outfit, and we believe you will be delighted with our effort. Great care has been exercised in selecting the patterns, and we present the following list of the many designs embraced in the SWEETHEART OUTFIT.

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Club Offer: Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, for one SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT post-paid as shown and described. **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT Make Money Printing Cards

All have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy **Printing Outfit** a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a **miniature Franklin printing press**, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickel pliers to handle type and a metal case everlasting ink pad. We send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A **wonderful outfit for printing cards** or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate and grown-folks make use of sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-months' subscribers, not renewals, for which we send post-paid, a complete Outfit. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

Lace Scarfs and Centerpieces, 18x50 inches



THESE goods are imported Cluny lace. The scarf and centerpiece design with white center of absolutely plain material of good quality, and lace border and lace edge, as illustrated, is very attractive, and popular. The lace is in choice patterns selected from the best of the expensive hand-made lace of the same character, rather heavy in weight and made with a strong thread. Eighteen inches wide, fifty inches long.

Club Offer. For only two subscribers to **COMFORT** at 25c each for 15 months we will send One Scarf free, post-paid. Order No. 1160.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

THE CHOICEST GIFT The Season's Best Offer

HIGH GRADE GENTLEMEN'S WATCH FREE.

A most attractive, thin model, Nickel Silver case, full bassine model, Antique bow and crown. Stem wind and set. American made, jeweled lever escapement, tool steel pinions, highly polished pivots, Damascened plates. White enamel dial with new style slant Arabic figures.

So much for the technical description as supplied by the maker. In addition to this you have the assurance of the Publisher of **COMFORT** that you are offered a strictly high-grade, modern timepiece, as good as can be made by expert American Mechanics, there are higher grade and higher cost watches, but no similar watch has ever been offered that presents the value, quality and splendid appearance of this watch. Not a silver watch nor a gold watch, but a substantial NICKEL-SILVER case, that will wear for years and always present the appearance of a watch costing from \$20.00 to \$25.00 and as a timekeeper they are unequalled.

The Best all-round gift for a Gentleman is a good timepiece, and the best opportunity to secure one without cost is presented to you now, in the liberal

CLUB OFFER: Only nine subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25c each for 15 months obtain one of these Watches. Usually we should require twice this number.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

32 BULBS FREE TO YOU FOR EARLY SPRING BLOOMING

The great demand and flattering results obtained by our subscribers who received the premium collection of bulbs we offered last Fall has induced us to purchase double the quantity this year. But we would not advise you to delay sending your order as this increased supply will soon be consumed and you may be one of the disappointed. This entire collection of 32 bulbs consisting of six of the most popular and beautiful varieties of winter blooming house plants and early flowering Spring bulbs can be obtained with very little effort on your part. We are just realizing the value of these pretty bulbous plants which give such an air of refinement and add so much cheer to home surroundings, rendering them attractive and interesting and we want every reader of **COMFORT** to possess this rare and beautiful assortment.

We guarantee all bulbs to reach you in good growing condition and no matter how fastidious your tastes are they can't help but be pleased with this combination of exquisite colors and tender delicate plants.

2 - HYACINTHS - 2
The Hyacinth has been a popular flower for centuries and there is none more deserving of greater popularity. It has merit of being beautiful and easy of culture and is without doubt one of the best of our hardy spring bulbs for general use. It blooms early in the season, remaining in flower for an extensive time and ranges through so many shades of rich and delicate colors that they please everyone. They may be grown and bloomed in the house by planting in pots or vases of pure water, their delicious fragrance and beauty adding cheer and brightness when the winter days are long and gloomy.

5 - TULIPS - 5
Tulips are such universal favorites that it is scarcely necessary to expatiate upon their merits. Their ease of culture combined with beauty of form and gorgeous coloring renders them first place in spring blooming bulbs and incomparable for window gardens. If you have never grown tulips you can form no idea of their beauty, the grand effect they produce grouped in flower beds and borders. Their great diversity of rich, delicate and attractive colors makes it possible to please everyone and the collection we offer here is the most select and beautiful of the numberless varieties grown.

SINGLE and DOUBLE TULIPS.

10 - CROCUS - 10
The first flowers of Spring, how sweet and pretty they look and what charm they give the lawn as they lift their bright heads from the sod while the earth is yet cold and dormant from the long winter months. They bloom splendidly when planted on the lawn among the grass or a few planted in pots in the house will make a pretty show. The colors range through all the delightful blues and rich yellows making the flower for the million and the millionaire.

6 - OXALIS - 6
An unrivaled winter flowering plant of easy culture, succeeding everywhere requiring little attention and in fact producing better results in poor soil with a moderate amount of water than if given rich fertile soil and lots of attention. The little bulbs are strong luxuriant-growers and when expanding in the sunshine the rich, variegated and beautiful colors of their flowers present a picture of gorgeous beauty. The pots soon become a mass of pretty green foliage and the showy little flowers will appear in fine long-stemmed clusters.

5 - SNOWDROPS - 5
Lovely little blossoms and should be found in every garden. They are perfectly hardy and will hold their own and bloom well even when encroached by grasses and weeds. The growth is dwarf but sturdy pushing up through the snow in early Spring, from which habit arose their name. Indoors they are equally pretty and easily brought into bloom.

4 - SPANISH IRIS - 4
No garden can have too many and anything we are able to say about them falls far short of the superb reality. They are not difficult to grow and the gorgeous shades and most odd and peculiar markings of the blooms cover a wide range of colors; but the real charm is the wondrous chasteness of every flower. They are deservedly esteemed for their perfect hardiness and free flowering qualities, blooming early in the season in the garden and making a pretty display of bloom when grown in the house.

CLUB OFFER. A Club of two fifteen-months' subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25c each, for 15 months we send one of these above described Bulbs, post-paid.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.



HYACINTH.

LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS - YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

These Rings Are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one. The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring free for a club of only four 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.



Opal. Emerald.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

10 Piece Kitchen Outfit.

This complete kitchen equipment consists of a Bread Knife, Butcher Knife, Slicer, Emery Steel, Perforated Cake Turner, Slotted Mixing Spoon, Paring Knife, Long Fork and Large Cleaver. All these pieces are made of the highest grade of crucible steel, carefully tempered, ground and polished by the latest improved process. Rubberoid finish, hard wood handles, and all mounted with nickel plated ferrules.

Entire outfit occupies little space, each article hangs in its proper place with rack for kettle covers, trays and other shallow articles.

Club Offer: Send only five subscribers to **COMFORT** at 25c each for complete Outfit.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also Plush and Stamped Satin

REMNANTS

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again very popular. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty—as they have been the past season, and they are now burdened with remnants of many NECKTIE GOOGIES. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you at no extra charge. People out of a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you now. Our packages contain from 99 to 168 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and can MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



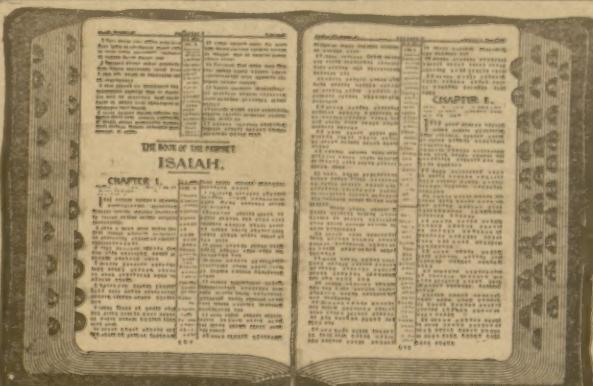
pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needle-work. Many ladies sell tildies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription now for only 5c.

Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free. In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins, of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know locality, so make this liberal offer to ladies giving you a large and elegant piece of **Plush**.

BEST WAY. We send out of the above complete monthly lots, as a reward to all who send 25 cents for 15-months' subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and our big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send FREE with each package, our great book "With Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifteen different stitches. Also contains directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitches. Also American Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitches, etc. It also tells how to do Embroidery Painting.

REMEMBER we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) silk, plush, and the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS EMBROIDERY SILK, PLUSH, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months' subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 35 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 55c each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, \$6c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00.

Address **COMFORT**, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.



Flexible Morocco BIBLE FREE ILLUSTRATED

With 32 full-page half tone pictures and 16 full-page colored maps.

GOLD EDGES

Containing the King James Version of the Old and New Testaments.

These Bibles are unsurpassed for clear print, extra quality of paper, handsome flexible binding, superior workmanship. Our illustrations show the Bible in various positions; laying flat open you see just how distinct is the type, the thumb index and the expansive leather binding, also the closed Bible with elastic band which protects the same when not in use, and in lower right-hand corner we show how the Bible may be rolled absolutely without injury.

Also New Helps to the Study of the Bible

Prepared by the Most Eminent Authorities

The Sunday School Teacher's use of the Bible. How to study the Bible. The Christian Worker and his Bible. Scripture Texts for students and Workers. Forty Questions and Answers from the Word of God. Calendar for Daily Reading of the Scriptures, by which the Bible may be read through in one year. The Chronology and History of the Bible and its Related Periods. Table of Prophetic Books. Period intervening between the Age of Malachi, (450 B. C.) and the Birth of Christ. Summary of the Gospel Incidents and Harmony of the Four Gospels.

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a practical, useful Bible, a new edition in a beautiful, durable and flexible leather binding, with gold stamped title on back and cover.

CLUB OFFER.

For a club of only ten subscribers to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, for 15 months we send one of these above described Bibles, post-paid.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.



WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN.

SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

GENTLEMEN:—The Stock Tonic that you sent me several weeks ago works to perfection, as my stock is in much better condition with less grain than when I commenced to feed it.

Yours respectfully, FRANK RAND.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN.

GENTLEMEN:—Enclosed find draft for \$13.00 in payment for Stock Tonic. I have used two pails of your Stock Tonic; it is certainly fine. I have used almost everything on the market, but nothing to compare with the Wilbur Stock Tonic. My milk cows, calves, hogs and colts,

after feeding three days, I noticed the change. It has saved me many a sack of grain. My horses are slick and nice, also are working hard every day.

Will enclose watch certificate and thanking you for past favors, I am, Yours very truly, Kremmling, Colo. (Signed) CASPER SCHWAB.

WILLIAMSBURG, OHIO.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN.

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—I have used Wilbur Stock Tonic and can say I will use it as long as I have any stock, whatever kind it may be, to feed. Feed your chickens and you get more eggs; feed your horse, and he will do more work; feed your cow and she will give more milk; feed your hog and he will give

more pounds of pork, and to make a long story short, you can't afford to be without it. So please hurry my five pail order to me.

Sincerely yours, JAMES J. WAGNER.

ARCADIA, OKLAHOMA.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN.

GENTLEMEN:—Received my watch in good condition and was surprised to find it so nice, and I appreciate it very much. It has kept good time ever since I got it and don't see how you could have sent it.

I think your Stock Tonic is the best made. Have used several different kinds of Stock Tonic, but never found any that will do as much as yours. I have sold ten pigs (would have been six months old the middle of Feb-

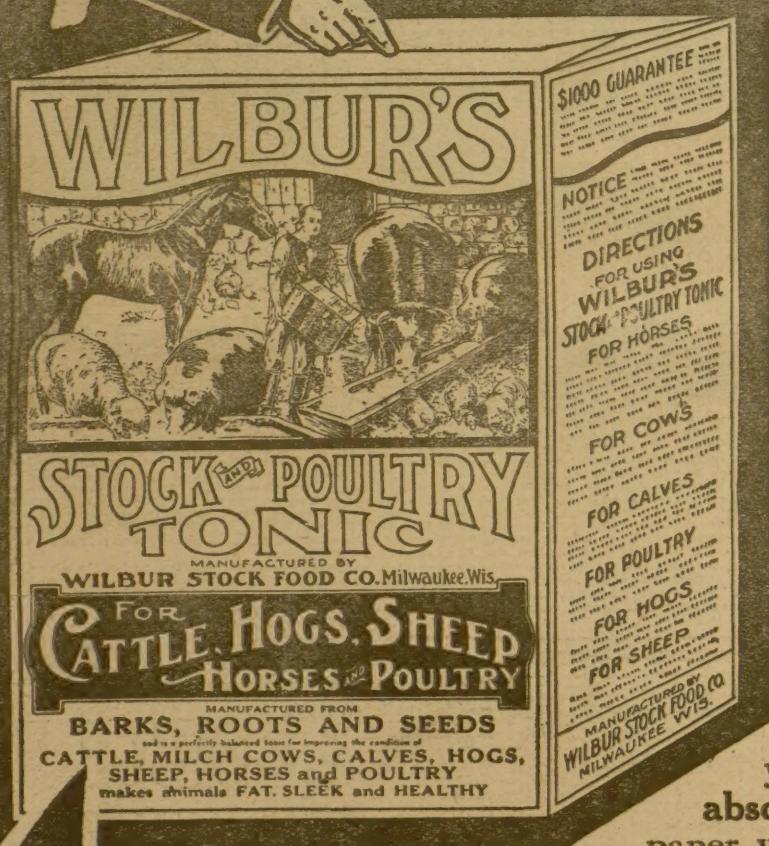
ruary) and they weighed 200 pounds apiece. Some wanted to know how I fattened them and what I fed them that made them grow so fast, and, of course, I had to tell them it was Wilbur Stock Tonic.

I have seven head of horses and they are rolling fat. When I hitch them up they are so high lived, that I can hardly do anything with them. They are always up and ready to go. Everybody wants to know what keeps them in such good condition and I tell them it is your Stock Tonic that does it. I have a team that is equal to your champion team on your envelopes. They are fine and eat Stock Tonic three times a day. I thank you for your past favors and remain,

Your agent, W. M. RANDLE.



I Want to Send You This Big Box Free



I want you to know for yourself why
**Wilbur's Stock and
Poultry Tonic**

is fed by 500,000 stock raisers daily. I want you to see what it does for your horses, your milch cows, your hogs, your sheep and your poultry.

I want to prove to you beyond all doubt, that Wilbur's Stock and Poultry Tonic is a wonderful feed saver, fattener and positive preventive of disease.

I want you to find out by actual test that my Tonic makes money for you every time you feed it. That's why I'll send this big box absolutely free to you and to every reader of this paper, who fills out and sends me coupon shown below.

prove to your own satisfaction that it is a feed saver and money maker for you. Is my offer fair?

Do you risk one cent by accepting this big box free? Is it worth a two-cent stamp? If so, just fill out the coupon below, and mail today.

12F

I don't want you to pay me a cent for this big full size box, now or at any other time.

I don't want you to do anything to earn it.

It is not a premium, but a gift, and my object in giving it to you is to let you

Read What Dr. Kremer Says!

Wilbur Stock Food Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Madison, Ind., June 29, 1912.
Gentlemen:—I received the lot of Stock and Poultry Tonic last spring. I am pleased to inform you in behalf of your future customers, that I now know why it pays to feed Wilbur's Stock and Poultry Tonic. I have used almost every known kind of so-called "Stock Tonics" sold in this section and was disgusted on ever trying any other, but as I had never tried Wilbur's, I decided as a matter of justice, to give it a thorough test. The results obtained by feeding it with a mixture of crushed corn, bran and "ship-stuff" to my two fine driving horses is phenomenal, for never before have they "shed" their old coat of hair so early and looked so slick, healthy and vigorous as this spring and summer. I have fed it to my eighteen hens and the results obtained in health and quantity of eggs is double to that of former years. This all aroused my curiosity to the extent that I concluded to test its formula and I find it contains all the ingredients specified therein, and in accordance with our Materia Medica comprises some of the best reconstructive tonics, alteratives, laxatives, blood tonic and purifier. Yours sincerely,

NICHOLAS A. KREMER, D. V. Sc., M. D.
Cor. 2nd and Walnut Sts., Madison, Ind.

Fill Out and Mail the Coupon Today

E. B. Marshall President
WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO., 562 Huron St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FREE BIG BOX COUPON

E. B. MARSHALL, President,
WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO.,
562 Huron St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send me the big FREE box of Wilbur's Stock and Poultry Tonic.

My name _____

P. O. _____ R. F. D. _____

Freight Station _____ State _____

I own _____ horses _____ cattle _____ hogs _____ poultry _____